B
W211

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE

BY

EDWIN A. WARD

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 00000 27 8

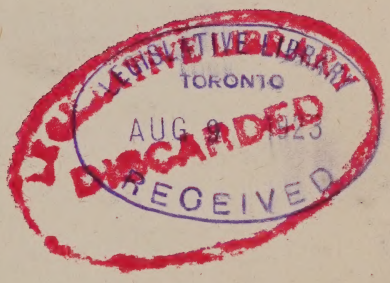
Presented to the

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

by the

ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE
LIBRARY

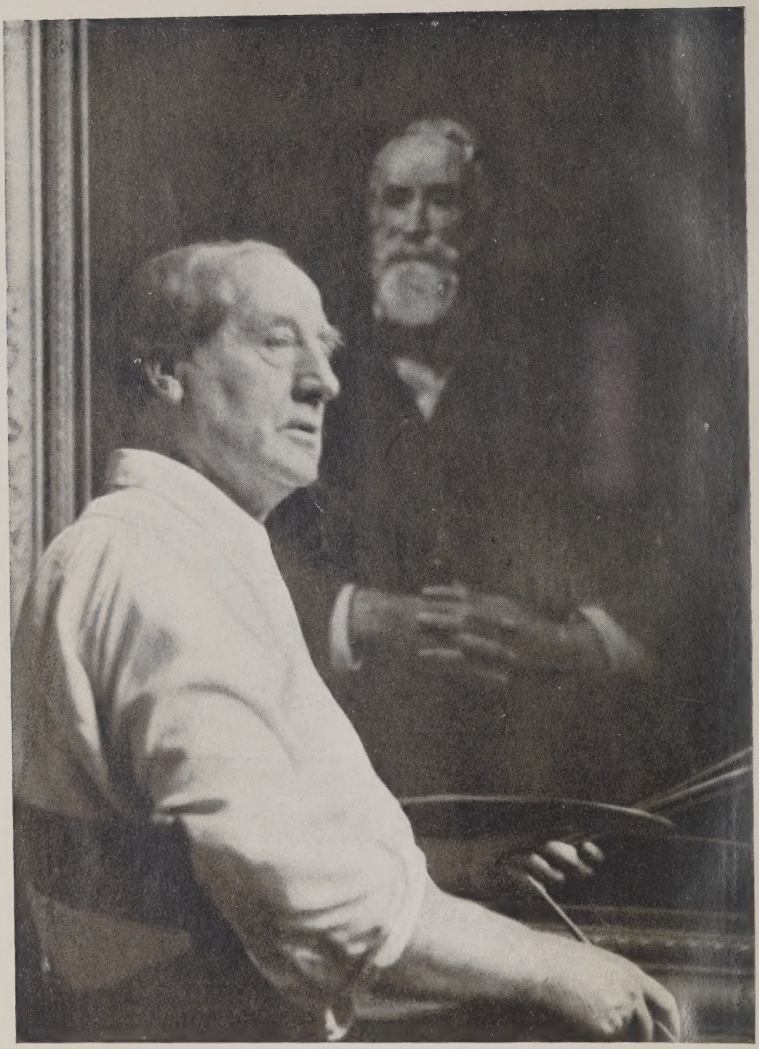
1980


TORONTO
AUG
DISCARDED
RECEIVED

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/recollectionsofs0000ward



EDWIN A. WARD.

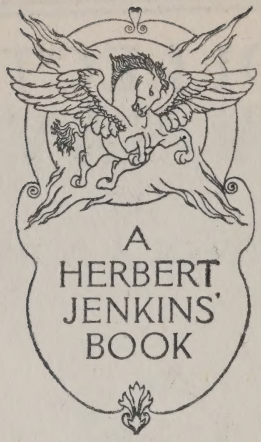
RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE

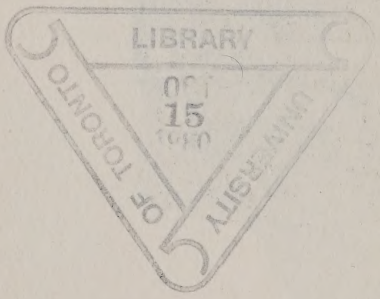
BY

55608 EDWIN A. WARD 55608

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY
ONTARIO

HERBERT JENKINS LIMITED
3 YORK STREET ST. JAMES'S
LONDON S.W. 1 ✠ ✠ MCMXXIII





ND
497
W23A3

Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

TO MY DEAR SON

FRANCIS

THESE BITS O' STORIES ARE INSCRIBED

SHOULD THEY FIND ANY FAVOUR

IT IS ALL OWING TO FRANCIS

HIS BE THE PRAISE—AND THE BLAME

FOREWORD

IN the beginning this was just a jumble of stories of the famous folk with whom I happened to have been brought in contact during the course of my career as a portrait painter.

Also it included some Savage Club experiences—with a few words relative to travel in the Far East and British Columbia.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins agreed to publish this, but he insisted upon much more material about the Savage Club, saying, "I have only been inside the Club on very few occasions, but I was deeply impressed by the type of man you meet there—workers every one of them—remarkable men who had made good in their various callings."

He followed this by pages and pages of helpful suggestion and encouragement, adding, "I have had an inspiration: you must call it—"Recollections of a Savage."

I was fortunate in finding a friend in my publisher.

I was also lucky in my Pilot. When the words refused to arrange themselves, he helped me in the navigating of difficult passages; without Boyd Cable's experienced guidance my little ship might easily have failed to find her moorings.

I am indebted to Lady Shannon for permission to use the reproduction of the wonderful portrait of Phil May, painted by the late Sir James J. Shannon, R.A. Shannon was my lifelong friend and we still mourn his loss—a great artist and a great gentleman.

The Committee of the Reform Club granted me access to the collection of portraits painted by me and presented to the Club by Sir Henry Lucy, to whom I am indebted for permission to reproduce some of them here.

The Savage Club generously gave me carte blanche to use any material in their possession, and in availing myself of this I am indebted to my brother Savage, Joseph Simpson, R.B.A. ; also to W. H. Bartlett, R.O.I., for allowing me to reproduce his picture " A Saturday Night at the Savage Club."

When my old friend Fred Grundy writes *his* book (now he *can* write), the Savage Club will be adequately dealt with.

So far as it was possible he has corrected my proofs. The parts he deleted I intend to keep by me—they were by far the best bits in the book.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE SAVAGE CLUB	1
II.	MR. ODELL—PHIL MAY—BILLY PIKE—EDWIN CLEARY	16
III.	THE GROSVENOR GALLERY—EDWARD VII AND OSCAR WILDE—GEORGE ALEXANDER AND OSCAR WILDE—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE AN R.A.—W. E. F. BRITTEN . . .	48
IV.	THE RAID ON READING	58
V.	CHURCH AND CHAPEL IN YORKSHIRE IN 1882 —MY EARLY ATTEMPTS TO BE AN ARTIST— A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY—THE MARSHALLS—I GO TO LONDON . . .	70
VI.	MR. AND MRS. BOYES—SIR HENRY LUCY—THE PORTRAIT THAT STOOD ON ITS HEAD—MR. MEAKIN'S PICTURE—THE PORTRAIT WHICH WAS REFUSED—"SPY"—I RETURN TO RETFORD—GEORGE MARSHALL . . .	80
VII.	CHELSEA	96
VIII.	THE STORY OF SALLY	113
IX.	EASTWARD HO!	122
X.	BOMBAY AND HYDERABAD	138
XI.	EAST AND WEST	157
XII.	JAPAN	168
XIII.	JAPAN—*continued*	184
XIV.	ALFRED HARMSWORTH, VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE	202

CHAPTER		PAGE
XV.	CECIL RHODES AND EARL OF ABERDEEN	218
XVI.	SOME OF MY SITTERS—AND OTHERS	237
XVII.	WHISTLER	256
XVIII.	BRITISH COLUMBIA	269
XIX.	THE "PUNCH BOWL"	286
	LAST WORD	296
	INDEX	297

ILLUSTRATIONS

Edwin A. Ward	*Frontispiece*	
A Savage Club Saturday Night	*To face page*	6
Sir Henry Irving as "Mephistopheles"	,, ,,	12
E. J. Odell	,, ,,	18
E. J. Odell, Savage Club House Dinner	,, ,,	24
Phil May	,, ,,	32
Edwin Cleary	,, ,,	38
Wyfold Court	,, ,,	58
"Dawn"—Old Chelsea Churchyard	,, ,,	98
"Little Sally"	,, ,,	114
St. John Harmsworth	,, ,,	166
Japanese Lady	,, ,,	198
The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain	,, ,,	224
W. T. Stead	,, ,,	228
The Most Hon. The Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair	,, ,,	232
The Rt. Hon. Lord Randolph S. Churchill	,, ,,	238
The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H.	,, ,,	240
Henry Labouchere ("Truth")	,, ,,	242
Sir John Tenniel ("Punch")	,, ,,	248
The Rt. Hon. Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England	,, ,,	252
Whistler		267

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE

CHAPTER I

THE SAVAGE CLUB

THE Savage Club has been described as " a Club very highly thought of by people not belonging to it," yet thirty years ago it was considered a very great distinction to be invited to become a member. When Charles Furse, the well-known painter, was elected about that time, for some reason best known to himself, he did not feel quite at home there, and he told me there was some talk of founding a new Club for people who could not get into the Savile and did not care to belong to the Savage—it was to be called the " Salvage."

As a matter of fact, I have never mixed in any community where such absolute equality reigns. Famous or neglected, rich or poor, shabby or elegant, you hang up your halo with your hat in the hall. Any man who presumes on his wealth, or fancies himself for better or worse, would be wise to keep away : the Savage Club is no place for him, and he

is promptly made aware of the fact in unmistakable manner.

Bohemia is only dangerous to people who are able to afford to make an occupation of what is intended to be merely a relaxation. All the best Savages I have known during thirty-four years of membership have been distinguished in art, science, literature, music or the drama, and if they knew how to play they knew also how to work. They were vigorous people who ate well, drank well and stuck to their job, whatever it was. If you want help or advice of any kind, I know no better place than the Savage Club. Some of the stories you hear are unsuitable for circulation in a kindergarten, but no one is compelled to take part in a conversation that is distasteful to him.

On one occasion a certain number of cerulean stories had been going the round of the bar, when Mr. Odell (who I am bound to say in all the years I have known him has never been guilty of any incursion into matters relating to the sexes) suddenly astonished the assembly by blurting out : " I also had an assignation."

There was silence in a moment. We were at last to hear the seamy side to Odell's past. He held the floor immediately, as he always does.

" To be brief, I was in bed with the lady, and for some reason which I could not explain, I was sleepless and restless. Whether it was the blossom beating against the casement or the song of the birds in the bushes, I know not, until it dawned upon me that perhaps, after all, it might proceed from the lady at my side ; for she not only slept but she also snored.

"The room was furnished with the greatest elegance, and on the dressing-table close at hand stood a little Dresden box. . . . It was the work of a moment; I lifted the lid of the porcelain box, extracted a pin and popped it into the open mouth of my companion. She shrieked—she awoke—she aroused the inmates of the house—and I was never allowed to sleep with that lady again.

"The disgraceful part of the story is that the lady was my aunt," and as he slowly sauntered out of the room, Odell added, "I was two years of age."

The Savage Club appears to have been founded in 1857, and grew out of the gatherings of a small group of literary men—a little society pledged to the production of a magazine with the object of providing for the relief of the widow of a fellow member, "who wept in the anguish of sudden and unexpected bereavement" and who needed help in her time of trouble.

The origin of the name was due to a suggestion made at a meeting of some dozen of the original members when it became a question of what the Club should be called. "The Addison" was suggested. "The Goldsmith"—"The Johnson"—but these names being thought too grand, a member called out "The Savage," and so in frolicsome mood our little society was christened the Savage Club.

The famous old Club does not rely on the antiquity of its foundation for its world-wide celebrity, but rather upon the individuals forming

the component parts of its membership. When I was elected thirty-four years ago, several of the founders were still prominent as regular habitués. Between dusk and dinner time on any afternoon you met much that was best and brightest in intellectual London—a group of men each unit distinguished in his calling and giving freely of his best ; stout fellows all, worth hearing upon any topic. No theme was barred out of which fun or interest could be extracted. But woe betide the novice who all unmindful of his doom ventured to flounder " where angels fear to tread "—he was liable to emerge from the experience very suitably chastened, though on the whole, consideration and kindness were extended to the " tenderfoot " until the time was ripe for him to walk alone, and if he found himself unable to make good in the robust atmosphere of the Club, he usually had the wisdom to listen and learn his lesson like a good little Savage.

The preliminaries to candidature were not conducive to the inclusion of unsuitable or undesirable elements. In those days to be eligible a man required the support of a group of members who could vouch for the quality of his contributions to science, art, music, the drama or literature. In addition to this, his social worth had to be guaranteed—his sponsors appearing before a Qualification Committee, apart from the ordinary committee elected from the membership for the management of the Club, before whom the proposer and seconders had again to appear in support of their candidate whose name had occupied a place

on the waiting list, which was usually a very long one.

When at last his turn came, the candidate was duly notified that he was admitted as a probationer for one month, during which time it was expected that he would attend and make as much use of the Club as possible with all the privileges of a temporary member. If, at the expiration of this probationership, the candidate had satisfied the committee that he would worthily uphold the traditions and good name of the Savage Club, he was received and invested with all the honours and privileges of full membership.

The original group of remarkable men who founded the Club included such honoured names as W. B. Tegetmeyer, George Augustus Sala, Artemus Ward, George Grossmith (the eldest), Henry S. Leigh, Arthur Sketchley, Tom Robertson, Harrison Weir, Lionel Brough, W. S. Gilbert.

But abler pens than mine have recorded the annals of the famous Club—Aaron Watson, J. E. P. Muddock and E. W. Richardson have each published works of great interest on this subject.

No reference to the Club would be complete without the classic story of "the new Knight." It is not new, it has been told and retold a thousand times—but it can never be omitted from any list of stories which attempts, however inadequately, to catch the spirit of the "Savages."

A big man—"well found"—with a palatial residence standing in its own grounds, and a full and adequate sense of what was due to him, had received the honour of knighthood in recognition

of valued service in connection with the foundation of that imposing edifice known as the Colonial Institute. As was proper and just, he lost no time, but hastened, swelling with his full-blown dignity, to visit the Savage Club and receive his meed of robust congratulation from his fellow-members gathered around the bar.

"Now boys! Please understand that this new honour conferred upon me by our sovereign will make no earthly difference in our relations. The same old hearty welcome awaits you. Her Ladyship and myself will be just as delighted to see you as in the old days and you will find us in the same home—you know the place, 'Vine Court.'"

A seedy old fellow in the corner enquired drowsily, "What number?"

King Edward, when Prince of Wales, honoured the Club by his presence and became the first royal "brother Savage."

King George, before he ascended the throne, conferred upon it a similar gracious distinction. On the occasion when his name was enrolled he was present at a House Dinner and spent a long evening with which he expressed himself as having been delighted. He was about to take leave of his brother Savages when he turned to Frederick Grundy, who had officiated as the Club's representative member during the evening, and enquired: "Now is there any custom with which I have omitted to conform before I say good night?"

"Yes, sir, one thing still remains to be done. You have not yet taken a drink at the bar."

KEY PLATE.

LONDON: Published Sept. 1, 1891. by C. E. Clifford & Co. 12, Piccadilly, W.

A Saturday Night at the Savage Club.

1. J. M. Le Sage.
2. Lieut. Dan Godfrey.
3. G. A. Henty.
4. Philip H. Rathbone.
5. A. Gordon Salamon.
6. Wm. Woodall, M. P.
9. David Anderson.
10. John Proctor.
11. Franklin Clive.
12. J. L. Toole.
13. A. W. Pinero.
14. Theodore Drew
17. J. T. Carrodus.
18. Sir Albert Rollit, M. P.
19. Phipps Jackson.
20. Arthur Oswald.
21. Crawford Wilson
22. Fred Cowen.
25. A. Duvivier.
26. Brandon Thomas
27. Chas. Townley
28. W. S. Penley.
29. G. S. Jealous.
30. Sir Somers Vine.
33. Alfred Gilbert.
34. M. H. Spielman.
35. E. J. Gregory, A. R. A.
36. D. Christie Murray.
37. E. J. Wade.
38. Bowdler Sharpe.
41. Charles Jones.
42. Wm. Nicholl.
43. Charles Stuart.

A Savage Club Saturday Night.

From the picture in the Savage Club painted by W. H. Bartlett, R.O.I.

By permission of C. E. Clifford & Co., Ld., Publishers, London.

To this King George responded with alacrity, and he was straightway conducted to the North-west Room, where the omission was duly rectified.

Our present Prince of Wales honoured us in like fashion, and while taking his Stirrup Cup at the bar his quick eye caught sight of the list of names pinned to the wall for the Derby Sweep, and instantly claimed his privilege as a brother Savage to add his name to the list. I am sure I am voicing the thoughts of his brother Savages in saying that every member present wished with all his heart that the Prince would draw the winning number.

The Club has also experienced its tragedies. George Grossmith (grandfather of the present George Grossmith), and the most famous humorous entertainer of his day, died while officiating as Chairman at a Saturday House Dinner.

I was not present, as it was before my time, but the story was related to me by an old member who was there that evening. Grossmith in his capacity as Chairman had called upon a brother Savage to perform at the piano. The pianist hesitating, as he seated himself before the keyboard, enquired of his audience, "What shall I play?" Some member shouted ironically, "Play the 'Dead March in Saul,'" which he proceeded to do, but before it was concluded, George Grossmith was observed to collapse in his chair and, to the horror and dismay of all present, it was discovered that he was dead.

A similar sad episode was enacted during the term of my membership, though I am thankful to say that although in the Club that evening, at the

tragic moment I was not in the room. Charles Arnold, famous as "Hans the Boatman" and leading man with Minnie Palmer, was an accomplished actor and singer who had retired from the stage, while still a comparatively young man, with an ample fortune. He was a regular contributor to our entertainment at the Weekly House Dinners and had been called upon to sing. While in the middle of his song, standing by the piano before a crowded room, he suddenly faltered, and sinking to the floor expired where he fell.

The Savage Club has always made rather a feature of its funerals. To mark the solemnity of the passing of each Brother Savage, it is a time-honoured practice of the Club to assemble as many of its members as possible for the last sad ceremony.

In each case a wreath of flowers is forwarded from the Club, for the purchase of which the sum of one guinea is allocated. The observance of this long established tribute was only once called in question.

A fiery, irresponsible little Irish Colonel of West Indian Artillery, finding his modest pension all too slender for his daily needs, wrote to the Club Committee suggesting that as he was in immediate and pressing need of the money, they might forward him this guinea forthwith, in consideration of which he would cheerfully waive all rights to the customary wreath at his decease.

The Committee in their reply regretted they had no power to anticipate an occasion of this character.

We had suffered the loss of a member deservedly popular, and for the last melancholy rite of respect, as was expected, a large number of "Savages" wended their way to Kensal Green in tribute to his memory. As is usual on these occasions the mourners assembled on their return in the North-West Room at the Club to exchange kindly memories with many a silent toast to the departed.

Later in the afternoon an elderly and highly esteemed member who had been a very warm and close friend of the deceased entered the room dejectedly and obviously labouring under deep but suppressed emotion. Joining the throng gathered around the bar he ventured to express a little surprise that with so many members at present in town there had been such a meagre gathering of Savages at the grave side

"As a matter of fact," he added sadly, "I was the only member of the Club present at the funeral of our dear old friend."

This immediately aroused a chorus of indignant protest, and upon explanations being forthcoming it was clearly established that the dear old man, blinded by his grief, had mistaken his directions—followed the wrong funeral, and wept into the wrong grave.

Bart Kennedy and I were the only occupants of the bar one afternoon. He was then a comparatively new member, and I had not become thoroughly acclimatized to his robustness of speech, and in fact felt a little shy of him in consequence. We had hardly ever spoken to each other, and I was quite unaware that he was even familiar with my name.

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

Presently in came dear old Billy Barrett attired in deep mourning.

"Where have you been, Billy?" enquired Bart.

"As a matter of fact, dear boy," replied Billy, "I have just returned from the funeral of a great friend of mine, James Orrock."

"Who was he, Billy?"

"Well, for one thing, he was a very old and highly esteemed member of this Club—a dear friend of mine, and a celebrated collector of old china and antique furniture. He also bought many famous pictures, and the walls of his house were covered with priceless masterpieces."

"Really, Billy," said Bart, glancing mischievously in my direction, "did he ever buy a picture by Edwin Ward?"

"No, dear boy, I really am not aware that he ever did," replied Barrett.

"Then may his immortal soul smoulder in hell for a million years," was Bart's surprising, and to me somewhat embarrassing, rejoinder.

Among Freemasons there exists the legend of a lady who attended "Lodge" disguised as a man. The assembled Masons discovering the sex of the intruder (how, it is not stated) had no alternative, but there and then to initiate her in all the mysteries and rites of Masonry.

Not so long ago a somewhat similar and startling experience fell to the lot of the members of the Savage Club at the Weekly House Dinner held in the great room on the Adelphi Terrace.

My attention had been directed to some outward peculiarities in the personal appearance of a guest

seated at one of the tables, but being inured by long usage to the many and varied oddities assembled there from time to time, I failed to realize the nature of this novelty that had been introduced into our midst. But the curiosity of a fellow-member was not so easily satisfied. Brimful of mischief he approached the mysterious stranger, saying, " You must excuse me but I don't like your ' make up,' " and tugging at the moustache which adorned the " gentleman's " lip, it came off into his hand. The wearer sprang up from " his " seat and immediately made tracks for the door, scurried down the stairs into the hall, collared " his " coat and hat and fled from the Club out into the night " like one possessed."

The intruder having been routed, the member responsible for the incident was called upon by the Committee for an explanation and his resignation. He was an old member of the Club, with a distinguished record as a public servant.

The lady in the case, masquerading as a man, was his own wife who had, on more than one occasion, spent a long evening at the " Savage " in male attire. He protested that it was no infringement of any by-law of the Club for any member to introduce a guest who behaved as a gentleman !

Many years ago the experiment of a " Ladies' Evening " in the Club House was ventured upon —with this restriction—that those members of the " fair sex " outside our domestic circle were not admissible.

The function was an innovation resented by

many members, who had lived their own lives without experiencing the benefits and chastening influence of female society. In fact, Mr. Odell threatened to come with "Lady Godiva" as his guest.

Some wives are more clubbable than others. Take the case of John L. Sullivan, the famous prize-fighter. He and Phil May struck up a warm friendship and became great cronies. So fond were they of each other's society that it was frequently very late before they could bear to separate for the night.

Sullivan, a vast man of ferocious aspect, was scared to death of his wife. He told Phil that he simply couldn't face the missus alone after an all-night sitting.

She was in the habit on these occasions of giving him a good walloping. So dear old Phil, the gentlest and frailest of things human, was commandeered to break the glad tidings to Mrs. Sullivan that "John L." had come home.

The Savage Club, a delightful place to those inured to its atmosphere and vocabulary, might be just a trifle surprising to the uninitiated. A Quaker gentleman, whose wife I had been painting in the Midlands, met me in town to choose the frame for the picture, and finding ourselves in Trafalgar Square about five o'clock, he suggested that we should take tea together.

"By the way," he said, "don't you belong to the Savage Club? It must be quite near us here."

This was not an experiment which I would have

Sir Henry Irving as Mephistopheles.
Sketched by Phil May at a Savage Club Dinner.

courted, but it seemed difficult to avoid without giving offence, so with all the alacrity I could assume we wended our way to Adelphi Terrace.

Ascending the stairs to the dining-room I was venturesome enough to take my guest to the entrance of the bar where, the solitary occupant of the room, sat Mr. Odell in his customary seat under the window in the far corner. Having no desire to cross swords with so doughty a warrior with an untried guest at my elbow, I made haste to withdraw, merely remarking, "This, you will observe, is the bar." Before, however, I could make good my escape, Mr. Odell bellowed in stentorian tones, "Why, here's bloody old Ward."

Without further comment I hurried my guest into the dining-room, where I ordered tea. Here I hoped we should be safe, but no, Luscombe Searelle, a theatrical impresario of the South African blend, approached us: "Have a drink, old boy. Who's your friend?" I modestly protested that we were taking tea, but tea did not appeal to Searelle, who proceeded to explain, much to my horror, that he "had been damned drunk last night."

I promptly took him to the bar, ordered what he required and put down the last pound I possessed in the world. Searelle's custom was to pay for all the impoverished members, and when the barman, serving the drinks, put down the change out of the only pound I expected to see for many moons, Searelle swept the shillings from the counter, and emptied them into his pocket as was his habit, never dreaming that he was being entertained.

I was so appalled at losing what was left of my slender resources that I failed to make any protest, and tea having arrived, rejoined my guest in the dining-room.

Looking round he remarked that probably there were many distinguished men present. At that moment there passed us a man whose name is famous in literature, and as he happened to be also a friend of mine I asked him where he was going. "To the card room," he replied. Upon my saying that I never imagined he would waste his time so wantonly he said, "When I was young I did care for nothing but women and wine; now I play cards."

After this I felt indisposed to venture any further in the direction of impressing my Quaker friend with the quality of my brother Savages. He appeared quite relieved to get away, and would not listen to my suggestion that he should stay on to dinner.

The cult of wild enthusiasm is rife among the Savages. A musical member became so absorbed in the lure of his calling as to be utterly callous either to his complexion or his clothing. It was also his meat and drink—he literally ate music and imbibed it. He talked and thought of nothing else. He would gladly play on far into the night at the little piano in the downstairs room. He played so well that a select group of kindred spirits would cheerfully miss their last trains rather than break up the party. The musician, I verily believe, begrudged even the time to wash, but his counte-

nance shone nevertheless with the light of genius, and his threadbare garments just clung round his slender frame, which quivered and vibrated with emotional expression as he warmed to his work.

Leaving the Club one winter's night in the small hours, a friend of mine—a new member—enquired of him how he proposed to find his way home. It was a wild night, driving with sleet and rain. My friend, who had been entranced with the musician's performance, was much perturbed by the idea of his facing the inclement weather with so meagre a protection against the cold, and insisted upon his accepting a great fur-lined overcoat, of which he himself was in no great need, and chartering a taxi, despatched him to his dwelling-place.

The following day the musician was found in the bar, flushed with a happiness and a wealth which he insisted on sharing with all around him, and expounding upon the source of his new-found means, explained: "Last night some rich bounder bestowed upon me a flamboyant fur-lined garment. . . . I could not possibly be seen in daylight in a disguise so out of keeping with my composition, so I pawned the thing—ten pounds of the best, dear boys; and now, really, we can make a day of it."

No one appreciated the joke more than the Good Samaritan, his only regret being that the musician had not made a better bargain, for the despised garment had only recently cost him a hundred guineas.

CHAPTER II

MR. ODELL—PHIL MAY—BILLY PIKE—EDWIN CLEARY

IN a club where practically every habitué is familiarly-known and claimed by his cronies as "Phil," "Ted," "Ned," or "Tommy," as the case may be—"Mr." Odell has ever preserved this dignified attribute of outward respect. No one ventures upon any departure from this formula—"Odell," perhaps, just now and then may be indulged in for the sake of variety, but his initials "E. J." are never played upon lightly.

In reckless mood, and taking my courage in both hands, I once had the temerity to enquire of him what Christian names his initials stood for. He promptly enlightened me: "Ebenezer Jehoshaphat." It transpired in the course of years that the "E" was really a name which I have the honour to share—Edwin—but I must leave to others the task of extracting from him what the "J" stands for.

The place of his birth, what his wife was like—or any other vapid detail of his life on earth—all pale before the tenure of his high office as King of the "Savages," and titular lord of Adelphi Terrace.

Until such time as he chooses to abdicate, no mortal will be found to challenge his sovereignty.

For many years Mr. Odell's place of abode was shrouded in deepest mystery. I spent the whole

of one night in his company. We left the Club as it was closing long after midnight and made for the Charing Cross Hotel, where a small and select party of "late birds" was usually to be found. Having exhausted the entertainment at that establishment, we wandered forth in the direction of Fleet Street, visiting several licensed houses where members of the Press were free to refresh themselves at any hour during the night. From there I was conducted to a "Lockhart's," where a light repast was indulged in, washed down with a cup of cocoa. By that time the "early houses" were opening. After sampling several of these on the way to Covent Garden, all alive with market folk, we returned to the Charing Cross Hotel and partook of their excellent "7 o'clock boat breakfast."

Just as I was wondering when Odell would consider the "evening" finished and disclose the direction of his habitation, he excused himself for a moment and, after a long wait, I found he had vanished and that the "evening" was over.

Leaving the "Savage" one day in some hurry, I was obliged to part somewhat abruptly from Mr. Odell, who never permitted business of any character to accelerate his stately saunter through existence. Excusing myself, I said: "Now, really, I *must* run away."

Smiling grimly, he merely remarked: "Let me *see* you run."

Brandon Thomas, a prince of good fellows and generous to a fault, was untiring in his devotion to Odell. The success of his play, "Charley's Aunt,"

had made a rich man of him, and he shared his good fortune right royally with his less favoured brethren. But there came a time when through unfortunate investments he was obliged to take a more careful view of his financial position.

Odell informed me one day that Brandon Thomas, reminding him of a temporary loan of ten pounds, had expressed a desire for its repayment.

"I just told him that I had not quite finished with it yet."

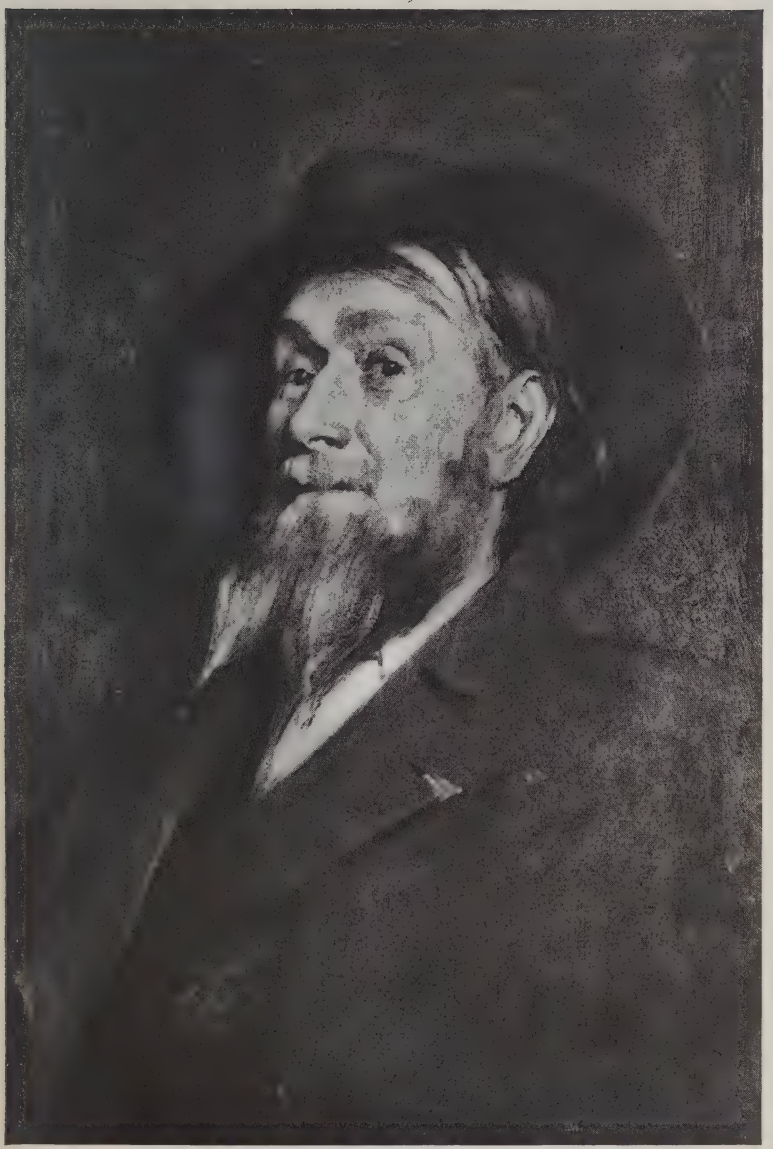
As Odell was leaving my studio one afternoon, and I was conducting him to the door, I ventured to press into his hand the half-crown for his cab fare, with the remark: "I am only sorry, Odell, that it is not more."

He replied: "May I say—and so am I?"

A gloomy member who resented all my attempts to raise his drooping spirits, declared that he wished he were dead, adding, "and if the truth be known, so do you."

Upon my protesting that I was far from ready and really in no hurry, Mr. Odell called out from his corner: "None of your shinnanakin, Ward. Give it a date!"

An old friend of mine, Dr. Symons Eccles, was taking the chair at a House Dinner twenty-six years ago. He wished me to design the menu card, but, as I pointed out to him, half a dozen of the most famous black-and-white artists whose métier it was to do that sort of thing were members of the Club, so I offered to contribute anything else he suggested towards the harmony of the evening. He came to me later, and said: "Will you paint



E. J. ODELL, *Actor.*
("in his habit as he lived.")
From the picture by Edwin A. Ward in the Savage Club.

Mr. Odell for me and I will present the portrait to the Club on the evening of my Chairmanship ? "

This I agreed to do but stipulated that he should make it quite clear to Odell that he must keep the appointments, knowing the latter's habits at that period—up all night and abed all day. He assured me that his arrangement with Mr. Odell was that the sittings were to be regarded as strictly professional engagements for which he would receive a fee, and that a case of whisky of the Odell brand had been forwarded to my studio.

Accordingly six o'clock the following Monday was fixed, but after waiting for an hour beyond that time I proceeded to the "Savage," to find that Mr. Odell had not been seen there. After fruitlessly visiting several of his well-known haunts I returned crestfallen to the Club, and later in the evening met Odell entering as I was leaving.

" Odell, you did not turn up to-day as promised."

" No, I could not manage it. But I will come now ; never mind the lateness of the hour, it will teach me the way."

So the first sitting took place by gaslight, and each of the further four sittings was personally conducted, with the exception of one occasion when I invited him to lunch with me at one o'clock. As he did not appear I had to lunch alone. Two hours later, long after lunch had been cleared away, he appeared.

" Odell, you are very late," said I.

" I am also very hungry," replied he.

Everything had been cleared from the premises, as having no kitchen or service arrangements

luncheon was sent in from the local hostelry, to which I hurried, only to be informed that everything so far as food was concerned had been cleared away there, too, for the day. Returning to the studio I passed a fried-fish shop and it struck me that if I could present some fish nicely on a dish with some fried potatoes and a clean napkin, Odell need never know how the food was obtained.

The old man enjoyed his meal immensely, and as he finished, he turned from the table and said: "The first artist to whom I sat was Professor Herkomer; he gave me a recherché lunch, a glass of wine and a fine cigar. I next sat to Mr. Linnell, who gave me a chop, a glass of port and a smoke. I sit to you and you give me fried fish. I suppose the next artist I sit to will kick my *blinkin' bohind!*"

The picture was still unfinished on the morning of the day of presentation. When Odell realized this he really faced the music, and whatever is worth while in the picture, was done in the last forty minutes. It was put in its frame, we called a four-wheeler, and arrived at the Club just in time for the House Dinner.

When the picture was unveiled Mr. Odell made a short speech, in which he told the assembly that the artist had painted the picture in a fortnight: "I think he deserves six months." There were shouts of approval at this sally.

Afterwards, Symons Eccles rose, saying he proposed to present the portrait to the Club: "Brother Savages, will you accept it?" Loud shouts of "No!" came from all parts of the room. Dr. Eccles took this irony very seriously and removed

the picture to his house. If I had not later found it hanging in his hall, I should have lost sight of it altogether, and it would not now be occupying its present position at the Savage Club.

Mr. Odell rarely sought his bed in those days before it was time for ordinary folk to leave theirs. Yet, on occasions, I have observed that he has adopted quite a parental attitude towards the late hour habit indulged in by his juniors.

He told me that on one occasion it became quite obvious that the best and only place for Phil May was undoubtedly—bed! He undertook the delicate and difficult office of mentor, and, by dint of the exercise of much gentle suasion, eventually succeeded in inducing Phil to take his leave of the Club, and accompanied him into a cab that had been summoned for the purpose of conveying them to Maida Vale.

Arriving at their destination at Melina Place, Odell aroused his drowsy charge, and abstracting the latch-key from his pocket, gently opened the door and with great care deposited Phil on a couch in the hall, where he immediately resumed his slumbers. This having been accomplished without disturbing Mrs. May, Odell being desirous of escaping any meed of blame for being concerned in keeping her husband out until such a late hour, let himself out into the street, closing the door softly behind him.

Not being possessed of the wherewithal to charter a cab for the return journey, he had to tramp all the weary way back from Maida Vale to Adelphi Terrace, comforted by the reflection that he had rendered a service to an old friend and a great artist.

Arriving eventually at his destination, footsore and exhausted, he dragged his weary way up the stairs leading to the bar, where he was saddened and surprised to see the triumphant figure of Phil May, glass in hand held aloft, flushed with the joy of having defeated the designs of his Good Samaritan by a swift recovery from the ruse of the sleep on the couch, where Odell had deposited him, and by catching a smart hansom which returned him to the Club to put a finish to a great evening.

Some years before the Great War I found myself in Madeira. Having some mission which took me into the interior of the island, I hired a vehicle and drove to an address as directed. Upon enquiry for the individual of whom I was in quest a familiar figure presented itself in the doorway—a man I had not seen for years—a "brother Savage," Alaricus Delmar by name, who in the early days of my membership of the Club had been quite a friend of mine.

Rumour related that he had embarked upon a great scheme for the creation of a centre of athletic activity in the Canaries—golf links, tennis courts, croquet lawns—all within three days from Southampton—where people of modest means might winter with interest, ease, comfort and pleasure. The scheme included, also, the establishment of a first-class club devoted to the fascinating and elusive pastime of roulette. The enterprise had proved a failure, but we had never been able to discover what had happened to Alaricus—and here he was ! filling that doorway with his humorous,

inscrutable smile—completely unembarrassed at the strange manner of our meeting. Sitting there in my little carriage, I felt slightly at a loss for a moment, until Alaricus, extending a hand of welcome, softly enquired: "How is Odell?"

And so it was the world over. Wherever I found myself, the first question put to me by people who knew I belonged to the Savage Club was "How is Odell?" Most of them had never been inside the Club. How on earth this man's name had become a household word puzzled me, yet he was often the only member of the famous Club with whose name people appeared to be familiar. He had not, like so many of his fellow members, been a great traveller, and although as an actor he had never failed to fill his part with distinction, he was not usually associated with world-famous productions.

On one of the few occasions when he was engaged to appear with a company in South Africa under the management of Luscombe Searelle, a farewell dinner was given at the Club prior to his departure. In response to the toast of "Good luck, good health and a safe return," Odell arose and said:

"I am about to embark on a great enterprise" —then, after a dramatic pause—"I propose to found a new Colony—Odellesia!"—the last word delivered with a magnificent pomp it is impossible to convey.

You cannot bribe Odell with a dinner. Twenty-five years ago St. John Harmsworth, then a young man just down from Oxford, called upon me one evening at the Savage Club, with a college chum. They had engaged a table at Romano's and wished

me to dine with them, adding, " and Odell must come, too ! " Romano's was then *the* place in town, and I rather admired St. John's courage in facing a fashionable restaurant, glittering with its crowd of gilded youth in meticulously correct attire, and gaily dressed dwellers in fairy land, and taking as his guest the sombre, stately Odell.

Nothing could have been in sharper contrast. Odell refused to be divested of his famous bright green overcoat with its numerous overlapping capes, and as we were conducted in stately procession to our table the head waiter and wine steward were summoned to take our orders for the feast. An imposing and elaborately printed menu was placed in Odell's hand, while the attendant *maître d'hôtel* lingered, pencil in hand, to take down the details of the dinner.

Upon being pressed to make his selection from the various dishes on the menu, Odell turned to the head waiter, saying : " You appear to have everything but the one thing I require." There were, as might be expected, profuse apologies, and assurances that any and every luxury that Odell might fancy could and would be provided. " In that case," said Odell, " I should like a kipper."

This was eventually produced, and was the only dish of which he could be persuaded to partake.

It seems difficult, perhaps, to appraise at its full value the contribution rendered to his generation by the personality of a man of Odell's quality. The pity of it is that the office of Court Jester has been suffered to fall into abeyance. Odell would

SAVAGE CLUB HOUSE DINNER
E. J. ODELL IN HIS CHAIR
"IF YOU ARE NOT QUIET MR PIKE I SHALL HAVE TO NAME YOU !!"
"COME NOW ! WHAT MAY YOUR LIQUOR BE ?"
"WHO'S DIDST THOU SEE ME HEAVE UP MY LEG"
"WE THREW THE CARGO OVER BOARD INCLUDING CAPTAIN'S WIFE !!"
MENU
Soups
Printanier - Crème à la Reine
Fish
Cod fish - Oyster Sauce
ENTREE
Savoury - à la Kinnaird
JOINT
Haunch of Southdown Mutton
Red Currant Jelly
French Beans - Potatoes
GAME
Grouse - Chips
SWEETS
Meringues - Nougat - Wine Jellies
Vanilla Creams - Genoise Pastry
Dessert - Ices
Parmesan Straws
"GOOD NIGHT !"
"I WON'T HEAR"
SAY, BILL HADN'T A TENNER HERE!
SATURDAY - 13 th
Octo
1900

E. J. Odell.
By Oliver Paque.

have made an ideal Court Jester; his trenchant wit would have relieved the tension and oppressive solemnity of many a State function.

King Edward showed his appreciation of Odell's claim to recognition by nominating him as one of the Brethren of the Charterhouse—where his picturesque figure is in complete harmony with a place hallowed by memories of "Colonel Newcome."

Phil May was much at the Savage Club in those days, a simple, kindly, generous fellow, almost too popular for his own well-being. Going into the bar one evening I saw Phil standing with the usual long cigar projecting from his face, and a tumbler containing refreshment in each hand.

"Hullo, Phil, how are you?" I said.

He replied, "Do you mind taking this cigar out of my mouth for a moment, I am most awfully thirsty."

He told me he was working for the "Graphic" and had had to make some drawings of the Lord Mayor's procession which had passed along the Strand that day. He went across to Romano's, where he was well known, and asked for the use of a small room overlooking the Strand, where he would not be disturbed, and just for the good of the house he ordered a bottle of champagne to be sent up.

"As I sat in the window at work," said Phil, "much to my annoyance a stranger strolled in, and not only watched me working, but also calmly mopped up the wine, which was open on the table."

Phil had finished his work, and was hurrying away to the "Graphic" office when the intruder stopped him as he passed through the bar, saying that he had discovered from Romano that it was Mr. May's wine to which he had helped himself so liberally under the impression that it was the landlord who was acting as host. He insisted upon standing another bottle.

Phil begged to be excused as it was important that he should deliver his drawings without delay. "Well, then, have a cigar?" To this Phil assented, whereupon Romano was instructed to provide the choicest cigar he could produce. A wonderful specimen, enshrined in a glass envelope, appeared. The cost was defrayed by the stranger, and Phil, putting a light to his wonderful cigar, hurried off with his drawings.

Crossing the Strand he ran into Corbould, the "Punch" artist, and a great crony of Phil's.

"Hullo, Phil, what's your hurry? Come and have a drink."

"Sorry, old man, I hav'n't a moment to spare. These drawings must be handed in at once."

Corbould shoved his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a tired-looking Manila, which he handed to Phil, saying: "Well, here, have a good 'un!" With that he plucked the priceless Corona from Phil's face and flung it into the muddy road.

My friend, Charles Bertram, told me he was dining at the Trocadero and found himself sitting next Phil May. During the evening he noticed that Phil was partaking very sparingly of the excellent fare provided. Bertram, a very old friend

of Phil's, asked him why he did not take a little food with his wine.

"The fact is," said Phil, "I dined before I came."

"Oh, that's all right," said Bertram, "what did you have?"

"A muffin," replied Phil.

Phil was an excellent horseman, and during the time he was drawing for the "Graphic" he occasionally rode from his house in Kensington to the office. On one of these rides he had occasion to call at the Savage Club, and left his horse in the charge of a man outside, with instructions to walk the animal up and down the terrace until he had picked up his letters, or whatever his business happened to be. He found the company so much to his liking that after a good deal of fun and refreshment he forgot all about his horse and proceeded to the office on foot.

After a time, the man holding the horse called the attention of the hall-porter and asked if Mr. May was in the Club. "No," said the porter, "he left an hour ago." The members were consulted and eventually the horse was put in a livery-stable in the neighbourhood.

Several days elapsed and Phil again appeared at the Club. "Most extraordinary thing," he said, "I've lost my horse. I started from home with it all right a few days ago, but for the life of me I can't remember what became of it." After a little cross-examination, "Did you drop it down an area?" and so on, they relieved his mind by producing the missing horse.

Phil told me a remarkable story illustrating

his absent-mindedness. On the morning when he should have done his "Graphic" drawing for the week he ventured out on a short stroll which lengthened as far as the Strand, and lasted the whole day and far into the night. He returned home in the small hours, tip-toed through the studio, and crept into bed without waking Mrs. May.

In the morning he was preparing to rise when Mrs. May said, "You had much better rest a little longer as you were very late last night."

Phil said it was absolutely necessary for him to do the "Graphic" drawing which should have been done the day before.

"My dear, the drawing is finished, and stands on the easel in the studio. You evidently did it after you came in last night, before coming to bed."

Phil put on his dressing-gown, went into the studio, and lo! and behold! there was the drawing done by his own hand, yet for the life of him he could not recollect doing one stroke of it.

Phil was a child where any question of a business character arose. I met him one day in Regent Street, obviously in a merry mood, and he invited me into Driver's to drink a special brew of champagne and stout. I declined the kind invitation and expressed surprise at seeing him in town, having been under the impression that he was away in Leeds.

"So I was, old boy, until to-day, but I owed a man eighty pounds which I promised to repay this morning; but I can't find the fellow and have spent thirty of it already."

Phil told me he had invented a new drink, it was

something like whisky and soda—only there was more whisky in it.

Phil May and a writer named George were sent out to the Chicago Exhibition by a Syndicate to write and illustrate a story of that marvellous show. But Phil and his partner were subjected to so much entertainment that they found no leisure in which to fulfil their obligation to their paper. In consequence, a cable was sent, insisting on their immediate return.

Full of remorse, they arrived in England at the precise moment of the marriage of Prince George and Princess Mary of Teck. They reached London heartily ashamed of the fruitless few weeks they had spent in Chicago, very perturbed as to their reception at the offices of the "Graphic," and quite ignorant of the decorations and festivities consequent upon the royal marriage.

As they drove across Waterloo Bridge into the Strand, Phil's face suddenly brightened, and pointing to an archway across the road, he said, "Cheer up, George, old boy, we're forgiven. Look! 'Welcome to George and May!'"

The Strand in Phil May's time was strewn with pitfalls, and Fleet Street itself was a network of traps. There were bars attuned to the taste of every thirsty traveller—day time or night time you could hardly go wrong.

At any hour you might find comfort and congenial company in one or other of the favoured haunts stretching from the "Silver Grill" to the "Cheshire Cheese." There were innumerable stopping-places on the "Gin Crawl," as it was called, sheltered

shady spots where you could "break your fall." Leaving the "Cri" you must call at the "Cavour" to prepare you for the "Marble Hall," the next halt before getting down to real business at Romano's, where "Auntie" presided over and controlled a medley of humanity comprising practically every picturesque figure and personality to be found in the world of sport, the drama, literature and art. Good fellows all, some perhaps better than others, but not very much.

Great congregations were always assembled in the old Gaiety Bar, a business of its own, and again across the way at the Tivoli; tucked away behind, in the region leading towards the river, there was rest for the weary in the "Caledonian" and the Adelphi. After the theatre and until closing time a little coterie of the acting faternity formed a friendly symposium at the "Coal Hole."

Last of all, and as a harbour of refuge for its members, stood the ever-open door of the Savage Club itself.

This was London as Phil May found it, and no figure in my time captured its affection so swiftly or so completely. His appeal was immediate, in every lounge he reigned supreme, and even to this day the magic of his name remains a household word.

Phil's popularity was universal. Surrounded and followed by a crowd of admirers—he could hardly call his soul his own.

For a time he rented a studio in Paris. I asked him why? "I am so overwhelmed by this flock of 'good fellows' that really work is out of the

question and my only chance of freedom is to get right away out of their reach." And yet at heart he appeared to love nothing so much as cheery companionship.

He told me that on one of his numerous trips to Paris he broke the journey at Etaples and called upon his friend, dear old Dudley Hardy, who at that time was living there.

Dudley, it appeared, had received a cheque for fifty pounds, and being for the moment bereft of the convenience of a banking account, he had some difficulty in negotiating a draft for so large a sum.

"It's all right, Dudley," said Phil, "I can manage it for you in Paris and I will bring you the money on my return."

Dudley, wishing to save his friend the trouble of returning to Etaples, volunteered to accompany him to Paris. Off they went together, and not only cashed the cheque but they also spent the money—as Phil remarked in telling me the story, "We had a wild day!"

It left Phil in no fit state to tackle his weekly contribution to "Punch," and he insisted that Dudley should deputise for him. This his friend, always the soul of good nature, readily agreed to do. So the current number of "Punch" had a Phil May signature to a Dudley Hardy drawing.

What a fascinating companion Phil was!

The first time I remember meeting him was in the Chelsea Arts Club, then located in temporary premises at Jimmie Christie's lodgings in the King's Road. It was a great evening, but "tell it not in Gath"—we found such comfort in each other's

company that we forgot to " go home till morning." This made the succeeding day seem dull and difficult by comparison, but it was worth it and I am glad we did it.

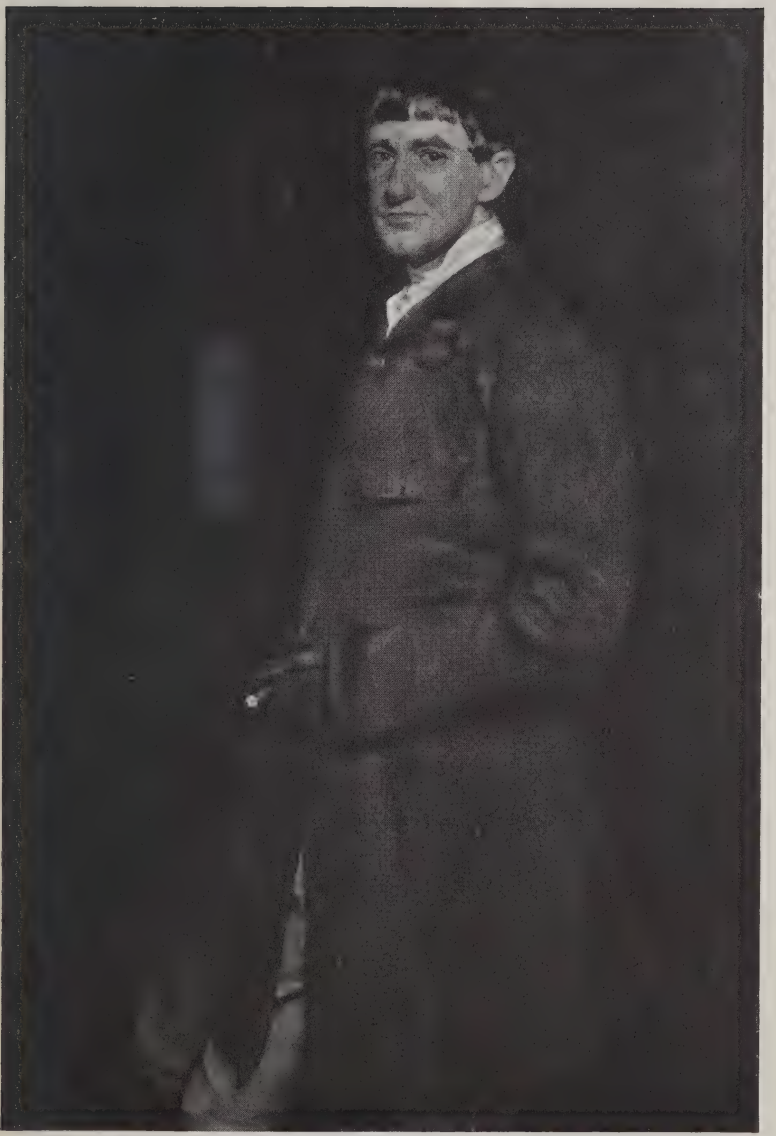
It was broad delight when returning home dead tired and dropping with sleep I softly tip-toed up the stairs to find the bedroom door ajar and—much to my relief—a small flicker of gas was evidence that my dear wife had slept peacefully through the night, oblivious of the fact that her lord and master had not returned. Waking to find me fully dressed as I turned out the light she drowsily enquired, " Where can you possibly be going at this unearthly hour ? "

Here was a streak of luck I did not anticipate—or deserve—and I weakly explained that having passed a restless night I was about to start out for a brisk walk.

" Burning my boats " by this avowal, I was compelled with weary feet to take a walk I did not want and forgo the few hours' sleep I so sorely needed. It was all Phil's fault, and I hope we were both forgiven.*

It is only fair to Phil May's memory to add, and I am sure that all his friends who knew him best will bear me out in this, he was by no means addicted to intensive libation. It was to him more a symbol of good fellowship, and in his day was regarded as the indispensable adjunct to every congenial gathering of a festive character.

* The seal of immortality (so I am told) has been set upon this old story of mine, by its release on a recent film featuring the famous Charlie Chaplin.



PHIL MAY.

From the picture painted by Sir James Shannon, R.A. *(Membre de l'Institut de France Académie des Beaux Arts).*

There are countless stories Phil May would concoct and evolve around himself and always against himself. About the same time that the wonderful portrait of him was painted by Sir James Shannon there was also painted a portrait of his friend Sir Thomas Dewar (now Lord Dewar).

Dear old Phil was the victim of an ailment which had already somewhat marred his pristine beauty. This unfortunate erysipelas spreading over his face, might easily be mistaken for and attributed to other causes usually associated with good cheer.

It was his suggestion that the two portraits of Sir Thomas Dewar and himself should be placed in the Royal Academy, hanging as pendant to each other and in the catalogue entitled " Cause " and " Effect."

At one of the Bohemian parties given by Charles Bertram the night was already far spent—in fact the fun had been prolonged well into the small hours —and Mrs. May protested to her husband that it was high time for them to be wending their way homewards. Phil replied, " My dear ! I will do anything you like to ask of me in reason—but— *I will not go home.*"

And yet in spite of all this assumption of light-hearted gaiety, there was a serious side to Phil May which was only known to his intimates.

I call to mind one evening at his house in the Holland Park Road ; the dining-room was crowded with noisy revellers helping themselves freely to a hospitality which was always boundless, when Phil, taking me away by the arm, led me upstairs into his working-room. What a contrast to the

rowdy scene down below! Every detail necessary for the practice of his masterly draughtsmanship was in perfect order, and with simple pride he described to me his method of work. Nothing appeared to be left to chance. He proceeded to illustrate the process by which he had arrived at his ultimate simplicity of line. Over an elaborate drawing he stretched a sheet of tracing paper, and preserving only the main lines of construction he found that by eliminating all superfluous detail he could present his picture with greater force and directness.

The sloping desk at which he worked was for all the world like a lectern, and Phil himself, sitting there quietly explaining the process by which these wonderful drawings were evolved was, with head bowed over his papers and books, curiously reminiscent of His Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth.

Oddly enough he had at times himself slyly traced a humorous resemblance in their profiles.

Crooning away in the musical voice it was always a pleasure to listen to, there he sat turning over the leaves of a folio of sketches with his exquisitely formed hands, hands that any woman might be proud to possess.

He was happy as a child in escaping for a moment from the smoke and din downstairs, the noise of which just reached us through the closed door.

Then as though a little ashamed of having been discovered—like a shy girl caught reading a love-letter—he closed the folio, and getting down from his desk said: "What a shame! you must be feeling thirsty."

Turning down the light in his sanctum he led me back again to the blarers in the room below.

It was the only occasion upon which I saw, and then only for a moment, a glimpse of the real Phil May—the greatest artist in black and white of all time.

I did not see Phil during his last illness, but my friend, Sir James J. Shannon, who was one of his greatest admirers, visited him from time to time, and told me it was wonderful how Phil's sense of humour rose triumphant over all his sufferings. On the last occasion upon which he saw him alive he enquired anxiously as to his condition.

Phil smiled faintly, and said, " The doctor seems to be in two minds about my malady ; he tells me to take violent exercise for my liver and to keep perfectly still for my lungs."

The next time Shannon called dear old Phil had passed away. He was not only a great artist but one of the most lovable personalities I have ever known.

Another attractive, dear fellow-artist was William Pike—" Billy Pike " as he was always called. He was one of the most amusing creatures and devoted to all manner of mischief and harmless practical joking. He was on the staff of the " Daily Graphic," and together with several other artists attended at the office daily to produce the illustrations for which that paper was then famous. There were many complaints from the editor and sub-editors in which it was alleged that Billy not only absented

himself a good deal from the office, but that he was a dangerous companion for the younger artists on the staff, who could not resist the fascination of accompanying Billy in a round of visits to his various haunts. These complaints at length reached the ears of the proprietor, and our friend Billy was informed that his services would be dispensed with after a certain date.

Some months later, a drawing was sent in on approval signed, " Oliver Paque." This drawing impressed the editor so much by its cleverness that he wrote at once to the address given and offered the artist a permanent position on the paper. Going his round of inspection the following Monday he was astounded to see William Pike in his old seat at the drawing table.

" Billy, what is the meaning of this ? I gave you the sack months ago."

" Don't ' Billy ' me," said our old friend, " my name is Oliver Paque "—and Oliver Paque he remained to the end of his days. What is more, he retained his post to the last. It was useless attempting to cope with ingenuity so subtle, and the authorities resigned themselves to his little pleasantries and peculiarities, as in spite of all these vagaries his industry and talent were undeniable.

The Savage Club bristles with members of marked individuality, but of all my contemporaries, " Ned " Cleary stood out in a class by himself. If you ranged the leading lights of the " Savage " as a constellation of " the sun, moon and seven stars " there is no question about the place where Cleary

would shine. He was the life and soul of any cluster of men content to sit around merely to listen to the lure of the spoken word—he illumined any topic, however trivial, and lifted it out of the commonplace. In his prime I used to regard any day during which I had not seen Edwin Cleary as a day wasted.

Without consulting the Club records I am unable to state under which heading Cleary based his claim for election as a "Savage," but he was so many-sided he could easily have qualified under either literature, science or the drama. We first knew him as an excellent actor—I saw him in "Held by the Enemy," in the "eighties." He also wrote quite a good curtain-raiser, "Editha's Burglar," and many years later a war-book entitled "Israel, V.C." which, much to my surprise, never went to publication. The story of a Jew in the Great War, it was full of interest dramatically told, but he kept on tinkering at it until, tired of the idea, he turned to exercise his restless brain on schemes of another character, and it was then too late to engage the attention of any large public in a book about a war of which everybody was heart-sick.

As a reciter he was unrivalled. Longfellow's poem, "The Launch of the Ship," he recited by special request before the great poet himself, with whom he had formed a close and lasting friendship.

During a long connection with the theatre, he had been stage manager to Salvini, Edwin Booth and Richard Mansfield, and had organized operatic ventures for Adelina Patti, Christine Nils on and many other stars.

He also ran a great show (and what a wonderful showman he was!), "Savage South Africa," at Earl's Court, with C. B. Cochran as his assistant. Emboldened by this success he obtained a lease of Olympia, where he covered the entire floor space with a gigantic green carpet of thick pile with almost the resilience of real turf. There he proposed to cater for the holding of all the great Football Cup-Tie Finals, under perfect conditions, free from mud and impervious to frost, with seating accommodation for countless thousands of spectators. It was also to be utilised for a vast Sports Club which he founded for tennis, racquets and kindred games.

Into this great scheme he flung all his astounding energy—dashing to and fro in his motor-car across his green sward. No detail was overlooked and a brilliant idea occurred to him. To add a note of reality to his "grass" he had artificial cattle food scattered about and flocks of real sheep grazing over it!

Unfortunately he had omitted to obtain the all-important signature of Lord Kinnaird, then President of the Football Association, for the actual holding of the Cup-Tie Finals for which his Magic Green Carpet had been specially woven, and upon which he had relied to reimburse himself for his colossal outlay.

All in vain he substituted exhibitions of the Basque game of Pelota, for which he engaged special players from Spain, where it is the national pastime. This failed to attract the great public, and, forced into insolvency, he was compelled to surrender. The great green carpet, cut up in sections,

Photo by Claude Harris.

EDWIN CLEARY.

was sold piecemeal by public auction for the benefit of his creditors.

A little chastened but all undaunted he returned to his old post—always open to him—as engineer in the service of his life-long friend, George Pauling, and for the following five years he laboured unremittingly in the completion of the Beira Railway.

It was on the homeward journey from his exile in the fever-stricken swamps of East Africa, and not many miles from London, that from his carriage window he saw a strange and wonderful sight—an aeroplane rising from Brooklands.

His five years' absence from civilization had not prepared him for any vision of this character, and his showman's instinct was immediately aroused to its possibilities. Jumping out of the train at its first stopping place, he made a bee-line for Brooklands, where he lost no time, but there and then engaged Paulhan, the famous French aviator, for exhibition flights to be held at Los Angeles. Without tarrying a day in London, where his countless friends were gathered to meet him, he tore off to Paris and formed a syndicate to raise funds for his project.

In this he was completely successful, and the American Pressmen in Paris cabled columns of advance notices heralding the forthcoming aeronautical display at Los Angeles, with the world-famous Paulhan as chief pilot.

Once more a great fortune appeared to be at Cleary's feet, and radiant with hope they sailed for America.

Arrived at Los Angeles, where a great Press campaign had preceded them and a vast aviation ground had been engaged and prepared to accommodate the expected multitudes, they were immediately confronted by a formidable writ of injunction from the Brothers Wright for the infringement of their patent.

Instead of the triumph he had anticipated, Cleary became instantly involved in litigation of a tedious and prolonged character in which not only the whole of the Syndicate's capital was sunk, but also his entire savings from his five years' toil on the Beira Railway.

Paulhan was compelled to return to France long before the case was finished, and although Cleary fought and won a moral victory by eventually gaining a verdict—his flying man had departed—his fortune had vanished, and his opportunity had passed.

His restless, fertile brain seethed with a perfect riot of fantastic schemes into which he flung the whole of his fierce dynamic energy. Imbued with an optimism which nothing could quench, and gifted with an adaptability for the assimilation of every ramification associated with enterprises by which he was for the moment obsessed, he was enabled in an incredibly short space of time to unfold his plan of action with convincing emphasis before even a body of experts.

His versatility was bewildering. He had been sent out to Mexico by a syndicate to report upon a radium mine, the peculiar properties of radium being to him at that time an unknown quantity. On his

return from this survey he could talk of nothing but radium; radium oozed from his every pore, each nerve in his powerful frame vibrated with radio-activity.

He was due to submit his report before the French Chamber of Commerce, assembled to consider the question of financing the syndicate for which Cleary's services had been retained. I accompanied him to Paris, and while waiting for his public appearance I was the unofficial audience at a practically continuous rehearsal. Not only during the daytime did he daze me by torrents of radio-talk, but also during the night he would insist upon demonstrations illustrated by a lump of uranium ore charged with minute particles of radium.

For these demonstrations it was absolutely essential that we should sit for at least forty minutes in a Cimmerian darkness from which every suspicion of light had been excluded in order that the vision should have forgotten even the recollection of light. Then, and not till then, did he produce the specimen extracted from the Mexican radium mine, and what a wonderful sight it was—like a fistful of tiny stars.

He made a marvellous appearance before the Chamber of Commerce, and though his French was far from fluent he was able to hold forth for two hours before that august assembly, keeping them spellbound by his learned and technical dissertation on all the properties and possibilities of radium as a paying proposition.

It was certainly no fault of Cleary's that, though enthralled by his eloquence, the French Chamber of Commerce was not unanimous in agreement to

furnish the financial support necessary to the scheme. It was, however, conceded that his demonstration was a marvellous achievement, and this in spite of the handicap of a foreign language with which he was very imperfectly familiar.

Cleary was hurried away by his supporters from the scene of his triumph to our *appartement* at the Grand Hotel like a champion heavy-weight who had been declared a winner on "points." There, having divested himself of all the details of his State habiliments, for he had been attired in every particular like a Cabinet Minister on the occasion of a full-dress debate, he sat on a bedroom chair in nothing but his "undies," surrounded by a group of voluble Frenchmen standing over him gesticulating their congratulations and dictating plans for future action. The floor of the room and the tossed bed were littered with dishevelled wearing apparel and rumpled linen—there could not have been a greater contrast to his appearance and surroundings only an hour before.

A cab was in waiting to convey us to the Gare du Nord with only forty minutes in which to catch the boat-train to London, so there was no time to be lost. I threw Cleary's travelling clothes at him, crammed the rest of his belongings somehow into his trunk, pushed the syndicate, still arguing, out into the corridor, squeezed him half dazed into his greatcoat, ushered in the waiter, paid the bill and tore to the lift all in one breathless rush. As we scrambled into the taxi, I said: "We shall never be in time for the train."

"Never mind the train," replied Cleary, "to-

morrow will do. I want to take you out to the suburb of Paris where I stayed as a boy of fifteen. There is a tiny café where I used to take my simple meals, better far than all these gaudy restaurants. I can easily find it though I have never been there since. We will go there for *déjeuner*."

Depositing our luggage at the station we started on our five-mile tramp along the great Boulevard. He stopped at last, choking with laughter, and pointing across the wide thoroughfare, cried: " There it is, or at least, there it *was* ! "

The spell he had woven round the little *estaminet* was broken. The little tuck-shop of his youth, hallowed by so many tender memories had changed hands. The window no longer dressed with appetizing dainties now appealed to a passing public with a display of all the furniture appertaining to a third-class funeral. It was an undertaker's.

Eventually our fast had to be broken at an adjacent fish-shop, where we were regaled with relays of " Marennes " oysters, washed down with white wine of a nebulous vintage—thin in character, but there was plenty of it.

Returning to Paris afoot—all vehicular traffic having been suspended owing to the celebration of Mi-carême—we finally arrived breathless, exhausted and smothered in confetti.

It was typical of this amazing man that within a few hours and during the same day he had completely swept all memory of radium from his mind, and was already deeply immersed in the details of a mammoth spectacular reproduction of Egyptian splendour in the time of the Pharaohs. For this

purpose he spent our last few hours in Paris ransacking theatrical shops in search of photographs, costumes and all material necessary to the preparations for his new venture.

For our return journey to London he engaged a private saloon carriage which he littered with sketches and designs of the scenario of this desert production. His boundless enthusiasm never wavered for a moment; he was convinced that at last he would electrify theatrical London.

Having hardly recovered from my mental overdose of radio-activity I was frankly in no condition to keep pace with my versatile companion in his sudden plunge backwards from Madame Curie to the Pharaohs. The tension was, however, tremendously relieved by the welcome appearance on the boat at Boulogne of a distinguished Brother Savage, Sir Ernest Shackleton, full of plans for further great adventures amid unexplored tracts of snow and ice. Radium and the mirage of the desert were alike completely obliterated, and my fevered brain was fanned and cooled by the vivid pictures of Shackleton's Polar experiences, which dominated all our undiminished interest to the end of the journey.

We separated at Charing Cross and never again on any subsequent occasion did I hear Cleary allude to either radium or the land of the Pharaohs.

A later brilliant scheme of his was for the building of a great stadium on the roof of Victoria Station. It was to be used as a vast central hall for the holding of exhibitions of the character usually held either at

Olympia or the Crystal Palace. This fairy sports palace of his dreams would rest aloft supported on stately columns of burnished brass rising from each platform of the railway station.

For this enterprise he had drawings to scale prepared at his own cost under the supervision of eminent firms of contracting engineers. Every detail of cost had been passed and certified by expert accountants, and the plans had the warm approval of the Board of Directors representing the London, Brighton and the London, Chatham and Dover Railways. A wealthy syndicate to guarantee the immense cost of the undertaking was already being formed when all the elaborate plans for the realization of his lofty fantasy were scattered to the four winds by the outbreak of the Great War.

As a war correspondent he made a great mark during the world war and figured prominently in the thrilling last days of the defence of Antwerp. He also played an important part in a wild plot for the restoration of the Monarchy in Portugal.

Another project with which he was associated was for the purchase and development of the island of Herm. The property had fallen into the market —the previous owner, Prince Blucher, having been compelled on the outbreak of the Great War to return to his Fatherland.

Cleary was to be Lord-Lieutenant of the island, and an opulent member of the Savage Club was induced to promise his financial support to the scheme on condition that he should be invested with the mysterious and nebulous office of "Timarch." On the strength of this he entertained

at supper a group of sympathetic "Savages," and was quite lavish as became a brother-member shortly to be invested with all the dignity of office.

Unfortunately he had gathered the impression that this disbursement of his ready money to popularise the scheme for taking over the affairs of the island would eventually fall upon the Treasury of Herm. As provisional Lord-Lieutenant, Cleary disclaimed as beneath his dignity any personal responsibility for details of finance, and there and then invested me with plenary powers, as temporary Chancellor of the Exchequer, to use my best endeavour to allay the misgivings of the "Timarch."

In this I was only partially successful.

The outstanding feature of the purchase of the island was the exceptional opportunities it offered to sportsmen of every class. To begin with, its late proprietor had not been able to remove his unique collection of wild animals. The sudden surrender of his domain had also withdrawn the staff employed for their care and custody, and this choice assortment of live lions would probably be prowling loose all over the island. Here to hand was the unique opportunity for big game shooting within twenty-four hours of London. No time was to be lost, lest the lions, restored to freedom and missing their regular rations, might become dangerously wild.

In spite of these unrivalled attractions this venture also fell to the ground.

Cleary, although seized with a sudden serious

illness, was soon immersed in another enterprise, the production of his wonderful lamp—an invention which, had his life been spared, would have brought him the great fortune which his genius had so often nearly placed within his grasp.

CHAPTER III

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY. EDWARD VII AND OSCAR WILDE. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND OSCAR WILDE. THE MAN WHO *WOULD* BE AN R.A. W. E. F. BRITTEN

LOOKING backward is a most unprofitable pastime. Most men indulge in this folly of retrospection from time to time, and fancy, after all, that had they adopted a different calling in life they would have been more successful.

Against this a very able man, popular everywhere, but who had always lacked the means to gratify his cultured tastes, said in reply to a tirade against circumstances from a talented but disappointed man: "I believe that every man does the best he is capable of under any circumstances."

This was the reply of J. Comyns Carr, the dramatist, in argument with W. E. F. Britten, an unappreciated man of genius. The discussion took place at a party held at the old Grosvenor Gallery. What parties those were! Sir Coutts Lindsay, the proprietor of the Gallery, was a princely host, and assembled all and sundry on those occasions, from H.R.H. Edward, Prince of Wales, down to the queerest little characters from the third floor backs of Battersea.

J. Comyns Carr was one of his directors—Charles Hallé was another, and one of the most brilliant men of his time, being very welcome everywhere, though, in common with many worse and better men, was frequently in financial straits. On one of these occasions, tired of bothering his many friends, he was puzzled how on earth to find the "needful." Fortunately for him, the late Sir George Lewis, who was a great friend to most authors, actors, artists and musicians, heard of his trouble and volunteered to supply him with £500, saying: "I can easily afford this and you are under no necessity ever to think of it again." I had always been told that the Jews are generous to each other, but was unaware until then that they extended their liberality to individuals outside their own race and religion.

Socially, the Grosvenor Gallery quite eclipsed the Academy. Sir Coutts Lindsay had an unusual *flair* for the giving of successful functions. We were bidden, on one special occasion in my memory, to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. All that was eminent in society, literature, art and politics was represented. When word announcing the arrival of the royal party was passed round, we assembled ourselves in two columns on each side of the Long Gallery, allowing a clear passage for the royal progress from the entrance to a specially reserved space in the centre of the great Gallery, where Prince Edward was to hold an informal court, surrounded by his equerries and a number of personal friends.

From where I stood I had an excellent view of

the Prince as he advanced through the room, bowing his acknowledgments to right and left. When about opposite me, he left the line, and with extended hand cordially greeted the man standing next to me; so far as I was able to see the only greeting that showed any pronounced personal note.

My neighbour was Oscar Wilde, a man already famous and a noticeable figure in social London, and certainly one of the most remarkable personalities among the famous people with whom I have been brought in contact. He made for himself a great name by his genius as the author of immortal comedies, yet he died the death of an outcast, after suffering a disgrace so deep, and a shame so profound, that his name hitherto famous could hardly be whispered in everyday society.

Our code is so pitiless. People fastened upon any flaw in his character, ignoring the undoubted genius of his work and took a morbid interest in all the details of his tragic downfall. His plays were withdrawn, and his poems and books hidden away, and even now, though a quarter of a century has passed, the name of Oscar Wilde is a by-word, and his gentleness of qualities and kindness, which are all I remember of him, are certainly forgotten.

Whatever people may have known or thought otherwise I never saw him during that early period in any company where he failed to interest and attract by his sparkling wit and charm of manner.

Sir George Alexander appeared to me as the perfect embodiment of all that stood for kindness and consideration—allied to a constant desire to render helpful service to all and sundry. He was also

able to help himself—steering clear of all pitfalls and dangers into which actor-managers, both great and small, have fallen from time to time. He amassed quite a considerable fortune after living in ease and elegance for the greater part of his career. All the parts that really matter—the midsummer and autumn seasons of existence—were full of sunshine, a popular stage favourite and, what meant almost more to him, a great social success.

It may not be generally known that he was really responsible for launching Oscar Wilde on his brief but brilliant career as a dramatist.

It appeared that having failed to induce Wilde to write him a play, in spite of the fact that he was frequently embarrassed through lack of funds, Alexander insisted upon his accepting the sum of £100 as payment in advance for a new play. Oscar's indolence and luxurious habits were a serious handicap to any undertaking requiring steady application. The £100 had a very brief existence, and the liability involved had already become somewhat of an embarrassment upon occasions when they met, and relations were rather strained when at last Wilde appeared with the manuscript of " Lady Windermere's Fan."

Alexander read the play, and being impressed by its quality offered to purchase it outright for £1000. Hard up as he was, Wilde had sufficient confidence in his work to decline this offer, preferring to risk the alternative of payment by royalties. That he was justified in this view was eventually proved by the fact that the original run of the piece brought him £7000 as his share of the profits.

After the abortive action for libel brought by Wilde against the Marquis of Queensberry which involved his subsequent arrest, he spent the interval prior to standing his trial on a criminal charge, on bail in the south of France. Alexander took it upon himself to implore Wilde to risk the estreating of his bail by remaining out of the country and the clutches of the law, but this Wilde resolutely declined to do, confident in his own ability to clear himself of the charges brought against him.

"No," said he to Alexander, "I will return and take my trial like an English gentleman"—with what disastrous results is now a matter of history.

Although Sir Coutts Lindsay's enterprise proved a rival attraction to the Royal Academy, he did not close his doors to members of that institution, and he entertained them and their work ungrudgingly. At one of his evening parties I met an artist who was not only ambitious to become an R.A., but made it evident by persistent and assiduous attention to each and every member of the Academy. He made it his business to know them all, even remembering their birthdays. Being a kind fellow at heart his cordiality knew no bounds, but there were occasions when members of the R.A. found the approach of their admirer a trifle overwhelming.

During the evening of which I speak, a guest was suddenly taken rather unwell, and sought the seclusion of the cloakroom, where he found the accommodation, limited as it was, to be already occupied. Becoming rather impatient after repeated appeals to the occupant of the solitary retreat, he

waxed indignant and asked: "What on earth are you doing in there, sir?"

The door was opened ever so slightly, and the occupant whispered, "Sh—h! I'm hiding from Alfred ——," mentioning the name of the man who was striving so diligently to make himself *persona grata* with all the important people on the earth.

One of the Grosvenor exhibitions was a notable collection of pictures by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. I remember a malicious remark at the private view: Whistler on being asked what he thought of the show, said that it was "the apotheosis of pot-boiling."

There was an attempt about this time to revive the popularity of drawings in pastel, and an important exhibition of drawings in this charming medium was held at the Grosvenor. A wealthy, well-known collector of pictures was so much impressed that he enquired of my friend, W. E. F. Britten, as to whether he should purchase any of these drawings. He said: "I am told that they are not very permanent, and are liable to fall in a dust if they are not handled with extreme care." Britten, himself a great pastellist, replied: "Oh, you buy 'em while they're fresh!"

About Britten a thousand stories could be told. He was a man of rare genius, but impossible temperament, possessing an unbridled tongue which under no circumstances did he ever attempt to control; certainly never when it was of paramount importance as affecting his career that he should exercise a little restraint. His exquisite sense of fun made him an incomparable companion; even

his very recklessness was refreshing, and his utter disregard of consequences took one's breath away. Of course, as may be supposed, he was for ever in dire straits for money, and was compelled to appeal to those more successful brother-artists, all of whom readily acknowledged the exquisite nature of his work.

Lord Leighton, one of his most ardent admirers, helped him times without number. On one occasion a Volunteer colonel of ample means wished Leighton to paint his portrait in uniform. Although a large fee was involved, Leighton had no great love for the undertaking, and persuaded the gallant colonel that a man of genius named Britten would produce for him a better portrait at the same fee. Accordingly an appointment was made, and on a certain morning the doughty warrior in full war paint arrived at Britten's studio, which was a strange barn-like place down a dark passage, previously operating as a cab-yard.

Whether it was the effect of emerging from the Cimmerian darkness of the passage into the glare of a top-lighted, strange studio littered by all sorts of unexpected impedimenta, certain it is that our warrior stumbled, tripped very badly over his unaccustomed sword, and tumbled headlong into his first introduction to his portrait painter.

Britten, his risibility suddenly aroused by the absurdity of the situation, received his new patron with a fit of laughter so sustained and uncontrollable that the Volunteer colonel had time to collect himself, and, with all the injured dignity at his command, he marched out of the studio, to which he never returned.

Britten from time to time received large sums for his work, and then followed radiant days for all his friends ; the tap literally never stopped dripping till the tank was empty. A period of this character occurred during his brief membership of the Savage Club. Full of money, good wine and fine feelings, he approached Sir David Salamon, one of the trustees of the Club, and said : " Salamon, I want you to dine with me. I am inviting a few friends and I would like to fix an evening convenient to you."

" Delighted to come, my dear Britten," said Salamon. " Let me see, I am engaged to-morrow and Wednesday—what about Thursday ? "

" Certainly. Thursday, at eight o'clock. What do you think about goose and champagne ? "

" Nothing could be better," said Salamon.

Accordingly, on the following Thursday, Salamon arrived at the appointed hour, and going into the dining-room found Britten sitting alone with a periodical in front of him, just finishing a chop and potatoes. He looked up at the approach of Salamon, and said : " Hullo, are you dining here ? "

" Well, my dear Britten, as a matter of fact I'm dining with you."

" Oh," said Britten, " that's off."

About this period I happened to be staying at Retford with my old friend, Charles Marshall. He was then a bachelor, living in a lovely old place, full of everything that is beautiful in pictures, furniture and glass ; in fact he was one of the pioneers of forty years ago who rescued household

decoration from the abyss in which it had been submerged during the Victorian era. It was during this visit that Britten wrote to me that he happened to be staying in Sheffield, engaged upon some decorations to a church, and suggested that he would like to break his journey back to London by spending the night at Retford. I mentioned this to my host, and he at once said: "By all means tell your friend that he will be more than welcome here."

On the date fixed, my host, who never failed to make hospitality a religious duty, arranged a dinner quite beyond the ample fare usually prepared. The brougham was sent to meet the train and returned empty; the next train was met and dinner postponed. Eventually, after an embarrassing wait, dinner was served and cleared. I had to make the best of a difficult situation, saying and hoping that something unexpected had happened, and that an explanation would swiftly follow.

Next day brought no letter or message, but after dinner, about nine o'clock, Britten arrived, dusty and travel-stained, without a particle of luggage, and volunteered no explanation or apology. A special meal was produced, after which my friend stretched himself out in his dusty boots and made merry.

Later, when Britten had retired, our host in his good-natured way said to me as he bade me good-night: "How very nice of Britten not to apologize or explain his delay. He is quite delightful."

I had to leave Retford the following day, and on my return there later in the week was astonished to

find Britten wandering about the town, utterly disconsolate and wretched.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

He replied, "I'm sick of the place and bored to death."

"The solution is quite simple. There is an excellent train to town at 1.40," I said.

"Jolly good idea," Britten replied.

When I interviewed my friend Marshall, later in the day, he told me that Britten had rushed into his office, grasped him warmly by the hand, and hurriedly insisted that he had had lots to eat, and must hurry away to catch his train. He had come for one night and stayed a week.

On my return to town I saw Britten, and said: "Of course you have written to Marshall thanking him for his hospitality?"

He answered, "I shall do nothing of the sort. I hated the whole thing."

This broke a life-long friendship,—for Marshall and myself were never quite the same again.

CHAPTER IV

THE RAID ON READING

SOME few years previous to my acquaintance with Britten he had as a patron a somewhat eccentric member of Parliament named Hermon, a man of considerable wealth, with a beautiful place, Wyfold Court, near Reading. Britten had painted some large designs in monochrome, and having seen photographs of these panels which decorated a long corridor at Wyfold Court, I often expressed a strong desire to see the originals. Britten told me that Mr. Hermon was no longer alive (as a matter of fact he died in the House of Commons), and the present proprietor of Wyfold Court, Mr. Hermon Hodge (Mr. Hermon's son-in-law) was only slightly known to him.

However, I was so persistent in my desire to see the originals of what I considered to be some of the finest designs I had ever seen by a modern artist, that Britten eventually wrote to Mr. Hermon Hodge. He showed me Mr. Hodge's reply, which ran something like this: "My dear Britten, I remember you perfectly after all these years. Come down here by all means. Come next Sunday. We lunch at one-thirty, and shall be glad to see you."

I pointed out to Britten, who was quite unlearned

Wyfold Court.

in every little order of social detail, that the invitation did not include me. He protested that I was too fastidious, and that it would be perfectly all right. But, as I was quite firm, he wrote again, saying that he would be glad to go the following Sunday, and might he bring a friend. The next day he showed me a telegram : " Delighted to see you and your friend. The carriage will meet the ten-thirty from Paddington."

The Savage Club, thirty years ago, contained a number of remarkable people—men distinguished in their various callings but who despised convention, and regarded any care bestowed upon dress or appearance as foppish and contemptible.

During that week I was in the Club daily, and was a little surprised and alarmed to find that a largish party would assemble on Sunday morning with the idea of accompanying Britten and myself to Reading. I pointed out to Britten that the invitation was not comprehensive, and was intended as distinctly stated to mean " yourself and friend."

To my horror and dismay I found that he had included practically the whole Club in a general invitation. I was constantly being asked by all sorts of weird members : " Are you going to Reading on Sunday ? " Thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of all these queer people being plumped down, uninvited, on a perfectly strange country house, I appealed to Britten and pointed out that he was taking a grave risk by this haphazard undertaking.

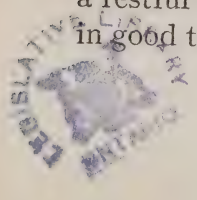
All he said was that although the expedition was designed especially for me I was perfectly at liberty to stop away, and that whatever happened they

were determined to have a grand day. Of course, I could not stand out against this, and though full of foreboding, I promised to appear at Paddington on Sunday morning in time to catch the ten-thirty for Reading.

The House Dinners at the Savage Club, held each Saturday night, are famous to this day, but thirty-odd years ago the habitués mustered in stronger force and certainly the entertainment was carried further into the small hours of the Sabbath than is the custom in these days. Dinner was followed by supper, a renowned concoction of tripe and onions, and perhaps a buck rabbit, and not infrequently a fresh musical evening would be launched. At some of these belated gatherings I have heard brilliant performances from the very best artistes which the Club could boast.

So it was on this evening preceding the expedition to Reading, and several members of the proposed party agreed that, in order not to oversleep themselves and so miss the train, it would be better to make a night of it and then proceed leisurely to Paddington in plenty of time for the ten-thirty. As most of them relied mainly on a solitary suit of clothes there was no change either necessary or in most cases possible. That Saturday night I retired early, feeling that much might be expected of me in the morning, and I was not to be disappointed.

The scene on the platform at Paddington will palpitate in my memory as long as I live. After a restful night, and clad in country clothes, I arrived in good time and found Britten already there. Even



by himself he would be difficult to explain to a crowd of conventional people. In those days white socks and unlaced shoes were unfashionable, and his clothes, besides being horribly shabby, were thoroughly original—concertina trousers, and a queer arrangement of collar and tie, the latter looking like nothing on earth so much as a dirty white sock crumpled round a frayed old collar.

The next arrival was Mr. Odell, whose costume was entirely out of keeping with the season and occasion. He wore a great coat of strong, bright green colour, with many lapels like a watchman of olden times ; in fact he informed me that on his way to Paddington the street urchins had run after him, calling out : " Spring, spring, gentle spring." He was followed by a gentleman in a tall hat, short jacket and bright yellow boots. This was a surprise for me, but Britten assured me that though Mr. Fletcher was a commercial traveller he was also keenly interested in art, and, as I was shortly to learn, his inclusion in the party had a practical bearing.

When we were face to face with the ticket office I saw no sign that any member of the party had provided himself with the necessary funds for the railway fare. I consulted Britten on this point, and he swiftly informed me that Mr. Fletcher had anticipated this difficulty and had insisted upon contributing five pounds towards the day's expenses.

Among the next arrivals was Bernard Evans, a brother-artist of very great distinction but equally remarkable appearance ; his disregard of convention was almost wilful, his costume consisting of a great

sombrero with crown and brim of ample proportions, linen reminiscent of the Friday before, and his shirt fastened at the neck by a white brooch with a brass rim to it. No collar was necessary, as his hair and beard festooned his shoulders and chest. Although it was summer time he wore an overcoat, which was wise after all, seeing that he dispensed with any jacket underneath it.

No sooner had the railway tickets been purchased out of Mr. Fletcher's fiver than the entire party made a bee-line for the Refreshment Room: admittance to which in those glorious old days you were entitled upon production of your railway ticket. Rum and milk, with cigars all round, seemed the order of the day, which, having started so well, appeared likely to finish where it had begun, and I had great difficulty in getting them away from the bar. As it was they missed the first train, but "there was no hurry, any old train would do," and having caught the next train we arrived at Reading, where we made our way to the nearest hostelry to charter a conveyance to Wyfold Court.

Britten enquired from the landlord whether Mr. Hermon Hodge had sent a carriage. "Dog-cart met the last train, sir." "Dog-cart be damned," said Britten, "we want a coach." Eventually a great, old-fashioned barouche on C-springs, with a pair of horses, was drawn up at the door, and at last the party were detached from the bar and bundled in, some inside, others on the box, and away we went.

After a few miles, our Jehu was ordered to break the journey at a rather attractive wayside inn,

"The Bird in Hand." This proved so pleasant a place that our progress was considerably delayed, and I was obliged to protest that our party was getting rather rosy in character, and that we should never be in time for lunch at Wyfold Court. In they all bundled again, and we arrived at length at our destination, an imposing place like a miniature House of Commons.

The footman at the door informed us: "Family are just finishing lunch, sir," and our party was shown into a spacious cloak-room, where some of them proceeded to be funny with fishing-rods in the wash-hand basins; so Britten and I left them to make the best of their way to the dining-room as soon as they were ready. As we wandered down the great corridor I saw the panels decorated by my friend Britten, and they certainly were most impressive, both in line, conception and arrangement.

Arriving at the dining-room we were ushered, to my dismay, into as smart a house-party as I ever saw assembled round a table. Our host rose immediately, and greeted Britten most cordially, saying he was sorry he could not delay lunch for us. In a short time we were made quite at home and started our meal with no thought of those rascals we had left behind, skylarking, in the cloak-room.

We had nearly finished our lunch when the great door slowly opened, and in came Bernard Evans, just a little dazed with the light of the huge window. He presented an appearance very similar to the man who plays an unimportant instrument in an itinerant band, and can easily be spared to do duty as the collector.

He wandered in aimlessly, utterly out of the picture, and the only person not struck dumb by the apparition was Britten, who, engrossed in animated conversation with his neighbour, had to have his attention drawn to the fact that his host was gazing in utter astonishment at the advent of so strange a figure. Britten hurriedly said: "Oh, this is a friend of mine, Mr. Bernard Evans—Mr. Hermon Hodge."

A chair was found for the new arrival, and we had barely settled down after the obvious shock to the nerves of our host, when once more the door was opened, and in hurried the commercial gent, all smiles, full of assurance, and rubbing his hands. He was duly presented to our host, who was reddening a little and pulling at his moustache in evident bewilderment and wonder at the queer assortment of uninvited people, for whom room had to be found at an already crowded table. And so they continued to wander in, singly, until it was obvious that the only emotion filling the mind of our host was anxiety as to whether the procession would ever cease.

The end came with the entrance of Mr. Odell. No furtive opening of the door this time. It was a case of both gates flung wide, and in he sailed, black sombrero at a jaunty angle, green coat with cape lapels and all.

I feared Mr. Hermon Hodge would have a fit. He rose from his seat in unfeigned astonishment, never having seen the like of this on any stage, but Britten in the most casual way said: "Oh, this is Mr. Odell," and such a sensation was caused

by his entrance that no difficulty was experienced in finding him a seat, for most of the men guests had risen as the "King" came in. The King of Bohemia, but still the "King"—a seedy sombrero for a crown, and the ragged cloak of a night watchman in place of ermine and crimson; but it was for all to see that, however disguised, the star turn had arrived.

Mr. Hermon Hodge made it his special care that Mr. Odell should be served with lunch, but though pressed to partake of a variety of cold dishes, Odell refused them all, and said: "I should prefer some soup." At three o'clock in the afternoon this had to be specially prepared, and delayed luncheon almost into tea-time.

When we were told that tea was served in the drawing-room Mr. Odell averred that "he was an old man, and preferred whisky and water, and a cigar," after which he fell into a deep sleep.

The rest of us had rather a jumpy time with the ladies in the drawing-room, where I remember the conversation, oddly enough, drifted into a discussion between our hostess and Mr. Bernard Evans as to the different qualities of various washing soaps. He cited Mrs. Evans as an authority in support of Brown Windsor, and this saved him, as appearances were decidedly against his personal acquaintance with any variety of that commodity.

Our host now suggested a walk through the park with a view to inspecting his racing stud. The male members of the house-party were evidently sporting and did not betray the slightest interest in the conversational powers exercised by the Savages.

During our walk our host escorted Mr. Odell, and being curious to catch what on earth they could find in common, I kept close behind them and overheard Mr. Hermon Hodge say to his companion, as he stretched out his arm drawing attention to the magnificent trees adorning his Park, "What do you think of my timber, Mr. Odell?"

With a glance of ineffable disdain, Odell merely ejaculated, "Ha'penny bundles," after which conversation flagged until we arrived at the training stables. Here I confess the Savages did not shine, and expressed their disappointment that where so much completion reigned there was no refreshment room.

The inspection of the racing stables might have passed off more pleasantly had it not been for the unrehearsed action of one of our party who took it upon himself at the precise moment when the pick of the stable was being paraded for our benefit to "rattle" his hat. This produced an instantaneous and alarming effect. The thoroughbreds, entirely unaccustomed to this novel method of appealing to their sensibilities, danced and tore at their leads as though a salvo of musketry had been discharged in their vicinity.

The culprit, on being severely admonished by the trainer, protested that this method of forcing the paces of horses on exhibition was quite usual at any horse show he had ever attended—from Smithfield Market to Barnet Fair.

Upon our return to the house I called Britten aside and pointed out that though Mr. Hermon Hodge had behaved beautifully it would not be

wise to delay our departure, and that if we ordered our barouche at once there would still be plenty of time to dine at Reading, and then return to London. I was horrified to hear that our party had no intention of doing anything of the sort: "We are staying on to dinner; you can do as you like," said Britten.

I said: "Do you realize that all these people will disappear to their respective rooms very shortly, and re-assemble in the drawing-room before dinner, all smart and trim in beautiful clothes? You and I are in light tweeds; Mr. Fletcher wears canary coloured shoes; the rest are in rags. Two of the party cannot appear without their overcoats, and Odell insists on retaining his wideawake on all occasions, at table and elsewhere?"

My arguments were of no avail, and accordingly we stayed on, without, so far as I could find, any expressed wish having proceeded from our host. Our party processed to the cloak-room before dinner, and resumed the antics they had performed before lunch. They polished their faces till they shone, combed and brushed their hair, and appeared entirely pleased with the effect produced, but as we entered the drawing-room, where we found the ladies arrayed flower-like and elegant, the men of course in faultless evening dress, we must have looked a weird bunch.

During dinner three or four of our party distinguished themselves, setting the whole table in roars of laughter, and fairly overcame any prejudice which may have been created by the execrable manner in which all the canons of civilized society

had been violated. In fact, the evening was a huge success, daintiest fare and wine of the best, and just at the moment when the feast was at its height our host rose, and in most graceful terms spoke of the kind way in which we had come down and taken pot-luck; he was only sorry that such a pleasant day had come to an end—the carriage was now at the door. It would convey us to Reading just in time to catch the last train to town.

Mr. Odell, as the senior member of our party, replied, "that so far as he was concerned there was no hurry, as he had nothing to do to-morrow."

This fell on the assembly like a bolt from the blue, and for a moment threatened to destroy the atmosphere of harmony and mutual good feeling engendered by the kindly-humoured attitude taken up by Mr. Hermon Hodge after what must have been rather a trying day. But a gallant Guardsman stepped boldly into the breach: "You boys can do me a great service by giving me a lift into Reading to-night to catch the train to town. I have important business there to-morrow, but I hated to bother my brother to disturb his stable on a Sunday night, just to oblige me. So if you don't mind I'll pack my few things and be with you in a moment."

There was no resisting this, so away we went, singing and shouting all the way to Reading. As we passed the half-way house there were loud calls for "The Bird in Hand," but the Guardsman, who was on the box, was adamant; insisting that he would not allow the party to soil the George Goulet provided by his brother with the common or garden stuff they were likely to find at a wayside

inn. At Reading we were only just in the nick of time to be bundled into the last train for London.

A few days afterwards I saw Mr. Odell in the Savage Club, and asked him what he really thought of our expedition: "The greatest outrage ever perpetrated," he replied.

We had by no means finished with our commercial gent. He haunted the "Savage," obviously finding it much more amusing than the company of the Giants of Commerce to whom he had hitherto been accustomed. He was so delighted with the interesting folk at the Club that he one day ventured to mention to Mr. Odell that he would like to become a member, but he was promptly informed that it was strictly confined to the professions, "You're in trade, ain't you?" said Odell.

It was about this time that Mr. Odell invited Mr. Fletcher to dine with him. He conducted him into the Strand with an air of great mystery, and entered a tiny shop where succulent dainties were frizzling and hissing on trays behind a misty window. Up they mounted a narrow, rickety stairway, and when seated at a small round table, with much ceremony Mr. Odell ordered "sausages and mashed." On these being produced by the proprietor and his boy, Mr. Fletcher was presented: "This is Harris, the Sausage King, and his son, the Sausage Prince of Wales," said Odell.

CHAPTER V

CHURCH AND CHAPEL IN YORKSHIRE IN 1882. MY EARLY ATTEMPTS TO BE AN ARTIST. A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. THE MARSHALLS. I GO TO LONDON

EAST AYTON in 1882 was a tiny village —a chapel and a church of course, and a few farms whose owners also dealt in horses and did exceedingly well. The Rector lived some miles away. His living included several scattered churches which he supplied by hiring an energetic curate who rode a wonderful pony from one parish to another, and took the entire service at each, while the Rector remained at home and was rarely seen. Small wonder that the various dissenting bodies obtained such a hold on the countryside in Yorkshire and adjoining counties.

It may surprise some of my Bohemian friends to hear of the extremely Philistine surroundings in which I spent my early life; and yet even of these methodistical days there remains a strange smack of the odd and queer in my recollection.

At Stanningly, a manufacturing village where my father had a house during my early childhood, there were two churches, both good livings. The one nearest to us was remarkable in that though it was in the heart of the thickest population, it

was entirely destitute of any congregation. There was just the parson, organist, choir and pew-opener, and this condition of things had existed for years. Adjoining the church was a popular tavern where the local worthies assembled each Saturday night and discussed the affairs of State, both lay and clerical. It occurred to a spokesman at one of these gatherings to refer to the lamentable condition of things prevailing at the adjoining church, and before closing time it was arranged that each member of that little coterie who failed in attendance at the next and following services each Sunday should be fined a round of drinks.

The queer campaign was carried out right royally, and the little band from the bar parlour became regular attendants at church. One of its members was elected senior Churchwarden, and not only carried round the collection plate but conferred with the Vicar on minor parochial matters. The Vicar was pleased, the publican was pleased, the brand-new congregation including their families were all on the most cordial footing, when, alas! how easily things go wrong.

At a meeting of the Churchwardens a member proposed that, seeing everything was now so friendly, he should be empowered to approach the Vicar with a suggestion that his surplice might with advantage be sent to the laundry a little more regularly. This was put to the meeting and carried. The Vicar replied "that he had conducted his services before they came without interference, and that if his new congregation wanted a whiter surplice they were free to wander till they could

find one." On the following Sunday the bell tolled, the organ pealed and the parson preached, but the solitary member of the congregation was the pew-opener.

At the other church, which ranked as the Rectory, the Incumbent was also the Squire and was most popular with his flock. Still, the main body of the population were Methodists, and professed to be mightily shocked at the goings-on of the sporting Rector, who was fond of a hound and a horse, and certainly had the Psalmist's eye for a comely wench.

There was precious little romance attached to the religious leaders of the Methodist Chapel. As I remember them, the ministers were brawny, leather-lunged, Bible-thumping men of God. As we had no resident minister we were supplied from what was known as "The Circuit," and my father's house, in common with perhaps three others in the village, was called upon to entertain the preacher for the day. The Sunday evening meal always took the form of a cold collation, as the service might be protracted indefinitely by the struggle to bring some poor, weeping penitent to a sense of his own salvation.

There was a lonely, wooden form at the foot of the chapel pulpit, and any member of the congregation who, aroused by the passionate appeal of the preacher, betrayed emotion, was immediately seized by some elder of the Church and led thither in full view of the assembly, who by this time were ejaculating a cross-fire of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Come down, O Lord!" "Save him!" When at

last the poor penitent, thoroughly frightened, caved in through pure exhaustion, it was reckoned as a soul saved, and a brand plucked from the burning.

They had one or two shots at me, young as I was, but I could only see the intense vulgarity of the proceeding, although I was quite willing and anxious to escape the prospect of hell-fire. The man in the pulpit on one occasion placed his finger for an instant in the gas-jet by his side to illustrate in a tiny degree the awful agony from which the only escape was salvation " here and now, this very night." I was so overcome with apprehension that sleep was denied me lest I woke up in hell; and for years I suffered from insomnia for no other reason than that they persuaded me that having been born in sin there was nothing for me but the " outer darkness and gnashing of teeth " for ever and ever.

Very few fathers regard with anything short of disapproval the artistic profession as a means of livelihood for their sons. All very well as a hobby, they say, but most precarious as a calling; and I must confess that looking back I find very few of my school-mates made good. A considerable number became art masters, and essayed to teach others a trade at which they themselves had been defeated.

In the olden days a promising boy was taken as an apprentice, and taught his work just as at any other craft, and became thoroughly master of his materials before starting out on his own. Nowadays, very few painters possess any knowledge of the

composition of the various pigments necessary to the production of a picture. The modern school of art is a sorry substitute for the old work-shop, where, by assisting a great artist in the production of a masterpiece, you became thoroughly conversant with every detail connected with the process: by preparing and undertaking mechanical operations of which there is much to be done before any great work is completed.

"But surely you will admit I am very industrious," was my retort to the objection urged by my father against the adoption of painting as my profession. His reply to this was—"that it was quite possible to be very industrious sifting cinders."

This, however severe, was strictly true. He tried me for one week in his office while his chief clerk was away on holiday. I fancy he was far from satisfied with the experiment, as it was never repeated.

I was then offered a post as draughtsman in a lace warehouse in Nottingham; a sister of the senior partner had taken an interest in my work at the local school of art. My first morning there is graven on my memory. I was received by the senior partner and conducted to a small, private cubicle contained in a large work-room where a number of girls were engaged sorting lace. I was shown a large design for a lace curtain, and it was suggested that I should proceed to correct its many faults, and complete it ready for the factory. I was supplied with all the necessary materials, and finally left alone with this paraphernalia, but in absolute bewilderment as to how to set about it—

being quite destitute of any trace of practical knowledge of the subject. I had never even seen a lace-making machine.

In deep despair, I also became covered with confusion when I discovered that the walls of my cubicle were only observation-proof about waist-high—above that they were made of glass—and that the girls engaged in the warehouse, with which I was environed, were standing on their tip-toes, their noses flattened against the glass, taking the greatest delight in gazing on the misery and confusion of the new boy.

Deliverance came with the hour for the midday break for lunch, and as the girls trooped out and deserted the warehouse, I escaped also, never to return. None of my family knew that for one brief morning I had held an important post in the principal lace warehouse in Nottingham. Explanations seemed to me out of the question, so I simply kept on saying nothing.

Next, I received an offer from a dealer in pictures who proposed that I should assist him in the restoration of old masters, at which he was certainly very clever, though where any repainting was required his knowledge was a little at fault. I was to have the use of an excellent attic with a top light, and all my firing free, in return for touching up hands, faces and draperies in damaged old portraits.

During this period, a young Retford solicitor who collected old pictures, furniture, etc., called at the shop. He appeared to be impressed by a little picture I was painting, and proposed that I should come to Retford and paint his portrait in the costume

of the period of Charles I. Accordingly, I proceeded to Retford one Saturday afternoon, where I was to stay until the following Monday. I enquired for Mr. Marshall, the solicitor, and a man at the station informed me that as he was passing close to the house, he would be glad to show me the way. I found the house quite a large place, at the end of a long drive.

Mr. Marshall was out, but I was shown into the morning-room. Then a stout, middle-aged lady appeared, who asked me whether I had an appointment with Mr. Marshall, to which I rather shyly replied, "Certainly," being slightly perturbed by the coolness of my reception. Eventually, Mr. Marshall appeared, but he was a gentleman whom I had never seen before. I was to learn afterwards that Mrs. Marshall suffered from a constant fear of burglars, and felt convinced that I was one of a gang sent in front to spy out the land, and that my small Gladstone bag contained the implements of my nefarious office.

Mr. Marshall relieved my embarrassment by laughing heartily, and turning to his wife, said, "Why, of course, Mr. Ward has come to the wrong house. My brother, Charles, told me he was expecting a young artist to stay with him this evening."

I was driven down to his brother's house, where my host was waiting dinner, somewhat at a loss to account for my late arrival.

I painted the portrait, for which I received the fee of £5. The sittings took place usually before breakfast, and during the daytime I occupied myself in painting in the accessories, and usually spent the

evening in drawing and painting, often using his valet, dressed up in various costumes, as model. After finishing the portrait I took a large room in the town as studio, and painted all sorts of pictures : figure subjects, landscapes, portraits and a drop scene for the local theatre, and was kept quite busy during two years. But pleasant as the life was I felt the need of more study, and at the age of nineteen I packed my box and took train for London.

I had been told that Chelsea was a good place for artists, and arriving at King's Cross, I chartered a four-wheeler and, failing to find a lodging at an address which had been given me in Sydney Street, I went on to 36 Grove Place. The landlady said she had a small room at the top of the house at seven shillings and sixpence a week, but that it could not be got ready that evening. I insisted upon staying, and my box having been bundled in, I went out for a walk, saying I would return at bed-time. There I stayed with Mrs. Styles, my landlady, and was eventually married from the house. Mrs. Styles always waited up for me however late I was, and often, I remember, kept supper hot, which frequently took the form of bullock's heart, a favourite dish of hers, which I have never tasted since.

After my marriage I returned to Yorkshire, the land of my birth, but much as I love the shire of broad acres, I must confess it contains a practical people who, although they love music, are not very advanced in their appreciation of pictorial art.

A prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and in his own house. The young tenor who sang in the choir at the local Methodist Chapel

started in quite a humble way, his father being the local stone-mason. But he developed into quite a remarkable singer, migrated to Bradford and thence to London, where he performed at the best concerts with all the famous singers of the day. His name, Nelson Varley, was quite prominent for some years.

Being desirous of demonstrating to the inhabitants of his native village the progress he had made in his profession, he gave a concert in the old Chapel, where a few years before he had sung in the choir. He engaged some of the best artistes of that day: Madame Patey, Lemmens Sherrington and Signor Foli, and hoped, not only to gratify his native vanity, but also to make a little money by the sale of the tickets. But alas! the natives took umbrage at what they considered the uppishness of the stone-mason's son, and the concert was severely boycotted. His stars had to sing to practically an empty hall, to the severe mortification and financial loss of Nelson Varley, who, I believe, refused ever again to enter his native village.

I was to know, later, that any attempt to obtain public portraits in one's native place was absolutely futile. On one occasion in my early days, I sent a small picture to be exhibited at the Bradford Society of Artists. A dealer from there whose name I did not know, wrote saying that if I cared to accept the enclosed five pound note, he would buy the picture. I replied that the price of the picture was more than double that sum, and asked if he felt disposed to increase his offer. He answered that he did not care a damn whether he had the picture or not, and that I could return his fiver

as soon as possible. Having already spent a portion of it, I was not in a position to sue for a better bargain.

It was obvious that whatever promise I might show as a painter, as a man of business I was sadly lacking. At the age of sixteen I painted a picture of still-life, and won a Queen's Prize in the National Competition at South Kensington. This was afterwards displayed for sale in the window of a picture dealer in Nottingham, price £12. A possible purchaser asked me if that was the lowest price I would take. I said, "No," upon which he offered me £7, which I promptly accepted.

CHAPTER VI

MR. AND MRS. BOYES. SIR HENRY LUCY. THE PORTRAIT THAT STOOD ON ITS HEAD. MR. MEAKIN'S PICTURE. THE PORTRAIT WHICH WAS REFUSED. "SPY." I RETURN TO RETFORD. GEORGE MARSHALL

IT is true that trivial incidents are frequently more effective in directing one's way in the world than any careful plan of action. It was so in my case. Coming to London as a raw youth from Yorkshire I was without friends, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyes, whom I had met a few times during my stay in Retford. Requiring the signature of a householder to various documents to procure my admission as a student to the British Museum, National Gallery, etc., I called upon Mr. and Mrs. Boyes, who not only did all they could in this direction, but also were exceedingly kind to me in every way.

Mr. Boyes was a journalist of some note on the staff of the "World," a powerful paper in those days under Edmund Yates, who was in his prime, and was a forceful character who made himself felt. Mr. Boyes lived in a charming house in Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park; they entertained quite a lot, and it was there I met everybody worth knowing in art, literature, the drama and politics.

It occurred to me that if I could paint a successful portrait of Mr. Boyes, it could not fail to attract notice.

I painted the picture, a curious feature of the performance being, that while Mr. Boyes was one of the biggest men I have ever seen, the picture, a three-quarter length, only measured about seven inches by thirteen. It was the first of a long series of small portraits I was to do later, and was certainy rather a novelty in those days. (A revival, really, of a fashion in vogue about the Holbein period.)

I asked Mrs. Boyes to accept this little portrait of her husband as a Christmas card, and I am bound to say that it was not difficult to see that neither she nor Mr. Boyes were unduly elated over it. They seemed to think that the mouth of the gift horse was out of gear, and that he looked too rosy. In fact, they said the portrait had dined and wined too well; but when it was exhibited at the old Grosvenor Gallery, Sir Coutts Lindsay gave it a place of honour.

Sir Henry Lucy (then Mr. Lucy), being rather struck by the style of this picture, consulted Alma Tadema, who was quite enthusiastic, and in the end I was commissioned to paint Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, followed by a gallery of the famous people with whom Mr. Lucy was so closely associated during his long and distinguished career as chief of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, "Toby, M.P." for "Punch," editor of the "Daily News" and contributor to various provincial papers. He also entertained at his famous lunch parties everybody

of note, from the Prime Minister down to an unknown painter like myself.

Previous to this period I had only painted occasional portraits, and only one subscription portrait. This was a picture of Mr. Scott, the Chairman of the National Provident Institution. He was a splendid specimen of the old city merchant.

I have reason to remember the day upon which the picture was presented. The Board of Directors invited me to the luncheon which preceded the ceremony. I had previously given my instructions to my frame-maker, who was accustomed to these functions. I was particularly anxious that until the official unveiling had actually taken place the green baize should not be removed from the face of the picture. A pulley and strings were attached, so that at the precise moment, on the uplifting of my finger, the frame-maker's assistant, who held the cord in his hand, could pull it and release the curtain. All this had been rehearsed in the studio before we started, as I did not expect to have an opportunity of giving it my attention during the luncheon.

After the lunch, the staff and subscribers assembled in the Board Room where the picture was hung high above the mantlepiece, covered with its green cloth, and my faithful assistant on guard, all attention, waiting for my signal. Sir Thomas Chambers, then Recorder of the City of London, made the speech of presentation in a most eloquent and impressive manner, ending with, " and now, Mr. Scott, I have great pride and pleasure in asking you to accept this portrait, painted by that well-known artist, Mr. Edwin A. Ward."

In a silence which could be felt I gave the signal to my assistant, who jerked off the curtain and displayed the picture of a dignified old gentleman of seventy-seven years standing on his head with his legs in the air. My men had not only been successful in preserving the picture from prying eyes, but had failed to see for themselves that it was upside down. Instead of the murmurs of applause I had expected, the entire assembly rocked with laughter, and there the picture remained until the room could be cleared for the carpenter and his step-ladder.

A committee of working people commissioned me to paint a posthumous portrait of their late employer, Mr. James Meakin, of Hanley, Staffs. I was furnished with all the necessary photographs, etc., the picture was completed and forwarded to its destination, and shortly afterwards I received an invitation from the Committee to attend the presentation at the Town Hall, Hanley. Accordingly I went, and found the town *en fête*. Received by the Chairman of the Committee, decorated by a large rosette of office, I was conducted to the gallery of the great hall and handed a programme printed in letters of gold. The vast hall was packed with an audience of two thousand people. In front of the great organ was arranged my portrait of the late Mr. Meakin, suitably draped, under a special lighting installation.

After a recital on the organ, several of the great folk made speeches varying in quality and quantity, but what filled my young mind with foreboding were two items on the gilt programme: "Mr.

—— pays a compliment to the artist." "The artist responds." I had never made a speech in my life, but managed to say the few words that were necessary when my turn came immediately following the unveiling, which was accompanied by an appropriate fantasia on the great organ, and gratifying thunders of applause from the vast audience.

After the ceremony, the Chairman of the Committee called me aside, and rather apologetically remarked that the question of my expenses for the day had been considered, and that he proposed to hand me the sum of three guineas. I thanked him for the kind thought, but hoped that he and his Committee would retain the sum for the purpose of drinking my health. At this he seemed much relieved, and proceeded to act on my suggestion with so much success that later on he begged to inform me that they were much disappointed in my appearance. I told him I was sorry, but what did they take exception to? "Well," said the Chairman, "we expected you to 'ave more of an 'aggard look, with long black 'air, and a big black moustache."

My next commission from a public body was to paint Mr. Warner, the Chairman of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution. He was a gentleman of over eighty years of age, and resided at Chelmsford. He was a bell-founder by trade, and actually founded Big Ben. He informed me that there was some slight flaw, either in its casting or composition, but when the bell was tested it was discovered that this

accidental defect was responsible for much of the peculiar charm and resonance of its chime.

Although Mr. Warner was a rich man with many interests, he did not appear to me to be a happy man. He described to me how at one time he felt it a public duty to make some provision for indigent domestic servants who were out of health. He possessed a property at Walton-on-the-Naze, and there built a Sanatorium or Convalescent Home devoted to this purpose. After some considerable time he was memorialized by the members of the Corporation of Walton-on-the-Naze imploring him to remove his Sanatorium. The maid-servants sent down to convalesce became so vigorous and playful that they were undermining the morals of most of the young men in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Warner was also a famous grower of orchids, and a special bloom, "Cattleya Warneri," called after him, is famous to this day. On one occasion he travelled all the way to St. Petersburg with a specimen of his orchid to present to the Czar. He told me that during the journey, the flower, packed in a little case padded with cotton wool, never left his hand.

Mr. Warner did not attempt to conceal his dislike of the portrait business, and when it was completed, as it was on the very morning of the day on which it had to be presented at the annual meeting of his Company at the Cannon Street Hotel, he took one swift look at the finished picture and promptly advised me for the sake of my artistic reputation to miss the train.

I had travelled down to Chelmsford early that

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

morning to put the last finishing touches to the picture, and we had to catch a train back to town quite early in the afternoon. I reminded him that I was under a contract to deliver the goods, and that I was to receive my fee at the same time.

Mr. Warner was not in the least mollified, and when his brougham drew up to take him to Chelmsford station, about a mile away, he offered me a seat in the carriage, but absolutely declined to allow me to take the canvas on the roof. There was no time to lose, so I hailed a passing greengrocer's cart, and climbed in beside the cabbages, portrait and all.

I had arranged for my frame-maker to meet me at the Cannon Street Hotel. We hung the picture in its place, and took our positions for the business of the afternoon, which was presided over by the late W. S. Caine, M.P., also a prominent teetotaller. During his speech he described how Mr. Warner, fifty years before, had founded the U.K.T.G.P.I. for the insurance of lives of total abstainers, as previous to that time no Life Office would undertake the risk for men who denied themselves the solace of alcoholic refreshment. It was to mark their appreciation of Mr. Warner's great services as a public benefactor that they had chosen this, the year of his Jubilee as Chairman of this noble institution, to ask him to accept his portrait painted by Mr. Edwin Ward.

All this speechifying took place, I may say, at a high tea, and certainly there were present nearly a thousand members of the U.K.T.G.P.I. Tea, I take it, is a chatty beverage; give me a bottle

of the "boy" every time *I* am called upon for a speech. Mr. Warner, unmoved by all this tea and talk, calmly rose in his place and prefaced his remarks by saying that he never wanted a portrait, he disliked it now it was painted, and what was more, he absolutely declined to receive it.

Later, it was discovered, that though he did not really require more money (he was reputed to be worth a quarter of a million), he had hoped to receive a cheque for £5000, instead of a picture. It was pointed out to him that the Board had no legal power to apportion any sum from the funds of the Corporation for a purpose of that kind, and that the picture had been subscribed for privately by the Directors themselves, and that if Mr. Warner would not accept the portrait they would place it in the Board Room. It hangs there to this day.

While I was painting this picture I stayed occasionally at a little country inn close to Mr. Warner's house. There was no accommodation for people requiring much attention, so I took my simple supper in the kitchen, and afterwards, with a bowl of hot water and soap between us, the homely, kind old landlady and myself washed my brushes and chatted away about many things. She asked me if I was married, and how many children I had, etc., then she confessed that she had had twenty children. Upon my expressing considerable surprise at this, she replied, "Well, sir, you can't help these things; there was a girl in our village who always said, 'You are bound to have your number.' She's had six, but then, *she* war'n't married."

My studio in Bloomfield Place was approached by a passage and the studio immediately opposite was occupied by Leslie Ward (afterwards Sir Leslie Ward), the famous caricaturist, " Spy," of " Vanity Fair." Much confusion and many curious mistakes arose from the fact that two artists of the same name lived opposite each other.

One evening, I was deeply engrossed striving to complete a portrait while daylight lasted, when there came a loud knock on the door below. I did not expect any caller at that hour and hoped that if I ignored the summons he would conclude I had already departed for the night. But the knock was repeated in so importunate a manner that I had to ask my sitter to excuse me while I went down to the door.

In the half light I saw an officious looking individual who drew from his pocket a formidable looking document, which filled me with foreboding, and asked if Mr. Ward was in. Pointing to the door opposite, I said, " Mr. Ward lives there."

" It is Mr. *Edwin* Ward I require," he said.

" Well, sir, and what do you want ? " I impatiently demanded.

" I am the Mayor of Cardiff, and I wish to have my portrait painted."

" Please come in ! "

From time to time I revisited Retford, where I painted various local celebrities and made many friends. The young squire was to be presented with his portrait on the occasion of his marriage. When the project was under consideration several

of the subscribers had other views with regard to the form the presentation should take, but the Mayor Mr. Bescoby, addressing the meeting, reminded them that on the young man's coming of age they had presented him with a case of guns—" a most dangerous present. Now a *portrait* can do no harm."

Another presentation portrait, that of George Marshall, who was five times Mayor of the Borough of East Retford, was to be the last commission I was to execute in the place where I had experienced many happy times, and the recollection of it is still very fragrant in my memory. The picture was a full-length in Court dress, with the Mayoral chain of office. Mr. Marshall, who was a remarkably handsome, well-built man, stood in front of a gilded table upon which were arranged the cups and plate belonging to the ancient Borough of East Retford.

There was a great function in the Town Hall for the presentation. Sir Frederick Milner, Bart., who was the Member of Parliament for the Borough, made the presentation, and made a most moving speech in which he paid a great tribute to the services rendered to the Borough by George Marshall; his father before him had been Town Clerk, and other members of the family had been well-known doctors and members of the Church. There was an air of great distinction about the whole function.

George Marshall, himself, was the senior partner in the firm of lawyers founded by his father. His clients included the Duke of Newcastle, Earl Manvers and other great folk who owned the land in the district known as " the Dukeries." George

Marshall lived in a large, comfortable house known as Mount Vernon. After his daughter married and his son went away this house became too large for his requirements, and he determined to dispose of the property.

His advertisement was answered by Mr. Whitaker Wright. Mr. Marshall suggested that Mr. Wright would get a better idea of the property if he spent a week-end at Mount Vernon. Mr. Wright came, and was so pleased with the place that he decided to buy it.

As Mr. Wright was signing his cheque, he remarked, "You have been most hospitable and kind during these few days, I should like to show my appreciation by doing you a solid service which happens to be within my power. Now, here is a cheque in payment for your property, but if you care to entrust the money to me for investment in 'London Globes,' this cheque will double itself inside six months."

The temptation proved too strong for Marshall, and it must be remembered that about that period Mr. Whitaker Wright was a power in the land with that great and distinguished Englishman, the Marquis of Dufferin, on his Board of Directors.

For a short time all went well, and the shares increased in value. But alas! the tide turned with such violence that fresh money had to be found to meet the depreciation, and as it afterwards appeared, Marshall was tempted to use moneys entrusted to him by clients which under no circumstances should have been invested in anything speculative.

That he was fully alive to this was forcibly demonstrated during the time I was painting his

portrait. My father had died some six months previously, and Mr. Marshall, as he was entitled, being an old friend, questioned me as to how my father's estate had been administered. I informed him that I was co-trustee with my brother-in-law and that the money was invested in the Cotton Combine of which my brother-in-law was one of the managers—a perfectly sound business of which he had inside knowledge, and which was paying 7 per cent.

Mr. Marshall evinced much alarm on my behalf, telling me that the arrangement was an infringement of the law and that should any loss be incurred I should be responsible for the whole amount. He further insisted upon my going off to Nottingham and instructing my lawyer to transfer the entire sum into Government stock—in fact Mr. Marshall refused to continue the sittings for his picture until his advice had been acted upon. Yet, strange as it may seem, he was misusing trust money at this very time to bolster up his losses in "London Globes."

Such was the confidence people reposed in their family solicitors in those days that money was handed into their care without question or stipulation, and was paid into the lawyer's own account at the bank and invested at his discretion, the interest being paid to the client in due course. The difficulty of realizing could easily be urged should a client require his capital in a hurry.

In the case of George Marshall, however, it was obvious that his Stock Exchange speculations were endangering his relationship with his clients. As it may be remembered, for it excited considerable

attention at the time, Mr. Marshall journeyed to London to purchase a property for the Duke of Newcastle, and as was the custom then (and may be still for all I know), he had, so he said, provided himself with the necessary £16,000 in notes which he carried in his despatch case. He stayed, as usual, at the Hotel Metropole, and on the day after his arrival the evening papers were full of the story of a sensational robbery. Mr. Marshall alleged that during a short absence from his apartment the lock had been forced from his despatch case, and the £16,000 stolen.

No trace of the alleged thieves could be found, and I was afterwards assured by the counsel he employed that the Duke of Newcastle was quite prepared to accept the story, and expressed sympathy with his solicitor in his embarrassing misfortune. I was also assured that having survived the danger of discredit of the Metropole affair, Marshall might have succeeded in placating his other claimants for settlement by the exercise of a little discretion, skill and patience. But, losing his head, Marshall promptly sought to protect himeslf against his importunate creditors, who had taken fright after the story of the Metropole theft, by filing his petition in bankruptcy, and then his real troubles began.

The Official Receiver is a very tolerant being, I am informed, but he cannot be induced to afford protection while there exists the slightest shadow of fraud, and Marshall, usually a man of excellent and sound judgment, failed entirely to prove the possession of the £16,000 in his despatch case, of

which he alleged he had been robbed at the Metropole.

After his examination by the Official Receiver he was arrested on charges of fraud, and of the misuse of trust money. On oath, he persisted in adherence to the story of the robbery, which was entirely uncorroborated by any evidence save that of his wife.

But what a punishment !

He had to be charged, first of all, before the Bench of Magistrates of which for five years he had been Chairman, and the Town Clerk who had to read out the charge was his own nephew. After his committal he was incarcerated in the police station in the town of his birth.

A mutual friend, who was a County Magistrate, and had entertained and been entertained by Marshall on countless occasions, told me that it fell to him to visit Marshall in gaol, and certify as to the safe custody of the prisoner. He provided himself with a small hand-bag in which he deposited a bottle of champagne and a couple of glasses. (George Marshall was a great judge of good wine and had possessed a famous cellar.)

In the ordinary way, the Chief Constable would have accompanied the Magistrate and remained in the cell during his interview with the prisoner, but my friend took him aside and asked that as a special favour, under the peculiar circumstances, he might be allowed a quarter of an hour alone with Marshall.

Entering the cell where Marshall was confined my friend said, " We will not discuss this awful

business. Nothing can be gained by that; but for the sake of old times I must take wine with you, perhaps for the last time." He there and then opened the bottle, filled the glasses, and they drank to the good old times they had had together, and eventually parted without any reference to the hideous situation with which poor old Marshall was face to face.

He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to five years penal servitude. I learnt that so far as possible his time was spent in the prison infirmary, and he there experienced some slight relaxation of prison discipline.

In conversation with a fellow prisoner occupying the next bed he learnt that within the following fortnight his companion was to be released. This man volunteered to convey to anybody outside any message Marshall might desire. Thereupon Marshall confided to him that the only atom of comfort remaining to him was the fact that some years previous to his downfall he had made provision for his wife, and that she was waiting for his release with a little home, where he could hide his dishonoured head for the few remaining years left to him on this earth; adding that he would be glad if his companion could find time to call at the address given, and say that on such a date he would be at liberty once more, and was looking forward with impatient longing to being once again a free man with a wife to watch over him.

What message this scoundrel delivered we shall never know, but it is certain that he induced Marshall's wife to go with him to America, where

she died in deep poverty, having been defrauded of her little income by the ex-convict. Poor Marshall was restored to liberty to find no wife, and no home awaiting him. An old friend in his own profession provided for his immediate needs, which he required for only a brief period; for while I was trying to trace him I heard that he had died.

CHAPTER VII

CHELSEA

CHELSEA has possessed a fascination all its own since the days when it was known as "A Village of Palaces."

Turner lived here and Dante Rossetti. Whistler perhaps, more than any artist identified himself with the beauty and poetry of its tidal river, and has placed it on record for all time in his exquisite etchings and matchless pictorial renderings of its bridges and barges all along the region bounded by Battersea Reach.

Chelsea has always been the chosen habitat of famous folk with a following in art and letters: Carlyle with his hero worshippers, George Eliot and her friends, Whistler and his disciples—and now Augustus John carries on the cult with his crowd of adoring satellites.

The house in which I lived for ten years in Upper Cheyne Row had been the home of Leigh Hunt, who was so unkindly satirized by Charles Dickens as Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House." Next door lived the widow of Godwin, the famous architect, who subsequently became Mrs. Whistler. On the other side my neighbour was W. E. F. Britten, an artist of rare genius, never appreciated as his brilliant

gifts deserved. In the house opposite was William de Morgan, who, after devoting a long life to the production of artistic pottery, blossomed forth in his old age as a famous novelist. Round the corner was the house in which Carlyle had laboured for so many years, and T. P. O'Connor lived in the same street.

Everybody was neighbourly and friendly as in a country village. The "Magpie and Stump" facing the river boasted a famous old skittle alley, and an alfresco entertainment was staged in the garden at the back, most of the talent being local, of the coster type—the real thing. Long before the days of the Chelsea Arts Club, we all met at the "Six Bells" in the King's Road, where on summer nights we played bowls on the lovely old green with the local tradesmen in their shirt-sleeves and tall hats. Later on a member of the Walter family of "The Times" became landlord of the "Six Bells," with dear old "Duggie" as his manager, and made it his town house and entertained us at great supper parties after closing hours. The walls of these licensed premises were covered with pictures accepted from artists in lieu of payment for liquid refreshment. This added materially to the popularity of the house and established it as a veritable "home from home."

A few daring young Chelsea spirits conceived the idea that it would be possible to extract a little entertainment by the practice of calling upon people of interest, dispensing with the formality of any previous appointment or introduction, and surprising

them by this method into the trap of disclosing their real views upon any topic which might be raised at these unconventional interviews.

Rudolph Blind, a painter of some note in those days and a past-master in all the subtle arts known as "bluff," was the ringleader, and other bright spirits were enrolled whose unruffled readiness of wit could be relied upon. I was roped in as possessing a simple and boyish exterior, likely to disarm suspicion. Chelsea bristled with celebrities, and our plan of action was to hunt in pairs, one to select the quarry and gain admittance, his partner to open the attack and develop the situation.

Of course we had our failures. A well-known Dissenting Minister was so difficult to draw that after listening in solemn silence to our dissertation on some nebulous topic, he closed the interview by saying: "Now we will have a word of prayer." And down we all had to kneel while he poured out a voluble, lengthy supplication for the salvation of our immortal souls.

Smarting under this reverse, we next tried our luck with a famous cleric of the Established Church —the Rev. H. R. Haweis, who officiated at a well-known west-end church and also prided himself upon his claim to authorship by his book entitled "Music and Morals."

He had recently taken up his residence in the great house in which Rossetti lived and died in Cheyne Walk. The many picturesque features of this beautiful old house had been swept away by the re-decorations and alterations to suit the modernity of the new tenant. This vandalism roused the

DAWN.—OLD CHELSEA CHURCHYARD.

ire of the members of the Calling Club, and two of us sallied forth to make our protest.

The reverend gentleman kept us waiting an unconscionably long time and I fear that my opening speech fell a trifle flat ; in fact, the cleric exhibited considerable resentment at our criticism of his scheme of decoration and regarded our visit in the light of an intrusion. My closing remarks in reply were cut short by the sudden summons of his servant —to show us out. He was a queer, Quilp-like little man, ferocious of face, and I was not sorry to escape before he became violent.

Perhaps I may relate one episode in which I ventured to experiment as "instigator." Two of us passing along a street in the small hours had our curiosity aroused by a brand new brass plate adorning a house illuminated with a brilliant light over the hall door, suggesting that the inmates were still out of bed. Pulling the "night" bell, we were admitted by the medico robed in a dressing-gown. He ushered us into his surgery, obviously alert with the expectancy of being called to a new patient.

I let myself go in a long congratulatory address of welcome to the "Village of Palaces" from the members of "The Calling Club," coupled with a cordial invitation to the newcomer to add his name to its roll of membership.

He appeared somewhat distrait and apologized for his apparent lack of hospitality, at the same time begging to be excused, volunteering the interesting information that his presence was urgently required upstairs—an addition to his family being momentarily expected.

We were shown out.

We had better luck in our call upon Oscar Wilde, who had recently married and was installed in a brand new house in Tite Street. My partner was deeply concerned by the ostracism of the member of Parliament for Chelsea, Sir Charles Dilke, who had involved himself by a departure from the rectilinear in an affair of the affections, and had not been very successful in clearing himself. Britten, who was my partner in the call, wanted Wilde's opinion on the injustice meted out to Dilke.

Wilde said, "My dear Britten, people are so foolish in always denying the truth of these charges. I want to see the man who will face the judge in the Divorce Court and not only confess, but express his complete satisfaction with the experiment. As for the British public, they are always liable to stand on their hind legs and bray aloud that they are a moral people.

"Regarding poor Dilke, monstrous as it may appear, you can take it from me that not only will he be hounded from society, but he will be cut by every lady in London and also by most of the men."

"The Calling Club" ceased to exist. But in spite of its many disappointments, I maintain that it contained the germ of the cult of "The Interview" which at that time was in its infancy, but was soon to blossom forth into world-wide adoption and is the principal feature of modern-day journalism.

The manifold attractions of the Savage Club in the good old days not infrequently kept one out

of one's bed until a very late hour. I had impressed upon my wife the folly of waiting up for my return and a little supper was usually left on a tray in the dining-room. One night, having partaken of this slight repast, I went upstairs and finding my wife awake thanked her for her kindly thought in leaving out Spanish onions, to which I was very partial.

Expressing much surprise she denied doing anything of the sort.

"Well," I replied, "I partook of what you left on the table."

In some alarm she exclaimed:

"Those were not Spanish onions, those were tulip bulbs! You don't mean to say that you have eaten them?"

"Indeed I did, and very good they were. They're not poisonous, are they?"

Thoroughly alarmed my wife jumped out of bed, threw on some hasty wraps, and in spite of all my protestations ran out to consult the doctor living in the next street. His advice, given down the speaking tube, was to the effect that if she felt any doubt an emetic was an excellent thing, and if I exhibited any alarming symptoms in the morning she had better send for him.

When she returned I had fallen into a deep sleep, which she mistook for coma due to the action of the poisonous root, and upon being shaken back to life, I awoke to the deep disgrace of having to explain that I had dared to fall asleep while my anxious wife was out all alone in the middle of the night on my behalf.

On another occasion my simple supper had been laid in the little back room. It was getting late—after nine o'clock on a summer evening. I had been painting as long as the light lasted and had hardly commenced my frugal meal when the little maid-of-all-work announced "a gentleman to see you, Sir—Mr. Pollard."

I had not the remotest idea who Mr. Pollard might be, but sitting there at supper I said, "Perhaps, Mr. Pollard, you won't mind taking pot luck, and will join me in this cold collation and a bottle of beer."

He begged to be excused, and at my request that he would take a chair, he seated himself quite close to the door and toyed with his hat, turning it over and over, until in response to a question of mine, as to what I could do for him, he volunteered the information: "As a matter of fact I am your butcher, Sir, and have called about my little account, which has gone beyond the limit of credit which my business allows."

"Well, Mr. Pollard," I said, "the position is this: the nature of my profession makes it almost impossible to pay ready money as it frequently happens that there is considerable delay in the receipt of cheques for my work. Perhaps you are not aware that my profession is that of an artist?"

"Yes, sir, I know. It is a miserable profession."

"A miserable profession indeed," I repeated. "What do you know about it?"

"Well, sir, my father and an uncle were well-known artists—and I had to keep them both."

I afterwards discovered that this was quite true.

Pollard's coaching pictures are famous to this day; in fact I am not sure that one of the Pollards was not a member of the Royal Academy; at any rate, he was quite as accomplished as many of the members of that august body were in those days

I called upon my butcher the following day to settle his little account, and he showed me a case of miniatures of his family dating back to the Stuarts and many engravings of his father's works; but proud as he had every right to be of his lineage he entertained the profoundest contempt for the calling of an artist as a means of getting a livelihood.

The Manresa Road was practically all blocks of studios. Holman Hunt had the one above me and I was made fully aware of this fact as my skylight was broken more than once by the chop bone flung from his window. I was also made aware of what he had taken for lunch. He was a glorious, great-hearted fellow, and though he was far removed from the difficulties experienced by many of us and far too engrossed in his wonderful work to join us in our little revels, he took infinite pains to help those whose work he appreciated by introducing them to his wealthy patrons. It was here also that Sir James Shannon laid the foundation of his distinguished career.

It was in Stirling Lee's studio in Manresa Road that a little group of men met and founded the Chelsea Arts Club, and to prop up its financial commitments the first Chelsea Arts Club ball was held at Covent Garden. This incidentally started the rage for fancy dress balls which have been so popular

and successful ever since. The Club premises were originally located in the King's Road in the rooms occupied by "Jimmie" Christie, a great bearded Scot whose beautiful work failed to bring him much pelf.

Christie was a great personality with a lofty disregard for convention. I remember seeing him at Hyde Park Corner on a spring morning in the height of the season garbed in a frock coat, deer-stalker's cap and a pair of noisy carpet slippers, although thoroughly innocent of any desire to attract the public gaze. A man of massive physique, noticeable under any conditions, he was blissfully unconscious of the sensation created by his curious costume. Fresh from a morning dip in the Serpentine, with his shaggy mane and beard still glistening from the immersion, he looked for all the world like the Paisley edition of Father Neptune minus his crown and trident.

W. G. Wills, the dramatist, author of the play "Charles I," who lived in Sydney Street was perhaps the deepest dyed Bohemian of us all. Queen Victoria could hardly be accredited with any leanings towards members of that tribe, yet she was always lenient with W. G. Wills. It is recorded that having received a command to dine at the Palace he wrote or wired his regrets pleading a prior engagement. Regarding this unpardonable breach of all the canons of Court etiquette, the Queen merely remarked, "How very Irish of him!"

Wills was also devoted to the art of painting, and one of the royal Princesses had been prevailed upon to give him sittings, but his studio, which

was also his living room and kitchen combined, was always in such a condition of hopeless untidiness that she said that really the sittings must be abandoned as the sitter's chair was always littered with either dirty crockery or the gridiron upon which Wills had fried his breakfast bloater.

A brother Bohemian named Dunn acted as his secretary. He had previously been with Rossetti in a similar capacity and was even more casual than his master. A barrister of my acquaintance, also an old friend and countryman of Wills and a great admirer of his undoubted genius, calling upon him one afternoon, found him making preparations for an engagement that evening which turned out to be nothing less than a royal dinner-party. But for the life of him, Wills could not find anything for his shirt front, and was making the best of some old discoloured bone studs which had been unearthed from somewhere. My friend Woodroffe protested that he really could not possibly appear at the Palace arrayed in such rubbish. Wills asked in innocent surprise, "Well, what am I to do? I possess no others."

Woodroffe, filled with the desire that his friend should make a good impression, replied, "As a matter of fact I am now wearing a set of valuable studs which have belonged to my family for generations; you are more than welcome to the use of them to-night for this all-important function and they will help to carry off any little shortcomings in the rest of your outfit. I will call to-morrow to hear all your news and also retrieve my property."

The following afternoon Woodroffe was enter-

tained by a full and vivid account of the regal function and Wills' complete success as an honoured guest. As he rose to depart Woodroffe said : " Oh, by the way, Wills, I may as well relieve you of the responsibility of taking charge of those studs."

Wills placed his hand upon his arm and whispered, " Not a word lest Dunn should hear us ! As a matter of fact he has been drinking rather heavily recently, and in an attempt to save him I have kept him very short of money. While I slept this morning rather longer than usual after my late night, Dunn abstracted your studs from my linen and has pawned them. He is unaware of the fact that I discovered this, and it would wound him terribly if he suspected that he had been found out. Leave it to me and I will devise some scheme whereby we can arrange for the return of your property."

" But, my dear Wills ! All you have to do is to hand me the pawn ticket and I will redeem the jewelry."

" No, that would never do. He is so sensitive and full of fine feelings. He must never know. We must spare him the disgrace of this unfortunate incident, whatever the consequences may be."

Dunn's feelings had to be considered, of course, but I never knew if Woodroffe's studs were ever restored to him.

Later on in a room near Walham Green, Wills and Dunn were joined by another man of rare genius, Frederick Sandys, who though perhaps a little soured by disappointment, unlike his two old cronies, preserved to the last a scrupulous regard for his personal appearance. Tall and distinguished,

he was always dressed in well-cut clothes, resplendent in highly varnished footwear, his shapely hands and spotless linen beyond reproach. He was usually to be found towards the last at the " Punch Bowl," where he held his court surrounded by a crowd of admirers enthralled by his stories. Here he could sip his grog in peace and comfort, the cost being defrayed by his audience, and when in the small hours the party separated, the trifling sum for his cab fare was pressed into his hand without loss of dignity to the lion of the evening. His was a proud spirit which even his penniless condition had failed entirely to break, and to the last he produced those wonderful drawings which had brought him enduring fame, but had failed to provide a sufficiency of means to enable him to spend his declining years in reasonable comfort.

A pathetic picture. Two men of rare genius marooned and forgotten away in the wilds of Walham Green—both cultured gentlemen, accustomed to the best the world could offer, ending their days uncomplainingly amid drab and sordid surroundings, with poor old Dunn acting as factotum, shuffling out at intervals to forage for food and beer when funds permitted.

Tite Street is not a long, nor is it an old street, but in its short life it has housed many remarkable people. It runs from the river, crossing the Queen's Road (now called Royal Hospital Road), and is swallowed up in Tedworth Square.

It contained the Shelley Theatre ; Edwin A. Abbey lived here ; John S. Sargent is still there. Godwin, the architect, built for Whistler the White House

on the right coming from the river, and when Whistler shook the dust from his feet and fled to Venice to soothe his bankrupt spirit, there was found the next morning on the stone panel above the entrance, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Godwin built this."

A little higher up on the left is a small house built nearly fifty years ago for Frank Miles, quite famous forty years ago for his pencil drawings of beautiful women. It was his boast that he had discovered and invented Mrs. Langtry. He certainly did a few delightful drawings suggesting the remarkable beauty of her face and graceful, noble carriage. Reproductions of these drawings filled the windows of every stationer's shop in the kingdom, together with similar drawings of Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Cornwallis-West.

As an artist, Frank Miles had his limitations, but of their kind those little drawings have never since been equalled. He himself was a kindly, handsome fellow, and his little house became the haunt of great folk in society with the Prince of Wales's set as hall-mark. The Prince himself was a frequent visitor, and Miles was bombarded with commissions for pencil portraits from every fashionable beauty of the day.

He kept house with a great friend, a young poet who also had become an instantaneous and astounding social success—Oscar Wilde. These two—the painter and the poet—were seen everywhere; no fashionable function was considered complete without them, and their parties in Tite Street became

the rage. A demure, dainty little elf recently arrived at her teens, tricked out in studio finery in which she had been posing all day for her picture, was always present at these parties and helped to preside over the tea-serving business, there being no lady of the house to act as hostess. Miles was willing enough to help but Wilde disdained to put his hand to anything useful. "Service" he classed in the same category as games. "I hate cricket," he said, "it is so ungraceful, besides it isn't Greek."

It was in this atmosphere of art, poetry, rank and fashionable beauty that the model Sally graduated. Her mother could be found every day from nine till dusk selling flowers at Victoria. Her "pitch" for many years was at the corner of the curb opposite Overton's fish shop, facing Victoria Station. Mrs. Higgs, though heavily pitted by small-pox, had a pleasant face of the gypsy type, dark, swarthy and weather-beaten. Daddy Higgs conducted his old woman to her place of business every morning, and having seen her comfortably settled, shuffled off for the day, leaving her with her great basket of flowers.

But fairer than any flower found in her basket, with a wild beauty all her own, was the sweet, bare-footed child who trotted by her side and made herself useful by hawking penny bunches of violets. This child was becoming quite an asset in the business, when one day Frank Miles, struck by her extraordinary beauty, persuaded Mrs. Higgs that Sally could earn quite a lot of money as an artist's model, and so she was taken straight from the gutter

and transplanted into the exotic atmosphere of the house in Tite Street.

Born and bred in a slum, her simple mind was not in the least degree overborne by all the great folk around her. She was just happy as a child in being comfortably clad with no lack of pleasant food and drink, although petted and spoiled by the lords and ladies who appreciated the wonder of her great eyes and the halo of gold that framed her flower-like face.

Lord Leighton painted a famous picture of her called "Daydreams," engravings of which find a sale to this day; Marcus Stone painted her in some of his well-known old garden scenes; she sat for the principal figure in W. E. F. Britten's great picture of "The Flight of Helen," bought by Mr. Hermon of Wyfold Court—in fact Sally at that time was the most sought-after model in London.

The long and close friendship between Miles and Wilde was broken in sudden and dramatic fashion. Wilde and he had been inseparable for some years, and at the vicarage down in Nottinghamshire where Canon Miles was rector, Wilde had been received as a frequent visitor, his charm of manner and remarkable personality always making him a welcome guest. The association of the two young men keeping house together in Tite Street had the full approval of Miles's father, but the old-fashioned cleric became alarmed by the opinions expounded in a book of verse published by Oscar Wilde. He wrote to his son expressing his horror at the suggestions contained in the lines he had read; in fact he

insisted that it was impossible for a son of his to continue under the same roof with a man capable of holding such views.

Difficult as it must have been for Miles to face the unpleasant situation, his devotion to his father left him no alternative and he felt compelled to place the whole embarrassing position before his friend. Sally, who was present, told me that Wilde, livid with rage, flew into a furious passion and demanded to know if Frank Miles intended to act upon so outrageous a breach of all the ties of their long friendship. Miles protested that much as it grieved him, he had absolutely no alternative.

"Very well, then," said Wilde, "I will leave you. I will go now and I will never speak to you again as long as I live."

He tore upstairs, flung his few belongings into a great travelling trunk, and without waiting for the servant to carry it downstairs, tipped it over the bannisters, whence it crashed down upon a valuable antique table in the hall below, smashing it into splinters. Hailing a passing cab, he swept out of the house, speechless with passion, slamming a door he was never to darken again.

The tide of fashion for ever ebbing and flowing became diverted into other channels and after a time gradually receded altogether. Dame Fortune ceased to smile on Miles or his work, which clever, dainty and novel, was lacking in vigour and adaptability. Gradually it failed to retain its hold on a fickle public. He was a kindly, sociable fellow, more devoted to his garden than to the laborious work of his profession, with the result that he was

soon forgotten. Whether his heart was broken by disappointment will never be known, but the sad fact remains that he lost his reason, and the spoilt darling of London drawing-rooms ended his days in a home for the insane.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF SALLY

SALLY had severed her close association with Tite Street long before this, neither did she see any more of Wilde, who had written a poem in praise of her charm. It began :

> " O star with the crimson mouth
> O moon with the brow of gold. . . ."

But in no case could she ever resume her old life in a slum off the Horseferry Road, though she never failed in her affectionate regard for her old mother, to whose support she always made adequate contributions through all the varying conditions of her subsequent existence.

She married, while still in her teens, a boy just home from Eton, whose infatuation did not meet with the approval of his stern parent, a wealthy banker and chairman of one of the most famous and exclusive Clubs in London. In the hope that they might drift apart, the boy was sent out to a post in the United States, leaving Sally with a paltry £2 a week, at the mercy of all the temptations besetting a young girl of rare beauty suddenly deprived of the means to gratify tastes to which she had already grown accustomed.

During this drab interval I know she was induced to take flight with an adoring school-mate of her husband's, but on the journey to Scotland she quarrelled with her devout lover and, tearing his bracelets from her wrists and rings from her fingers, flung them out through the window into the night and took the next train back to London to await the return of her lord. He, though kept without the means to return by his relentless parent, stowed himself away on a tramp steamer in New York and, working his passage back, returned penniless and in rags to his little wife at home. His father never forgave this, and to the end of his days was adamant in declining to add to the pittance of £2 a week, which barely sufficed to keep the wolf from the door of the bed-sitting-room existence which was theirs from that time.

After a fitful return to her old calling as professional model to eke out their weekly allowance, I lost sight of Sally until an actor friend informed me that she was appearing at the Palace Theatre in " Living Pictures," a form of spectacular entertainment very popular at that period. He invited me round to his dressing-room so that I might have the opportunity of getting a word with Sally after the performance. Waiting by the stage door I saw her leave the theatre, but there was another man wearing a costly fur coat who conducted her to a smart brougham. With her foot on the step she turned and smiled me a sweet good-night, and I knew that she had no desire to explain or excuse anything; that whatever the position might be, it had to be and was for the best—for her.

"Little Sally."
From the picture painted by Edwin A. Ward.

She had previously tried, by taking small parts, to make a success on the stage, but the process was too slow and laborious, so she accepted the help of a man of wealth and influence who made himself responsible for a production with Sally as leading lady.

She had taken her seat, followed by the man in the fur-lined coat, and the carriage driven swiftly away was soon lost in the traffic.

My actor friend, taking me by the arm, said, "Well! are you satisfied now that you have seen her?"

"Yes! fair and frail as ever; come across and have a drink."—We had several.

For a few years all trace of Sally and her husband had been lost to me, when one day I met her alone near Hyde Park Corner, very demure and quietly dressed. She did not know what had become of her husband, what he was doing, or anything about him. She had also parted from her patron; had left the stage and had been prostrated by a serious illness and all but died of it; a kindly fellow had rescued her and placed her in a first-class nursing-home. She was there for many months. When restored to health a house was bought for her replete with every comfort. "I live very quietly," she said. "We are very good friends; he is exceedingly kind and I have everything I want."

Some years later, I was sitting alone in a little café in the Wilton Road near Victoria, when, to my intense surprise, I saw sitting at a table across the room, Sally with her husband! They beckoned

to me to go over and told me, " We have only just returned from Cairo and have been away from England for a year. We have deposited our luggage in rooms we have taken in Ebury Street, and ran along here for a little supper after our journey. Come back with us to our place and have a cigarette."

We took a cab back to the rooms, which were littered with travelling trunks and bundles of rugs not yet unpacked. Sally said, " There, how stupid of me. There is not a drop of anything to drink in the house. Ernest (that was her husband), jump into the cab, drive back to Victoria and buy some wine to celebrate this merry meeting."

The moment he had gone she said : " I had to get rid of him in order to tell you all that has happened. Well, perhaps you do not know that his father died some eighteen months ago, and though they had not spoken for years and years he left Ernest £100,000. Also you may not be aware of the fact that it is nine years since we parted. During that time neither of us knew in the least where the other lived or under what conditions.

" One of the first things Ernest did was to drive down to my married sister, whose address he knew —they live near Clapham Junction ; her husband is a gas-fitter. Ernest immediately asked : ' Where can I find my wife ? ' Maggie, thoroughly frightened, protested that she did not know. I suppose he may have expected that she would say this to screen me, for he told her of his father's death and that he was now a rich man. Disregarding her statement that she knew nothing of my whereabouts, he said,

'Well, I must go now, but I shall be here again on Saturday with a carriage to take my wife away. I will buy this cottage, making you a present of it, and in addition to this I will settle £2 a week on you for life. If you fail to produce her I shall drive away, and you will never hear of me again.'

"The moment he had left Maggie came along to where I lived and implored me for their sakes and my own to return to Ernest. It seemed an awful thing to do, to desert the man who had done so much for me and with whom I was perfectly happy; but Maggie was so insistent and urged me to come away with her at once, and this seemed easier from the fact that my friend was away at Brighton for a few days. Well, I just came away as I was; and as it might be difficult to account for the various pieces of jewellery he had given me from time to time, and as I was unwilling to wound his feelings by leaving them behind me, I threw them into the fire in spite of Maggie's protestations. After all, it was the kindest thing to do with them under the circumstances. I left a little note on the dressing-table—'Good-bye! I have gone back to my husband.'

"Ernest never asked me a single question of any kind. Oh, I can't tell you how wonderful he has been. He arranged to take me right away from everything at once for a whole year. We started immediately for a great tour—France; Monte Carlo; Italy; Spain and Egypt. We had only been back an hour when we met you to-night. Oh, he has been too wonderful—Hush! not a word, here he comes with the wine."

Beyond the fact that they were expensively dressed, drank costly wine and smoked an expensive brand of cigarette, I failed to see that they were any happier than they were years before when a little supper was fetched from "over the way" with beer in a can (2d. being paid on the can). A feast of this character had never failed in the old days to make Sally hilariously happy. I was curious to see how she would stand the strain of controlling a well-ordered house and the administration of competent servants.

The initial attempt was a failure. A small farm was bought in Gloucestershire, and after a course of riding lessons it was hoped that Sally would find a fresh interest in following the hounds. But the property had to be disposed of as she refused to be buried away in the country. She was then installed in a beautiful house near Richmond, close to the Park, where she could still continue to indulge in a gallop over the turf.

I went over to see them and found it a charming place, handsomely furnished, beautiful pictures on the walls, stabling for several horses, a well-ordered garden, a large tennis lawn—a perfectly appointed place in which Sally was absolutely miserable. She pined for the romance of the old hand to mouth existence with its informality and freedom and preferred a picnic in the kitchen to presiding at her own table in the dining-room. All her husband's attempts to persuade her that she was a great lady were of no avail. Occasional trips to town, winding up with a music-hall appeared to be their sole relaxation.

"Ernest is everything that is good and kind," she told me, "and devotes his life to providing for my pleasure and amusement, with the result that I get sick to death of having everything I want and long to be left alone to do I as like. And that is not good for me, for when he leaves me I have nothing to do but to wonder what he may be doing. In fact, we ought to have children. The monotony of this 'care-free' existence palls upon both of us, and Ernest is afraid that I may be taking too many little drinks—so I hide a bottle in the summer-house at the end of the tennis lawn. Come and see."

He, in his turn, taking the dog for a run would call at the "Red Lion" and make a day of it, finding on his return that Sally had been consoling herself during his absence—result mutual recriminations and a royal row.

On the few occasions upon which I was induced to visit them I never saw a well-ordered meal. Sally much preferred to break her fast with a slight and scrappy repast with the cook in the seclusion of the kitchen. She, in despair at the futility of preparing food under the ordinary conditions of a well-kept house, had no alternative but to join her mistress and indulge her in all this wilful contravention of orderly domestic routine. It could not last.

Ernest calling upon me in town one day, obviously deeply agitated, blurted out, "You know my Raeburn? Well! there is no longer any Raeburn. Sally in a fit of fury has slashed it into ribbons with a carving-knife."

Having had considerable experience in the repair and restoration of damaged pictures, I tried to console him by the assurance that I would endeavour to make good the injury and restore the picture to its original condition. As a matter of fact this was successfully accomplished, but I could not deal so effectively with the breach that had been widening between this pair of impossible people.

" Will you come over and see what she proposes to do ? " asked Ernest, " she may listen to you. Frankly so far as I am concerned it is all finished. She must be mad."

I went over to Richmond the morning following and at midday found Sally still in bed, her breakfast tray flanked by an arrangement in bottled Bass.

" The whole trouble," she said, " is that Ernest drinks and I can stand the humiliation no longer. Did he tell you about the picture ? "

" Yes," I replied. " It is possible to repair that mischief, but can it be true that all his devotion to you counts for nothing ? "

She was incorrigible. All she wanted was the freedom to live her life in her own untrammelled way. They parted, an agreement being drawn up allowing her £500 a year for life.

With all his defects of character, Ernest possessed the supreme faculty of devotion to the woman whose failings he regarded merely as those of a wilful child. It was not until he realized that all his efforts to minister to her happiness merely aroused in her a frenzy of resentment which nothing could tame or subdue that he abandoned all hope.

At rare intervals I saw him, sinking deeper and deeper in the morass of his own making—a broken-hearted man, bereft of any real desire to raise his head out of the mire which finally engulfed him.

What she did with her freedom I never knew.

CHAPTER IX

EASTWARD HO!

LEAVING the Savage Club one afternoon I looked into the bar and found Raymond Blathwayt, the solitary occupant, reclining on a sofa. He was a poor drinker, and it surprised me that he should seek his refuge in a place where only drinks were served. He welcomed me, although we were more or less strangers, and enquired where I was going. I replied that I was going home. "Where is that?" he ejaculated. I said that I lived at Strawberry Hill. "May I come with you?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied, "but you must understand that my family happen to be away at the seaside and I fear that the entertainment will be of a limited character. There is only one servant in the house, and as I am busy in town all and every day the solitary evening meal is of the most modest description. However, you are more than welcome if prepared to face these spartan conditions—at any rate, there is always cold beef and beer."

"I can't bear beer," was all he said.

"Well, time presses, and unless we start soon all the good trains from Waterloo will have departed."

"Wait a moment," he said, as he released his

lazy length from the well-known couch in the corner, for which he had never qualified, "first of all, have you any cigars?"

"No, I never smoke them," I replied, "but the barman here knows what you smoke and drink, and if you really care to come along I will get him to make up a parcel of wine and cigars; but really we must be off."

Blathwayt became most business-like quite suddenly. Burgundy appeared to be his tipple, a brace of bottles and a bundle of the cigars he fancied were parcelled, and away we toddled towards Hungerford foot-bridge, which separates the Savage Club from the rest of the universe.

As we left Adelphi Terrace he remarked, "I am rather worried about the food question; I don't like cold meat." I confessed that I hated it too. "Right," said he, "there is a shop in the Strand where we can buy a bird. The only trouble is, can your maid-of-all-work cook it?"

"Well," I replied, "we rarely indulge in game, but she is a sensible woman, and I have no doubt will make a special effort to-night."

He thereupon led me to his shop in the Strand, where rows of feathered things, fastened by their feet, hung head downwards above the marble slab upon which were displayed glittering rows of silvery salmon. At Blathwayt's direction I bought a brace of birds, which the man in a thick, blue woolly apron proceeded to place in a "mat" with a skewer through it. Blathwayt, bristling with ideas, expressed his approval and added, "What about a salmon steak to begin with?"

"Excellent," I said, and this was included in our parcel and off we went to Waterloo.

Arriving there I explained to Blathwayt that it suited my purse and plans to travel by what is known as the "workmen's train," a return ticket in those days costing sevenpence as against the ordinary fare of two-and-six. To qualify for this privilege you had to catch a train to town starting from the local station before seven-thirty in the morning, but you were entitled to return by any train in the afternoon. Blathwayt protested, that being in delicate health he really could not face the fatigue of a crowded third-class carriage, so poor as I was and always will be, I bought two first-class returns and away we travelled in state to Strawberry Hill.

On our arrival at my modest home the supplies were entrusted to my domestic, who most willingly consented to do her best and undertook to present the fare upon the table within two hours. I suggested a stroll as far as Teddington Lock, as it was a glorious autumnal evening, just to fill in the time. Blathwayt jibbed at this, protesting that he was far from well and preferred to rest upon the sofa until dinner-time. Our meal was much to his liking, and after it he resumed his position on the sofa and dozed more or less until bedtime. I gave him the best bedroom and occupied the adjoining dressing-room myself.

I was aroused about 5 a.m. by a tremendous banging on the dividing wall with a request for early tea. A tray was always placed by my bed holding a spirit lamp and all the things necessary to the making of tea at any hour, so in a few minutes I

took him in a large cup. "But where is the bread and butter?" he cried, "I can't possibly drink tea without." I said I really could not go down to the larder at that hour. "Well, you can take the tea away," said my guest.

I produced the bread and butter and two hours later called him in time to catch the train I usually travelled by. He protested that he did not feel well enough to move and preferred to rest. I suggested that it would be rather dull for him all alone in the house, but he declared that he would be quite all right.

On my return that evening I found him, garbed in my best dressing-gown, full length on the drawing-room sofa, which he had dragged in front of a blazing fire, with a table and lamp at his elbow, regaling himself with some excellent chicken soup which he had ordered to be prepared. He complained that he felt exceedingly ill, though quite unable to explain the nature of his malady. I said I should not feel satisfied until he had consulted a doctor, and intimated that if he did not feel better in the morning, the local practitioner whom we employed would most certainly be sent for.

This plan did not fall in with his views and the following morning he decided that though still feeling shockingly ill he would undertake the risk of the journey to town. I did not feel disposed to press him to prolong his visit. A comparative stranger, suffering from a mysterious malady, and monopolising all the small comforts of a tiny surburban house does not make the most welcome of guests. I did not find Blathwayt a comfortable

companion, and yet within a few months he and I were to travel together all the way to Tokio viâ Venice, Egypt, India, Ceylon and China.

The ideal companion for à long journey has yet to be discovered. Travelling together for months on end is a gift—they don't teach it at any school, public or private. "It takes two to make a quarrel," but I have occasionally seen one who was able to produce something resembling the real thing without provocation on the shortest possible notice. As a matter of fact, unless you are dead sure of your man —or woman—you are much better off picking up people as you go along and dropping them if they show signs of becoming tiresome.

I remember two elderly ladies, sisters, who grew so sick of one another's company while travelling, that when they reached Yokohama they were arrested for throwing stones at each other as they walked along on opposite sides of the street.

My companionship in travel with Raymond Blathwayt happened in this way. He told me he was off to India, and asked, "Why don't you come with me?" I, who had never been further afield than France, wanted to see India, and longed, more than all, to see Japan—the dream of my life. But alas! I saw no chance of ever realizing so wonderful a vision.

Blathwayt proceeded to tell me that he was going to do literary work for the P. and O. Company. I thereupon suggested that the only thing he appeared to lack was an artist to illustrate his work. He seemed rather taken with the idea, but I felt that the scheme would fall through if it were left entirely

to him, so I insisted there and then upon his writing to the Chairman of the P. and O. proposing me as a suitable man for the business.

Having already painted portraits of the Chief Resident Magistrate of Calcutta (Frederick Marsden) and Jamsetjee Tata, a wealthy and powerful Parsee merchant, I thought it possible that portraits of native princes might come my way, and proceeded to collect all the letters of introduction to influential people in the Far East that I could.

Blathwayt and myself were invited to spend a week-end at Coldharbour Wood, a beautiful place near Liphook, built for the late Sir Thomas Sutherland (then Chairman of the P. and O.) by Colcutt, the architect who also designed the Imperial Institute and much similar work. Sir Thomas gave me a roving commission, all the details were settled, and within a few weeks Blathwayt and I were aboard the good ship "Massilia" bound for Bombay.

If I had my own way—and plenty of wealth withal—I would wander round the world whenever I felt weary or restless. There is no tonic comparable with it, and every man who works intensely, striving to express all that he is capable of, must occasionally escape from the walls of the prison of his own creation. Discomforts and trials of travelling are entirely imaginary; it is far easier than staying at home, can be cheaper, and certainly much more amusing both for those who deserve a change and for many who require it without deserving it.

Away we went. We touched at Malta, a perfectly wonderful place. Volumes have been written and remain to be written about the Knights of Malta.

The island is saturated with tradition, and what a lovely place at sunset! It seemed to me the first peep through the curtain screening our sombre-tinted atmosphere from that of the Far East.

What a marvellous place is Venice! But what a cold place it can be about Christmas time. Still, I saw that masterpiece, the Miracle of St. Mark, by Tintoretto. Francis James, the painter of flowers, took us to see the Marionettes, and gave us spaghetti in cafés only frequented by the Venetians. Walter Sickert was there too, wearing a beard and seriously striving to make pictures of St. Mark's and all the angels.

Lord, how nice he and Mrs. Sickert were to us! They had been lent an apartment on the Zattere, the only condition being that no tobacco of any kind should be consumed on the premises. After dining there we smoked our cigarettes leaning out of the window, which was shut down upon our flanks so that no odour of tobacco should curl back into the room. A bachelor brother of the Montalbas' showed me the sights of Venice. "There are a hundred churches here in Venice which you *must* see, and every church contains at least one masterpiece."

From Venice to Cairo may not be a great affair in the matter of mere mileage,—both are intensely interesting, yet how different. Venice cannot be compared with any other place because no points of comparison exist. There is only one Venice. Cairo is a composite place. The Citadel is a bit out of the Bible; the middle or modern part where Europeans dwell might have been pinched from

Paris and dumped down beside the Nile, instead of the Seine, filling the space between Shepherd's Hotel and the Pyramids; while the great bridge over the Nile is always crowded with camels, Arabs, mules, Bedouins, negroes, Europeans and Egyptians —a medley of ever-moving masses, human and animal, of every colour, kind and race.

From Cairo we took train to Ismailia to await the arrival of the P. and O. mailship "Caledonia," bound for Bombay. We dined at Ismailia, and I remember at the same table were a bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon—the young Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. He looked such a simple, little fellow, and she beautiful and graceful beyond the common.

At last, the great ship hove in sight, brilliantly lighted from stem to stern. We were soon aboard her—the biggest ship I had ever sailed in, and it seemed rather ignominious joining a brilliant assembly after dinner, arrayed in our travel-stained clothes, but next day we were made quite at home as my travelling companion was an old friend of the skipper, Captain Andrews—better known as "Bos'un Bill," a famous character in those days. I believe he had risen from A.B. to command the best, biggest and fastest ship then afloat.

We had aboard, among many other famous people, General Gatacre and Colonel Ian Hamilton. During our passage through the Dead Sea came the startling news of the Jameson Raid, which created a profound impression, especially among the very large military crowd on their way to rejoin in India.

General Gatacre—stern disciplinarian, known to Tommy Atkins as "Backacher"—was proceeding to India in order to take up the command in Bombay. I saw him there some weeks later reviewing the Royal Irish Rifles. This regiment, a few years later at Stormberg, he was to have the misfortune to lead into an ambush in a surprise night-attack early in the Boer War.

The story goes that the guide he employed for that enterprise decoyed them into the ambush during the night march, and just as dawn broke, he turned to Gatacre, saying, "Here is your position and there is your enemy." Report relates that Gatacre, realizing the murderous trap into which he had been betrayed, turned his revolver upon the man and shot him dead. The Boers were secure in a formidable position and the only force surprised was the British, with the result that the Royal Irish Rifles were all but annihilated.

From this disaster the prestige of Gatacre never recovered. He was given a home command and disappeared from the public eye—one of the many shattered reputations for which the Boer War was responsible.

The other notable soldier on the "Caledonia"—Ian Hamilton—curiously enough happened to be one of the very few who escaped with their lives from that hilltop of Majuba where the force led by Sir George Colley suffered such a dire disaster and Colley himself was killed. This, of course, was in the earlier Boer War.

The peace which Gladstone patched up with the Boers after Majuba was not at all to the liking of

the military command conducting those operations. Sir Evelyn Wood, it is said, broke his sword across his knee with rage on receipt of the news, and Lord Roberts vowed that he could never rest until the shame of the disgraceful arrangement with the enemy, which he regarded as a surrender, could be wiped out. It is a matter of history how twenty years later he made that vow good, and laid the foundation for a great peace in South Africa which with all its humane developments created a situation which should make us friends with the Boers for all time.

Ian Hamilton I found a highly cultured, accomplished man. He held with distinction several important commands from that time right up to the outbreak of the Great War. He wrote an exhaustive report of his operations in the Dardanelles, but the part he played in that futile attempt to take Constantinople has been characterized as having all the features of a "glorified yachting trip." My son, Peter, who fought all through the misery of that murderous gamble wrote, "Ian Hamilton has gone home. He appears to have confused generalship with journalism."

The comic element of our voyage was provided by a most interesting, middle-aged lady who was returning to India after many years' absence. During the last two days of our trip this lady was missing from the ship's company and kept strictly to her own cabin. As we anchored off Bombay, and the steamer came alongside bringing a large party of people who trooped aboard to meet their friends from England, this lady, who during the

voyage had dressed and comported herself in a manner suited to a dame approaching middle age, now emerged adorned like a butterfly. The hair that had been becomingly grey was now a flaming yellow, a brilliant and highly-coloured complexion with crimson lips and pencilled eyebrows had replaced the solemnly sallow facial effect to which we had been accustomed during the journey, the entire effect producing a most surprising change.

We gathered that several years before she and her husband had fallen out and now at last were to be re-united. He was there to meet her, and this was her attempt to reproduce the charms she imagined were her portion when last she and he were living together. I only hope he appreciated the pains she had taken to please him.

The first few hours at Bombay! They fairly take your breath away. The humid heat, the din, the stir, the bustle, the glare, the sweltering, boiling day and the mysterious mosquito-bitten night, the "boy" asleep on the mat of your bedroom door, and the walls which are only partitions and carry no roof. The first night is so full of strange noises that the very idea of sleep seems out of the question, and the scanty scrap you steal at dawn is dashed by an apparition in a coal-black face and snow-white garments, carrying a tray with toast and tea. His approaching footsteps have made no more noise than a kitten makes in crossing a carpet, and the one word "sahib" crashes into your brain-fevered, belated slumber, and you realize what it is to wake up for the first time in India.

After calling on the Governor, and inscribing our

names in the book, we were in due course bidden to dine at Government House, where among others I remember meeting Princess Henry of Pless, full of the joy of life and very handsome, and Prince Henry of Prussia and Francis of Teck, all very magnificent. A superb military band played outside on the moonlit terrace, backed by the glittering sea and domed by all the glory of an Indian night, stabbed with countless stars to deepen the purple canopy.

It was my first experience of Vice-Regality, and I felt as the evening progressed that all this pomp had been kept from me too long, and a palace was the only place for me. Waking up in my barn of a room at Watson's Hotel the next morning I was not nearly so well, and found no hat that did not hurt, but the fresh radiance of dawn in India had to be dealt with, and so donning flannels and light footgear, I sallied forth to greet His Majesty the Sun before the glory of his face became too manifest. Meeting one of the A.D.C.'s, who was also taking the morning air, he remarked upon my somewhat chastened appearance. "I felt so well last night," I confessed, "and drank lashions of His Excellency's champagne."

"Ah, why did you not consult me?" said the A.D.C., "we stick to whisky and soda. There is so much unavoidable entertainment to be dispensed by the Governor that the treasury would be depleted if every globe-trotter with a tropical thirst were regaled with vintage wine, so a sparkling variety, known as 'Party' wine is provided, and woe be to him who wallows in it."

I replied ruefully that my inexperience had punished me very severely as I had stuck to the "pop" and the "pop" was still sticking to me. I did not require the comfort of his assurance that I should know better next time.

Believe me, the gyrations of this drinking business would baffle anybody but a brewer, distiller or wine merchant—look at the millions they make, and what a short cut to the Peerage. They can *handle* the stuff—you can't silly *them*. They know the anguish that lurks in a libation too prolonged, they also provide you with cunning cocktails to carry you on from one carousal to the indiscretion of another, till you are lulled into the belief that the only way out is to get drunk and keep drunk.

There is another way, though the first lap or two of the course would try the temper of the sturdiest, and that is, instead of trying to *step* the track, you jump on to a thing called (by those in the know) "The Waggon." It is a comfortless kind of carriage and it takes a lot of courage to stick it. Many people have tried it and failed repeatedly, but I am told by those who are able to hold on that it gets easier the longer you hold on to it.

Discussing this difficult question with a highly intelligent lady of my acquaintance I avowed that it might be better to avoid all bars and similar refreshment dispensaries altogether. She replied, "Yes, you can do that if you prefer it, but you will miss all the important people."

I have mixed with men of every rank, creed and

race, and have found the pick of the basket gathered together where good liquor was to be found. If only its use could be reserved for feast days and suchlike to grace a special occasion, but it is apt to encroach too far. Of course, you cannot expect to encounter any serious conflict without casualties, and it is better to bear in mind that Barleycorn is a hearty fellow and that any vessel can be too regular in its visits to the well.

See how attractive even are the cups which carry the sparkling potion to one's lips. "All that glitters is not glass," but how beautiful many of them are, worthy in every way of the wine brimming to their rims.

The collecting of glass has been a cult all my time, and long before that, and will continue doubtless for countless years, long after mine are numbered. Some have a weakness for Waterford, others for Bohemian. Then there are those who care for nothing but Venetian—and so on. And mind you, lots of these good people—cunning as they are in the quest of their quarry—remain blissfully forgetful of the very purpose for which each and every vessel of glass in the world was originally cut or blown.

It is perfectly obvious that they were intended to contain good liquor. That this was their purpose in life cannot be disputed. And yet I am acquainted with many people of undoubted intelligence and spotless lives, possessing priceless collections of perfectly wonderful glass, who wilfully ignore the very purpose and the only reason for which these lovely vessels were designed. On the other hand

we all know people so careless of consequence and the fitness of things that on occasions they venture to sip champagne out of a teacup. Criminal I call it, yet I have seen it done.

Take the case of a friend of mine who assured me as a fact that on one desperate occasion he was driven to decide quickly whether he would take his whisky out of a teapot or go without it altogether. He elected to take it, and who can blame him; it might have happened to anybody. The folk at fault are those owners of glass who neglect to fill them on occasions when such a ceremony would seem to be clearly indicated.

I like the bottle brought to table; no decanters for me, with the solitary exception perhaps of a crusted port. The drawing of the cork should be made a personal matter and not relegated to an individual who presumably is not destined to take any important part in the consumption of the wine. Let the glass be liberal in its dimensions, like a stately crystal tulip perched on its stem. Greet each bottle with the courtesy of a stainless glass.

We all know to our cost that though in the good old days excellent liquor was procurable at a fair price, this, alas! is so no longer. Take my own case. I happen to possess a tumbler of the "schooner" class, so generously built that it will hold when lovingly loaded a bottle of whisky and a syphon of soda. It is known as the "Captain's Nightcap," and came from the wreck of the "Preussen," the biggest sailing ship in the world, which went ashore some years before the war, close to Dover. The pity of it is that the day has departed when I could

afford to keep this friendly fellow on active service, so I am looking around to find a mortal more fortunately circumstanced. If he can afford to fill and keep it in anything like steady employment, it is his.

But really we must be getting back to Bombay.

CHAPTER X

BOMBAY AND HYDERABAD

COME with me at break of day and breathe a prayer to the sun rising in his splendour across the sea. Crowds of worshippers throng the shore, making obeisance to the Lord of all light and life. It will soon be time to get back to your bath and seek the shade of your dwelling-place. Later in the day you shall come with me, between tea and dinner time, and I will show you one of the fairest sights in the East. We will sit and gaze at the sea from the lawn of the Yacht Club. When you turn your gaze from the glory of sky and sea there is a feast of kaleidoscopic colour in the dazzling native throng crowding the Bund just outside the palings. But not *inside!* A junior clerk in a bank in Bombay sits there like any lord, sipping his sherbet with the best, but it has been thought wise that the Rajah and Maharajah should be kept outside the pale. This has probably been altered since I was there, but at that time it seemed curious to a visitor like myself that we might (as everybody does, both high and low) accept the princely hospitality of Gaekwar, Nizam or Parsee merchant prince, and yet you might not ask them to join you in any form of entertainment *within* the sacred precincts of the Yacht Club.

So green and fresh was I to all the dangers of rashness in regard to diet in tropical lands that I partook of oysters in Bombay, with the result that in a few hours I was prostrate with an attack of Asiatic cholera. I had already been informed that it was by no means uncommon to meet a man in the early morning and follow his funeral procession in the evening of the same day—affairs of this sort are handled at great speed under tropical skies. If you are in any hurry to test the truth of this there are few swifter ways than a surfeit of oysters fresh from Bombay.

It was a busy day for me when I was taken ill in Bombay. The attack came on quite early and I was left all alone with my black servant, who betrayed as much emotion as an ebony image. Blathwayt was obliged to go out for the day; he had an important interview with Jamsetgee Tata, the millionaire Parsee merchant prince, on the cotton question, but he did all he could for me. I absolutely turned down his suggestion of calling in a strange doctor. Being averse at all times to surrendering myself to the tender mercies of the medical practitioner I fought shy of falling into the hands of the type you might tumble across playing the apothecary in that plague and fever-swept place. As I was determined to see no doctor Blathwayt did the next best thing, and bought me a bottle of chlorodyne and off he went to his work. I saw it was up to me to get the better of this cholera business before the day was out, or possibly it might see me out.

The bedrooms at "Watson's" in those days were

of the barest possible description—the very last place on earth in which to spend a happy day. Mine had a temporary appearance like a room run up in a hurry by scene-shifters in a tenth-rate provincial theatre for a one-night show. A rickety iron bedstead just strong enough to stand the strain of supporting the mosquito-curtains stood in the centre of the room, and here and there were oddments of furniture barely sufficient to contain the few articles of apparel a traveller might require for the night—in the main that was all it was meant for: people putting up for a night or two on their way to their different stations. The cemented floor had just a scrap of carpet beside the bed, a dingy little cubbyhole where you took your tub was at one end of the room, and at the other was an alcove with wide-open windows, looking out on a garden with lofty trees filled with crows, who cawed and chattered during the whole of that dreadful day. They were talking about me—speculating when I should get tired of dragging my weary feet to and fro between bed and bathroom.

My silent black servant occupied himself bringing me relays of hot milk, which I sipped during the whole day, my horse-sense telling me that this must be the best method of allaying the poison.

Sweltering as the weather was I shivered and shook—chilled to the marrow with fever and pain. The crows seemed curiously interested in my condition, and the more I shivered the more they chattered. Gradually as I got weaker and worse, and clung for comfort to the iron support of my bed, the windows became crowded with them, all noisily

proclaiming the fact to their fellows that the mortal inside would very shortly be too weak to keep them out. Soon they even dared to enter the room and make a playground of my alcove, but it was not until a few of the ringleaders were emboldened by my weakened condition to flop down the two steps from the alcove into the bedroom that I realized what Bombay crows were for, and that if I lost consciousness they might proceed to ply their revolting trade.

Whether it was the prospect of something horrible of this sort happening to me I know not, but somehow late in the afternoon I took a turn for the better, and my loathsome feathered intruders gradually withdrew their baneful presence, and cawed their noisy disgust at my recovery from the branches of the trees outside. I had had a trying day—Bombay oysters should be avoided if another food is available.

Blathwayt had an old schoolmate, Dick Willis, who was "adviser" to Abdul Huk, a wealthy Hindoo known as the "Sirdar," who filled an important post in the administration of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Abdul Huk was a man of great force of character and had attracted the notice even of the Rothschilds, who entertained the highest opinion of his genius for finance.

We were invited to be his guests for the wedding festivities in honour of the marriage of his son and heir, a boy of nineteen. Our travelling expenses from Bombay and back were defrayed; a great marquee had been erected in the compound adjacent to his residence, and here a special chef from Bombay served a banquet each evening during the fortnight's

festivities ; vintage wines of every conceivable sort were provided, although the Sirdar and his family and suite were abstainers of the most rigid type ; and after dinner Nautch and other native entertainments were provided which often lasted into the small hours of the next morning. Fantastic processions proceeded to and fro between bride and bridegroom—elephants laden with an exchange of gifts being heralded by the deafening din of drums and the squeal of ear-splitting trumpets of every excruciating kind. Nothing was lacking in the way of noise to advertise the approach of each fresh tribute of affectionate regard between the bridal pair.

At the period of which I write—twenty-six years ago—the so-called hotels in a Native State were of the weirdest and most wretched description imaginable : just a shell, like a grey, rickety box-kite, with a few oddments of furniture scattered in each compartment ; the floor being inches deep in hot sand. Here we had to spend our days as we were not due to appear until dinner-time at the Sirdar's. Owing to the overnight festivities lasting until four o'clock in the morning, no one was visible at all until sundown, and in any case the residence of a Hindoo (where, of course, the women were strictly " purdah "), was usually a closed book to Europeans.

As a very great and special honour the Sirdar invited me to " tiffin " one day, when I was included in the family gathering at the mid-day meal, at which were members of his household (only male of course), and gorgeously apparelled and very stout relations of the bridegroom. They reclined on divans and

partook of great bowls of nourishment with avidity. This appeared to consist of lumps of curried meat, floating in an oily sea of "ghee." They conveyed this bilious, amber-coloured mixture to their mouths strictly by rule of finger and thumb, dispensing entirely with cutlery of any kind.

It was an embarrassing experience for me, as with the exception of the Sirdar and his sons, the rest of the company spoke no English—as a matter of fact their table activities left few loopholes for conversation. Much as I appreciated the honour paid me by being singled out for this somewhat intimate inclusion within the family circle, I found myself partaking very sparingly of all the rich fare spread out before me, and felt intensely relieved when the function was over.

Our tiny hotel was a considerable distance from Abdul Huk's abode, but he placed a magnificent carriage and pair entirely at our service during the time we were his guests, and this courtesy he extended to us even after the wedding was over and we had left to become the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Nevill—and a great boon it was.

I really was not sorry to leave the little hotel. It was the last word in discomfort, and we were expected to provide our own food. How we managed I hardly like to remember. The proprietor was rarely on view and regarded us in the light of a nuisance. He was not far wrong in one respect—a most important one in India—we were without servants. We had engaged them in Bombay; they had packed for us and placed the luggage on the train for Hyderabad, where we arrived safely with

all our possessions intact—but alas! no servants. They had decamped without a word, and our servantless condition marred our welcome wherever we went.

During our stay we were entertained at the Service Club, at Secunderabad, a stately place, lofty and spacious and in every way befitting the dignity and requirements of one of the largest and most important military stations in the whole of India. It was there I met Captain L. Hume, of the Madras Lancers, a troop of Sikhs, magnificent in stature and equipment, all well over six feet in height and splendidly mounted.

As I expressed a strong desire to make a study of one of these picturesque warriors, a picked man was despatched to my hotel and there he stood by his charger while I made a careful water-colour drawing of man and horse. At the end of the business, feeling a natural desire to make some slight acknowledgment of the services the man had rendered me, I offered him the tip I felt was adequate. He, to my surprise, expressed by gesture an obviously genuine disinclination to accept the proffered *pourboire*, coupled with a voluble deprecation of any suggestion that my well-meant acknowledgment was desired. I was equally insistent and forced the money into his hand, whereupon he mounted his steed and rode hastily away. I had failed to gather the full trend of his remarks—not one word did I clearly understand—and he was equally in the dark in regard to my innocent intentions. Imagine my feelings of horror and dismay on learning from Captain L. Hume, with whom I lunched that day, that all his

troopers were Sikh gentlemen, and owned their own horses.

Blathwayt and I were bidden to a ball given by the Welsh Regiment at Secunderabad. The Sirdar had provided a special carriage for us in order that we should dash up to the function with a clatter. During dinner Blathwayt complained of feeling very unwell—far too ill, in fact, to entertain any idea of going to the dance. "In that case, my dear fellow, I will abandon the idea too, and stay to look after you," said I.

"No, that won't do," said he, "the fact of the matter is I promised to call at Mrs. So-and-So's bungalow and take her to the ball in our carriage. So you must take her to the dance instead of me, for she will be all dressed up and waiting. In any case it is much better for you to take my place as you dance well, and I don't dance at all."

It did not seem a very attractive programme. The lady was expecting Blathwayt, who was an old friend, and I was not by any means keen to attach myself to a middle-aged partner for whom I should be more or less responsible the whole evening. But there it was; the carriage was ordered; the lady would be waiting, and Blathwayt was too unwell to think of going, so it was up to me to play the little gentleman.

Before leaving for the ball I impressed upon Blathwayt the importance of supplying the Sirdar not only with the whereabouts of the Welsh Regiment, but also with the address of the lady's bungalow where I was to call, as no communication was possible between the Sirdar's driver and myself

—not one word did we understand of each other's language. The Sirdar himself saw me off and assured me that the men understood perfectly where they were to go. There are few more delightful sensations than being driven in a sumptuous carriage drawn by a pair of peerless horses at a spanking pace through the mystery and wonder of an Indian night.

Full of good feeling and the comfort that comes of excellent fare, I felt in no hurry to arrive anywhere in particular, but after about an hour of tearing through the night it certainly seemed to me that we should be nearing our destination. I endeavoured by signs to convey this impression to the ebony figure in gorgeous native livery who was driving. He mistook my display of energy for a sign that I was dissatisfied with the pace at which we were travelling, and proceeded to urge on his steeds to a perfectly unreasonable speed, especially as I felt more and more convinced that we must have either mistaken the road or that the black devils on the box had designs upon me. This idea was not so far-fetched when you consider that we were in the land where Thug and Dacoit abound, and what gave colour to this idea was the fact that the more I tried to stop them the faster they drove.

The position was rapidly becoming desperate when the light of a solitary bungalow appeared in sight. By a frantic effort I induced my black-faced Jehu to pull up his panting horses by the gates of this bungalow. I was thankful to find an English-speaking couple who were just preparing to retire for the night. It certainly occasioned them some mild surprise to receive a call from a perfect stranger

at that hour. I told them briefly the predicament in which I found myself. A whisky peg was provided, and my kindly new-found host proposed that I should stay the night, as they informed me that the route we had taken was in precisely the opposite direction to that leading to the quarters of the Welsh Regiment. I explained that a lady was waiting for the carriage to convey her to the dance, and on my mentioning her name he said he knew exactly where she lived, and as I persisted in venturing forth again into the night, in spite of the fact that the ball would probably be over by the time I arrived, he very kindly gave my Jehu most minute instructions, so as to prevent further mishap, and sent me off full of good-nights and excellent whisky.

We flew back on the wings of wild horses, picked up Blathwayt's " old flame " and swooped down on the ball just as it was flickering out. But it was worth it. The affair was gorgeously staged—they certainly know how to do these things in India. The ballroom was a spacious pavilion supported by great white pillars, between which it was open to the purple Indian night, cool and fragrant. The gleaming floor, swung on chains, made the most ideal of dancing surfaces. The men were mostly in white and gold. Lord! how slim and smart they looked. I was the only black-bird there. The ladies, mostly young and mainly beautiful, were gowned in gaudy, gossamer films, prismatic with tints stolen from a rainbow.

The dancing was nearly done, but I was in time for the supper, and they were more than kind and made much of me. The vexatious delay in arriving

was quite forgotten, and I was sorry to take my departure at an hour in the early morning. The only dreg in my cup of happiness came later, when I was made aware of the fury of the Sirdar that a pair of his priceless horses—the pick of his stable—had been hacked in such merciless fashion.

The fortnight's festivities at Hyderabad finished with the final ceremony of the wedding itself. The bridegroom returned to his father's house after the function, which of course we were not privileged to witness. I questioned him as to the beauty of his bride, and he informed me that although the marriage had actually taken place, the only glimpse of her he had been permitted to steal was the reflection of her face in a mirror placed on the floor beneath a curtain which separated them but was slightly raised for that purpose.

During the time we were guests of the Sirdar he had on several occasions expressed a strong desire to have a portrait of himself. I was all the more willing to undertake this project as Abdul Huk was a most excellent subject for a picture. He assured me that he and his family were very desirous of possessing a permanent record of his personality, and that it only remained to decide on the size and style of the proposed picture. I pointed out that as the period of my stay in India was drawing to a close it would be well to proceed without delay. "Why not begin to-day?" "No, to-morrow," he urged, would suit him better. It was always to-morrow, and when the time arrived when any extension of my stay in Hyderabad was impossible he expressed the utmost surprise.

" But why do you want to go ? " he said, " I fear you are not having a pleasant time ? "

" My dear Sirdar," I replied, " you have entertained us right royally, and done everything possible to make our visit one which will always remain with us as a delightful memory. But unfortunately our berths have been booked on the " Peshawar," and she sails from Bombay for China on a certain date. I am already due to stay with Colonel Nevill, who commands the troops of the Nizam, and whose portrait I am given to understand is required."

When eventually we entrained for Bombay, we found he had given instructions that as the train was moving off a case of champagne was to be pushed into our saloon, " for the journey with the Sirdar's compliments." It was very thoughtful and kind of him, especially, as I have remarked before, he himself never partook of any alcoholic refreshment whatever.

I was not sorry to take a long farewell of our sleeping quarters. They were the sandiest, sorriest, sun-scorched last word in discomfort and depression that any civilized human ever inhabited. But there it was, the only thing of its kind in that district where a traveller could tarry at night, unless he had Anglo-Indian friends to put him up.

A wonderful little pair of people were staying at this primitive place with us. The man had been in the army, afterwards mining in South Africa with Barney Barnato ; now he and his wife travelled all over India giving a duologue entertainment at the various regimental theatres. She was the daughter of a Colonel in the Indian Army, really very pretty,

and practised upon the zither all day long in this dreary hotel. She also did a skirt dance in this show. The "takings" must have been microscopic, as their audience was almost entirely composed of men in the ranks. It was really rather pathetic, as Central India is no place for any white man or woman to travel in unless they can afford to provide themselves with every possible comfort.

Colonel Nevill occupied a great house of the bungalow pattern, with large verandahs, patrolled outside by sentries, as befitted his rank of commander of the troops of the Nizam. We were received by Mrs. Nevill, whose first enquiry was: "But where are your servants?" We had to confess that we were unprovided. She said that our servantless condition might make adequate service very difficult, but she promised to do her best for us as our visit was to be of limited duration. "Though," as she naively added, "our last visitor came for four days, and stayed four years." I learned subsequently that their house had long been known as the "Red Lion" by those who had availed themselves of the hospitality dispensed so graciously by the genial host and hostess.

Mrs. Nevill was in every way a most remarkable woman. She was unusually tall, but had become rather stout through living a sedentary life after having been accustomed to considerable physical activity. She was a great traveller and famous horse-woman in her early days. As a bride she was with Colonel Nevill when, finding no room for expansion in the service of his native land, he had taken a commission (as many another restless spirit

did in those days), in the Austrian Army, and was on the staff of the force which occupied various Italian towns during the war between Austria and Italy.

Her father, Charles Lever, was the famous author of many novels dealing with the rollicking side of Irish life—" Charles O'Malley " and " Harry Lorrequer," were all the rage when I was a boy. He was a man of great distinction in his day, and filled positions of some importance in the Consulate or Embassy of Continental cities. Mrs. Nevill inherited much of her father's vivacious force and sense of humour. She presented a somewhat masculine appearance, which her habit of smoking a monstrous Trichinopoli cigar on all occasions did not tend to diminish ; and her courage was on a par with her remarkable personal appearance.

She and the Colonel were riding about dusk one evening and heard shouts as of people in distress. They rode in the direction of the noise and found some poor village folk who had been into Hyderabad, to sell their produce, were being robbed and all but murdered by a band of Dacoits, with which this region was infested. Mrs. Nevill and the Colonel rode bang at the mob, and separated the robbers from their victims.

" Can you hold them while I fetch my Africans ? " (the troop of Nubians commanded by the Colonel), said Nevill.

" Yes," replied Mrs. Nevill, " if any man-jack of them tries to escape I'll ride him down." And straightway she took up a position commanding the narrow bridge, which was their only way of escape,

and not a man of them ventured to approach within range of her horse's hoofs.

Back came the Colonel with a batch of his redoubtable Nubians, and they captured every robber in the crowd. These had been a nuisance in Hyderabad for a long period, and Mrs. Nevill and the Colonel received the thanks of the Government of India for their skill and daring in ridding the district of the most dangerous band of Dacoits in the country.

There was no tropical depression about Mrs. Nevill. Cheerfulness and activity radiated from her, and though she had lived in this remote place—far away in a Native State—without going home for thirty years, she showed no sign of pining for the brilliant social life by which she had been surrounded in her youth, first as the daughter of the famous Charles Lever, and then as Colonel Nevill's bride in the gayest capital in Europe. Both she and Colonel Nevill were brilliant conversationalists, and Mrs. Nevill told some good stories about her father.

She was riding with him one day through a street in Dublin when her father indicated a man coming towards them and said : " Take a good look at him, and I will tell you who he is." The little mite stared at the man with all her eyes, at which he seemed much amused, and taking off his hat made her a deep bow, which she returned.

" That is Daniel O'Connell," said her father. She was so affected by this mark of his attention that she became converted to his cause and upheld his views for some weeks in spite of her father's strenuous bias in the opposite direction.

Some time afterwards the same subject was very forcibly presented to them. Charles Lever, accompanied by his little son, aged nine, and Mrs. Nevill, then a girl of thirteen, were in the shop of Curran the publisher. In Phoenix Park O'Connell was addressing a great political gathering, and in the course of his speech denounced Charles Lever as an un-Irish Irishman. While Lever and his children were at the publisher's an officer of the R.I.C. entered the shop and warned Lever that he would not be responsible for his safety or even for his life if he ventured into the public streets without adequate police escort until the crowd had dispersed. Lever, turning to his children, said : " What shall we do ? " They replied : " Let us ride home, we're not frightened." So off they rode through the crowded streets.

They progressed safely enough until approaching a densely massed bridge, across which they failed to make a passage. The mob commenced booing and hooting and declined to make way, and things began to look very ugly. Upon this, Lever, thinking of his children, rose in his stirrups, and shouted lustily : " Long live Daniel O'Connell ! " There was a pause, then suddenly Lever's little boy raised his tiny whip, and bringing it down with a resounding smack shouted in a fury : " Damn Daniel O'Connell ! "

This might have cost them their lives, instead of which it happened luckily to tickle the sense of humour rarely absent from a race like the Irish. The boy's audacity raised a shout of laughter, and the Levers were allowed to proceed to their home unmolested.

A dramatic and unrehearsed incident occurred during the time Colonel Nevill was with the Austrian Army of Occupation in Italy. At a gala performance at the Opera the curtain, which should have risen on the opening chorus, revealed instead the fully armed force of a famous band of real brigands. The chieftain strode forward to the footlights, and commanded the crowded audience to remain seated as all the exits were shut and closely guarded. There was nothing to fear, however, he said, as after collecting and handing over to him a sufficient sum of money and jewels as ransom, he and his merry men would quit the theatre and allow the performance to take place. By some mysterious means, however, news of the daring exploit had reached the garrison. Colonel Nevill marched his troops down to the theatre and on to the stage, surrounded the brigands and arrested the chieftain and his men.

Mrs. Nevill, like all good ladies, dearly loved a bit of scandal. She was telling me rather a spicy story of an officer in one of the regiments at Secunderabad who had got himself into a serious scrape. It appeared that he had taken out in his buggy one of the young ladies of the station, and on her return she complained that during the drive the young man had so far forgotten himself as to attempt to kiss her. For this offence he had to leave his regiment. I remarked that this seemed rather a severe punishment, as even according to the lady the offence complained of was not actually committed.

"My dear Mr. Ward, that is just where he was most to blame," said Mrs. Nevill. "I think he richly deserved all he got. Had he been successful you

can take my word for it no one would ever have been any the wiser."

There was some talk of my painting the portrait of the Nizam of Hyderabad, but alas! this project was nipped in the bud by the occurrence of a tragic complication in the tangled mesh of his domestic circle. A much married man already (there were three thousand women in his zenana), he had fallen in love with a dancing girl, and declared his intention of nominating as his heir the child of this union. His other wives, who looked askance at the usurper, promptly adopted measures to frustrate this new-fangled fancy of their lord and master. They do not stick at trifles in a Native State, and this menace to their own ambitious schemes was not to be tolerated for a moment. The boy passed away—poisoned—the Nizam was prostrated with grief—and that portrait of his Royal Highness has still to be painted.

I would that I were able to tell you how wonderful Hyderabad really is, especially at sunset. Most descriptive writers specialize in sunsets. There was a famous novelist who was all the rage in the 'eighties, William Black, author of "A Daughter of Heth," etc., who covered page after page with sunset stuff as seen in Scotland by a loyal son of that rugged land, but that did not prevent him from taking up his abode in a very fine house in Brighton, where he could observe the sunset in great comfort. He was credited also with a departure from the conventional book type of beauty, the majority of his heroines being irregular of feature, sprinkled with freckles. The scheme of his crazy skywork was dictated from visions of a sun sinking

to rest over the roof of a Kemp Town boarding-house; the love of his life was for no snub-nosed, freckled gawk—his heart went out to the stately, statuesque beauty of Mary Anderson. Her star was at that time at its zenith, and when she eventually married and retired from the stage, in the fullness of her fame and exquisite beauty, to live her own life in a tiny village in Worcestershire, poor William Black took to his bed and all but died of grief. He was nursed by a devoted wife, full of sweet sympathy for her love-sick husband.

I can see Mary Anderson now, as she swept into the Long Gallery of the Royal Academy on a gala night, surrounded by a throng of distinguished men, all vieing with each other in paying tribute to a queen of beauty who was entirely unspoilt by the adulation and applause showered upon her brief but brilliant stage career.

This, however, has little or nothing to do with the sunsets you may see from Golconda—that vast, desolate plain all aflame with the glory of the dying day, drawing its dusky shroud around the tombs of the kings.

CHAPTER XI

EAST AND WEST

MUCH remained to be seen in Hyderabad. There was the ride through the maze of the native city, crowded with fantastic colour, so dense that you must make the journey aloft on a great elephant. I was warned on no account to embark alone upon an inspection of the intricacies of the native bazaar, but finding myself in its vicinity during one of my early morning walks the temptation was too strong to be resisted, especially as I fancied myself in need of a new pugaree for my solar topee.

Wandering through the labyrinth of the lanes of little shops, I handed my solar topee to a native and attempted to describe my wants in dumb-show, as I did not possess a vocabulary in Hindustani to meet the exigencies of the situation. I seated myself on the tiny counter under the shelter of the awning, and awaited the execution of my small commission with all the patience possible under the circumstances. It appeared, however, that I had applied at the wrong emporium, and my pith helmet, without which I was held a prisoner, was promptly spirited away to some distant establishment where they dealt in pugarees. Meanwhile there was I perched

on my counter wondering what their game was. Deprived of the protection of my pith helmet it was certain sunstroke to venture out of the shade of my shop, for the terrible, white, hot sun was already high in the heavens.

Dancing dervishes made a devilish din in a ring around me, and all manner of queer warriors carrying more pistols and guns of archaic pattern than any native alive could have been taught to load or fire, came and leered at me. Being powerless to move I had to put as good a face as possible on the silly situation until my solar topee was at length restored to me. I have been told that in China a good many years ago when Europeans ventured out tiger-hunting the hostile Chinks did not find it necessary to murder them; they just took away their pith head and neck coverings and His Majesty the Sun did the rest.

It is unwise to wander alone in strange places, and a fool trick to part with your head covering in tropical countries under any pretext whatever, and as I sat there in that shop I felt a burst of relief when at last I espied a native boy running down the cobbled lane, carrying in his hand my solar topee in all the glory of a new pugaree, for it brought me freedom to escape from the shade of my tiny prison. It was getting towards midday and almost too hot to bear, before I reached the shelter of our ramshackle hotel.

This was in Central India during the year 1896, and yet, eighteen years later, the summer of 1914, caught me committing the same folly—wandering alone, climbing the trackless heights of the Rocky Mountains.

We were a party of half a dozen travellers encamped by the Radium Hot Springs, a few thousand feet up from Sinclair in the Columbia Valley. It was a wonderful place, a veritable "Pool of Siloam," full of all but boiling water, so hot that it would cook an egg in a few minutes, and a most excellent toddy it made if mixed with a modicum of pre-war whisky. All around us soaring into the sky were the vast heights of the Rockies, reached by hidden tracks known only to the Indian trappers and local ranchers.

A road-builder, who passed through our camp, enthused to me of the wonders to be seen from some heights overlooking our camp, above which I had observed a great eagle in flight from time to time. He described the break in the undergrowth two miles along the valley where the creek was crossed by the track, and said that by following this winding way up through the forest I should emerge after a few hours into an opening among the great trees—myriads of them rose aloft three hundred feet into the fair sky—and once there I should be rewarded by a view the like of which few eyes had ever rested upon.

The daily duties of working our little camp were shared among us, and it fell to my lot, being a naturally early riser, to quit my tent before dawn, collect the wood, light a fire and prepare the early breakfast for the small community, after which I usually wandered off with my sketching things until tiffin time. But the road-builder's story had kindled all my smouldering desire for discovering what lay beyond the immediate range of hills by

which we were surrounded. And so it fell out that after early tea one morning I wandered away in search of the break in the brushwood near where the track crossed the creek.

Having found what appeared to resemble the sort of rough trail described by my road-builder, it seemed only natural that I should venture a short distance as a trial trip prior to embarking upon the main expedition which should be reserved for some future occasion. But the wanderlust had taken command of my soul, and with no wise counsellor at my elbow to warn me that so far and no farther should I venture until more suitably equipped for the undertaking, I went on and on. The track had disappeared within quite a short distance from the starting point, and I was soon winding my way up in great spirals. One great silent hill after another, terrace upon terrace of them, stretched out north, south, east and west, like a sinister counterpane spreading itself out to smother your egress from their undulations.

Aloft, I soon could see the glistening silver of the everlasting snows, and it was from here that I could appreciate the majesty of the Sinclair Ridge, far away over the Columbia Valley. There was everything to tempt you still higher and higher. You were monarch of all the mountains. The solitary sound was the tinkle of the tiny creek far away down on the floor of the world below. Those great hills must be crowded with hidden life ; you knew that it *must* be so. Now and then, you were half ashamed to catch yourself casting a backward, furtive look, lest some wild, swift, four-footed thing,

with padded hoof were stealing noiselessly in your wake to take you unawares. But the silence! It was the solemnity of that vast silence which filled you with wonder as to how it came about that so large a world should be left with no sign of anything human ever having been there at any time through the ages. A World to Let!

Seized with an absorbing desire to reach an altitude commanding a view of the range of countless crags encircling me on every side, I hurried on, and in my haste grew a little reckless. Soon, scrambling along a ridge of rock, I was held up by the first real difficulty in my day's climb. I discovered a formidable gap which must be crossed—a yawning abyss, the mere sight of which turned me dizzy and faint. By a fortunate chance the wall of rock which I should have to negotiate in order to cross that chasm did not incline outwards. Luckily, also, I was in possession of a stout stick with a strong metal ferrule, with which I was able to scrape a sort of ridge in the rock to act as a foothold for the very few steps separating me from safety. Forcing myself to visualise almost anything rather than the nerve-racking business before me, I eventually summoned enough presence of mind to carry me over the edge of that bottomless pit.

From there the ascent was easy and my eyes were gladdened by the most glorious vision. Around me lay all the hills of heaven, and below the Columbia River wound its way into eternity. Only this and that awful silence. It was really rather difficult to tear oneself away, but, clad only in a flannel shirt and a pair of slacks stuffed into canvas-topped,

rope-soled boots, without food or drink, and no tobacco, it was high time to make for the camp, which was a long way off. I knew if I did not reach it before dark I should be in trouble. The daytime was hot, over 100 in the shade, but the nights were freezing cold and unbearable without plenty of warm clothing. McLaughlin, the Irish lad, acting as lackey in our camp kitchen, once lost a friend of his in those parts. They were out on a survey of sorts, and a reward was offered for the recovery of the body. Being a practical sort of fellow, McLaughlin went off alone, not wishing to share the reward with anyone else. "I brought him in all right," he said, "he was so stiff and dry and hard that I could leave him standing up in a corner at nights, and he was quite light to bring along. I delivered him and got the money."

With no trace of any track I had only the sun to act as guide in the way of direction. Slithering down a mountain side is almost as arduous as making the ascent. You go gaily along, hoping for the best of luck in not finding yourself face to face with an impasse forcing you to retrace your steps in search of a safer way home. A stout pair of thick leather gloves fitting well over the wrist saved me from disaster many times that day. They enabled me to lay hold of anything without risk of tearing the skin from my hands.

The foothold was of the flimsiest, but my leather gauntlets were my salvation. Soon a great ridge of boulders impeded my progress, but from the base of one of them a stoutish cedar appeared to be growing, which promised to be a real assistance

enabling me to lower myself down the flat side of the rock against which it grew. Flinging one arm around this support I leant my full weight upon it. How was I to know that the tree was rotten at its root? It snapped with a crack like a pipe stem—down it went, hurling me into the ravine below. Crash! Bang! Flung from rock to rock. Should I ever stop falling? I was like a fourteen stone shuttlecock being tossed about from one boulder to another, bruised by these grim battledores. I handed them off with all the skill I could summon, intensified as it must ever be when faced with sudden peril—but the pace was too hot. I was beaten at last by an awful crash on the side of the head.

When I "came to," I was quite a long time lying there before I could make up my mind which bone in my body had been left unbroken. I was bleeding from the head and both legs. With some surprise I found I was able to raise myself into a sitting posture from which I could examine the condition of my limbs. All things have their compensation: as a support for varicose veins, my legs were heavily bandaged from the foot to well above the knee. This had saved me. One crack on the inside of the right leg had really fractured one of the bones, but it was held in position by the blessed bandages, the other bone acting as a splint.

Somehow the sun seemed to be in a different position in the sky from that in which it was when I fell. From that I judged that at least three hours must have elapsed since the moment of that final smash, and I awoke to the fact that there was no time to be lost. Even if I were fortunate in finding my way it would

take me at least four hours to rejoin my friends in the camp. If darkness intervened, I could certainly pass the night in the mountains, but minus covering of any sort or kind, the cold would quickly make an end of me, and my friends would wonder what had happened, for what was left of me might never be found in a hundred years.

Entirely at a loss as to the precise course to follow, my instinct told me that a trail of shingly stones, out of which every trace of vegetation had been washed, must at some time or other have been a watercourse, which, if followed, should eventually lead me at some point to the creek which flowed through our camp.

It was a very weary Edwin Ward that limped into his tent about nine o'clock that night. They brought me some Bovril. Whisky was what I wanted, but the nursing sister, who was one of our party, said, "No." It was probably mainly a case of concussion.

An experienced engineer, named Anderson, who was staying in the camp, making a survey, told me afterwards that though he had lived in the mountains for the last twenty-five years, nothing would induce *him* to embark upon a trip like mine alone. No one with any experience would entertain the thought of such a thing for a moment. In the mountains anything might happen, and you must have company. But in fifty years I have found precious few people who could be called even possible as companions for such an expedition. The only incomparable one was himself the pioneer in this very visit to the Radium Hot Springs.

Twenty-five years before I had painted the portrait of St. John Harmsworth in breeches and brown riding-boots. He was far and away the most attractive young man I had ever met. It was his last term at Oxford, but he was quite unlike any undergraduate of my acquaintance. There was no game at which he did not excel. He was captain of the Oxford soccer team, although a chill, contracted after winning a practice match against Preston North End, robbed him of his "Blue." At lawn tennis he might, had that been his ambition, easily have become a champion, for not only was he the swiftest thing on two feet I ever saw, but he was possessed of extraordinary power in the shoulders, forearm and wrist, with a pair of the cleverest hands. There was nothing with a ball that he could not do. The only really athletic member of a very large family, St. John Harmsworth was gifted with a swiftness of vision and a sense of touch quite uncanny in its power and delicacy, and was the finest example of the cultured, athletic young Englishman it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

But super-excellent as he was at all these things, he took a pure, boyish delight in the game for its own sake. He was far too wise to waste the sweets of life in winning championships. Far rather would he play "snob-cricket" with a few cronies on a lawn than figure in an eleven at Lords. Unlike most other people excelling at games, he took the greatest delight in long rambles over the Downs, without gun, rod or "pottering" iron—"they must have an object, just as if all the wonders of sky, cliff and sea were not enough"—also he would get up at

sunrise, the best of all times. This began our friendship.

And yet—a miserable motor-car crushed all this splendid manhood out of action, just as he arrived at the zenith of his powers, physical and mental.

Instead of meekly resigning himself to the fate of a confirmed invalid with all its attendant and endless limitation, he faced the problem of his new existence with dauntless courage, carrying on the control of a great world-wide industry in the production and distribution of Perrier Water.

Prior to his lamentable accident he had been sent to France by his brother, Lord Northcliffe, to qualify for an important post on the Paris "Daily Mail." It was during this period, occupied in perfecting his knowledge of the French language that in company with his tutor, Professor Méthol, he paid a visit as a short holiday to Nîmes. It was then he first made the discovery of the purity and excellence of the Sparkling Water known then locally as "Vergeze," produced at a village of that name by a Dr. Perrier who also ran a small hydro to exploit the healing properties of the baths supplied from the famous springs known as "Les Bouillens."

In an incredibly short time St. John Harmsworth had acquired an option on the business; designed a new bottle and label; christened it Perrier Water, and by the exercise of fierce energy flung its fame wide to every quarter of the civilized world.

In 1913 I visited Aigues Mortes, an ancient walled city on the shores of the Mediterranean, where he had installed his bottle works—the last

ST. JOHN HARMSWORTH.

From picture painted by Edwin A. Ward (exhibited in Royal Academy).

word in that class of industry. Lord Northcliffe, who was one of the party, turning to me, said: "This is an achievement to be proud of even were it the work of a man 'on his feet'—but for a young man in the helpless condition of my brother, it is little short of marvellous."

CHAPTER XII

JAPAN

FREEDOM and solitude are hard things to find. I have sought them vainly even in the Egyptian desert. Prepared somewhat for a little Arabian interference when in proximity to the great Pyramids, I was horrified at the hordes of turbaned Bedouins who tussled and fought for the privilege of possessing me and all but laid violent hands upon me, so strenuous was their desire to guide my faltering footsteps. I was compelled to accept the situation from which there was no earthly chance of escape. Having engaged the warrior who won the competition which raged around my unfortunate person, I meekly agreed to belong absolutely to him, body and soul, but on one condition—that all the other guides and all their donkeys should be dissuaded from trampling upon or otherwise molesting me.

It was not easy to induce him to allow me to make a sketching expedition unattended, and how right he was I realized the moment his protecting arm was withdrawn. There sprang out of the sands of the desert a fresh swarm of vigorous ruffians who insisted upon mounting guard. I was reduced to the necessity of including them in the sketch as

they not only refused point-blank to get out of the way, but insisted that it was their business to enforce the principle that no tourist should ever be allowed to experience the sensation of being, even temporarily, without the luxury of a guide in the solitude of their desert.

Not being at all fond of "personally conducted" touring of any sort or kind, I love to find my own way even by losing it, and I seem to have no sort of luck with guides, professional or otherwise.

After leaving India on my tour of the East I went on to Japan. Arriving in Tokio in the spring of 1897 (if you ever visit Japan mind you get there in the blossom time) the only personal letter of introduction I had brought with me was one to Professor W. K. Burton, who, according to popular report among the natives, so I was gravely informed, had come out to Japan as Professor of Sanitary Engineering to the University of Tokio, although for personal convenience all he seemed to require was an open window. He certainly was most eccentric in all he did but attractive beyond the common, beloved by the Japs, and held in high esteem by all members of the Legation including Sir Ernest Satow, Sir Gerard Lowther, Ernest Parlett and Captain Brinkley—all men of the highest culture and distinguished record.

Burton himself, apparently the most absent-minded man ever marooned in the Far East, was accomplished in many directions quite apart from the practice of his calling. His "Handbook on Photography" is still used and regarded as a classic

although thirty years have witnessed immense advancement in that wonderful science.

Shortly after my arrival I duly called upon the Professor and presented my letter of introduction. He lived a little way out of the city in a bungalow with his Japanese wife. In common with many others of the foreign professors of the University of that period, he had taken unto himself a girl of the coolie class "without benefit of clergy," but a few years afterwards a sister with strong Presbyterian proclivities had arrived to stay with him and in deference to her scruples Burton had entered into bonds of matrimony. This had promptly necessitated the enlargement of his establishment as, according to custom, a strong contingent of his wife's relations straightway settled down in his compound, and though they did not actually invade his tiny dwelling, they made free of all the resources of his hospitable menage, at the same time holding their relative-in-law in high respect, not only from the fact that he was generous to a fault, but because they were proud to be allied by wedlock to one of the Samurai class (a matter of the highest importance to the Japanese). Burton was a lineal descendant of the famous Robert Burton, a contemporary of Shakespeare and author of that immortal work, "The Anatomy of Melancholy."

He welcomed me with becoming professional gravity, but after perusing my letter of introduction he showed signs of considerable merriment. It appeared to recall some humorous incident, and as he turned the letter over he said, "It may sound a stupid story, but I really must tell you what happened

about dear old Feeney. He was due to stay with me here and arrived rather late in the evening in merry mood, having obviously said good-bye to his shipmates very heartily and very often. Being very tired he begged to be excused and allowed to retire for the night. This also suited my plans, as it is my habit to go to bed not later than ten-thirty whatever happens. The little room he occupied was also used as a sort of overflow room for odds and ends of my photographic paraphernalia. Feeney, it appears, awoke in the night suffering from an all-consuming thirst. In his sleepy condition he saw arranged upon some shelves what appeared to be bottles of beer. Taking one down and unscrewing the stopper he took a pull at the contents which proved to be carbolic acid. His yells of agony promptly brought me to his rescue and I had some difficulty in allaying his suffering, as he had burnt himself seriously."

As later on I was to stay with him, perhaps Burton deemed it wise to warn me as to the somewhat haphazard disposition of his store of poisons. He proceeded to advise me as to how best I could employ the time at my disposal, and said that in the event of my requiring the services of a competent guide he strongly recommended a young Japanese gentleman, a pupil of his own, who would be glad to undertake the duty at the nominal fee of a dollar a day and his keep so that he might have the opportunity of practising and perfecting his knowledge of the English language. It was a weak thing to do considering my full-blown hate for the whole race of guides, but overborne by the Professor's

obvious desire to serve his student protégé I found myself committed to a guide for the whole term of my stay in Japan.

Quite early in the morning following I was awakened from my slumbers by the strangest apparition ; it was my guide—Nakajima—and he had come to stay. Dispensing with anything in the way of an introduction save that of a rather non-commital kind of giggle, he doffed a dreadful bowler hat and disclosed a close cropped head thickly studded with scrubby bristle. Nature had not been kind to Nakajima ; his eyes were of the cross-over kind which a pair of enormous goggles did not contrive to conceal ; his mouth ran over with teeth of the protruding variety, sheltering a small and receding chin.

After divesting himself of a paper collar he seated himself and, producing a notebook and pencil, proceeded to read out his programme for the day. He had projected a perfect riot of excursions to some of the famous show places of Japan which he had not previously been fortunate enough to explore. Nakajima's devotion to his duties undermined his sense of proportion. His thirst for knowledge and uncontrolled desire for general improvement were apt to become tiresome and often obscured his sense of the simple rules governing the relations between buyer and seller.

Keen to acquire a knowledge of colloquial Japanese I suggested to my guide that, as far as possible, we should try to converse in that language. Nakajima would have none of this. "It is necessary, sir, for my improvement that we should speak

much English." We were at loggerheads upon practically every topic.

During my first few days in Tokio I stayed at the Imperial Hotel, where you see about as much of Japan and Japanese customs as you would find in Northumberland Avenue. With some little difficulty I obtained a room at the "Tai Zan Kan" Hotel—the Ritz of the native side of Tokio—where for a dollar a day I enjoyed the privacy and quiet necessary for my work, after which, in the evening, I could go along and sup with my friends. It was occasionally very late when I returned to the Tai Zan Kan, but however late it happened to be I observed that two or three of the tiny maids were at the entrance to the hotel, striving to hide their sleepy gapes and yawns. According to custom they insisted upon waiting up for me, toddling me away to my room, taking off my clothes, popping me into bed, and after arranging my tea things, charcoal fire and queer little lantern, they made their pretty obeisance—"Sayonara"—and away they waddled.

My mode of life was obviously at variance with that observed by the habitués of the hotel, and my guide had experienced considerable difficulty in procuring my admission, this being a privilege very rarely conceded to a foreigner. Curiosity had been aroused by the advent of a stranger who elected to leave all the comforts of the European hotel for the simplicity of a place exclusively used by the Japanese. Nakajima informed me, "Sir! the people of this hotel are complaining of your conduct. They say that you stay in all day and stop out all night."

The meals provided were slight in character: tea minus milk or sugar; plenty of rice but no bread; raw fish but no meat. My apartment was without furniture, there was an entire absence of cutlery, and I lost a good deal of weight before acquiring any degree of dexterity in the manipulation of chop-sticks. But the fare sufficed for my simple needs, supplemented as it was by occasional entertainment provided by the hospitality of numerous friends. The monotony, however, began to pall upon the enterprising temperament of my guide. "Sir! it is necessary for my nourishment that our daily fare should include chicken or similar features of European food. These are not provided by the proprietors of this hotel." He became somewhat mollified when I promised to arrange that he should be included in the invitation for a dinner at the Tokio Club given by two of my friends of the Legation.

Nakajima was very respectably connected, but his family had been reduced in circumstances and he was desirous of impressing his acquaintances with his enhanced importance by appearing as a guest among distinguished company. Nevertheless, I remained a very grievous disappointment to Nakajima. He took not the slightest interest in my daily work as an artist, and failed entirely to understand the necessity of engaging a model to pose hour after hour—the native artists never working from a model. As a great concession he brought his wife one day and I painted a little study of her, Nakajima making it a condition that I would "not allow anyone to purchase it under the rank

of nobleman." His wife certainly was a little lady of very refined appearance. When I remarked upon this Nakajima conceded that "she was very obedient," proceeding to inform me that his father, a widower, had recently remarried and he himself, as a matter of convenience, had consented to marry the sister of his step-mother and that this arrangement made them all very happy.

Fretting and fuming, Nakajima was fairly hipped by my extraordinary reluctance to embark upon expeditions usually included in the programme of the ordinary tourist. "Having already made announcement my friends wish to have explanation of the delay in our departure for Nikko and Mimehoshta." Being a great walker it suited me to make little excursions afoot in and around Tokio. After one or two experiences Nakajima revolted against "this habit only indulged in by persons of lowly station," and enquired before starting out, "Sir, do you walk or take rickshaw? If you wish to walk, then, Sir, I cannot go with you." He refused to run the risk of losing caste by the plebeian habit of pedestrianism.

Two men from the Legation calling one afternoon, I summoned Nakajima and instructed him to bring us three whiskies and sodas. After their departure I enquired why he brought three bottles of whisky when I only ordered three glasses. He giggled in a jocular way and said it was quite all right, his father who had never tasted whisky would be delighted to receive what was left as a present and would gladly experiment with it later on. As I have said, the gods had been curiously unkind to Nakajima

in the matter of looks, and during one of our little talks I ventured to ask him to tell me frankly how our personal appearance affected the people of his race. He was very loath to express any opinion on this subject but, being pressed, at length blurted out, "We think you are beastly in appearance but have kind hearts."

My living-room was a sweet, white, simple apartment, with spotless mats on the floor, unsoiled by any footfall from the outer world (your boots were taken from you as you entered and left in the outer hall). At bedtime a simple mattress and your kimono nightgown were taken from a shelf let into the wall, and you slept there on the floor. At dawn they pulled back the sliding doors which shielded you from a verandah running the length of your portion of the building and opening out into a toy garden with dwarf trees, rocks and waterfall tumbling over miniature boulders. You were thus exposed to the gaze of the world, and when the little sleeping apparatus had been carefully folded and put back on its shelf, you were ready for callers, seven o'clock being quite a usual hour.

I had been a trifle embarrassed by a bathroom incident on the first morning after my arrival. A small primitive bathroom opened out of the passage alongside, and I was enjoying the luxury of a hot tub when one of the little maids presented herself holding out a small white cloth, certainly no larger than a man's pocket handkerchief. In dumb show I endeavoured to suggest that she should lay down her dish-cloth and take her departure. This she had no mind to do. No, there she stood, betraying no

sign of embarrassment. It was up to me to emerge dripping from that tub to take the strip of towel stuff from her hand. Obviously I could not stay sitting in that bath indefinitely, so with all the grace I could assume this was accomplished. Accustomed to the daily use of a voluminous Turkish towel, I found her strip of dish-cloth entirely inadequate, and the little maiden waited with perfect patience, holding out my kimono and watching me finish off the wiping process (it would be a mis-nomer to call it drying) which had reduced her "towel" to the condition of a handful of wet kerchief.

She knew no word of English and I nothing of Japanese, so the indelicacy of the situation could neither be accounted for nor explained away, and yet I divined from her absolute freedom from any affectation of shyness that it was true of the Japanese that "when for the well-being of the community it is convenient to regard any set of circumstances as not being 'on view,' it is so tacitly understood by observed and observers." Take the case of the general custom that at five o'clock in the afternoon both sexes flock to the public baths and sit there stewing themselves minus covering of any kind, chattering away and drinking tea in the steaming hot water.

Nevertheless I endeavoured to persuade Nakajima that I could dispense with the attendance of the maid at my morning bath, but he protested that any reticence of this character might be misunderstood. There was an instance recorded when a foreigner had refused to allow the servants in his bathroom. This gave rise to a rumour that he must be a

devil concealing a long tail. As it happened that a malignant epidemic broke out during his stay in the neighbourhood this was attributed to his machinations, and he had to make a hurried departure, accompanied by a shower of stones, and was in considerable danger of his life.

My own reticence must have given rise to a little gossip, for one evening as the maids were preparing my mattress for the night, while I was busily writing some letters in the corner of my compartment, I observed as they took their departure that one of them had concealed herself under the coverlet, with one of her little beady black eyes intently watching my every movement, and I fancied I heard a good deal of muffled tittering just outside my room. Suspecting some little plot I pretended to be unaware of her presence, and having finished my correspondence I proceeded leisurely to make preparations for retiring to rest. I was just about to draw back the coverlet when the little maid flung it back and making a rush for the door called out in mock terror, "Nakajima! Nakajima!" The rest of the maids and my guide came in choking with laughter; they had arranged the plot among themselves and thought it a huge joke.

Before taking my departure from the Tai Zan Kan, Nakajima suggested that it was incumbent upon me not only to make presents to the servants of the hotel, but also to the proprietor and his wife. He assured me that this was necessary in order to impress the people of the hotel with the importance and rank of his employer. Accordingly a list of these presents was drawn up with the approximate cost,

the total of which was so absurdly out of all proportion to the entire hotel bill that I demurred, protesting that this lavish expenditure was ridiculous and more than could be expected from a man in my position who had to work for his living as an artist, and therefore had to be careful even in the matter of tips. "Sir!" he replied, "I do not think you are too careful, I think you are too mean."

Nakajima's candour never deserted him. At no time the possessor of much costly jewellery, I never encumber myself with anything of great value while travelling. As it happened, the only watch I carried was a cheap Waterbury; if it were lost or stolen it was a matter of no consequence. This watch had proved a most excellent timekeeper, but it incurred the contempt of Nakajima. I expatiated on its merits, but my guide considered it an indignity to be in the service of anyone wearing a watch of that kind, for he assured me that "no Jin-rickshaw man in Tokio could be found who would not be ashamed of owning such a thing."

A shipmate of mine of the "Peshawar" from Colombo to Yokohama, who had been in the habit of spending a few months in Japan during the spring of every year, invited me one evening to a Geisha party. He was a man of considerable wealth and belonged to a distinguished family, and as he spoke the language he was admitted freely into the inner circle of social life in Tokio, which is by no means easy of access to any foreigner. My friend, Lord D., was host for the occasion, and the principal guest was a young Japanese nobleman who had been dispossessed of his inheritance in

consequence of his marriage with a famous Geisha of great beauty named Ponta. He was a most charming and accomplished young fellow and unusually tall for a Japanese, being over six feet in height. He had been compelled to turn to and earn his own living, and being an expert photographer he adopted this as a profession and had already mastered the mysteries of the then recently discovered application of the X-ray, and during the evening he gave us an exposition of this wonderful science.

This was followed by a supper consisting of a variety of dainty dishes peculiar to Japan, diluted by lashings of the most excellent native wine—saki—a cup of festive character which both cheers and inebriates. The fun was fast and furious. The little Jap ladies love all games of cards, and Poker was all the rage. Others played Chonkina. The latter game afforded infinite amusement and caused peals of laughter. It was all a little difficult to follow, as I was without any knowledge of the Japanese language, but it appeared to be a game in which forfeits figured largely. One of the players lost everything, even to his last stitch of clothing. Being duly divested of this, his sole remaining asset, caused the wildest delight, especially amongst the ladies of the Geisha who gathered around him to cover his confusion.

When the party broke up everybody paired off in their rickshaws—such a jumble of laughing, chattering little people all smiles and hairpins—every rickshaw gay and festive with its gaudy little lantern bobbing about, but never burning—

quaint cries coming from the coolies as they raced away each with his rickshaw full to the brim with its burden of merry little maidens. I stood away watching this scene like the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe"—"There's one for he and one for thee but never alas! a one for me."

My host, a fat, jolly old fellow, went off wedged in and almost smothered by his harvest of rainbow-coloured butterflies. He called out to me as I stood there feeling rather neglected, "Help yourself, old fellow, there's a prize for everybody to-night." I thought I was safe from observation out there in the shadow of the maple trees, and was much surprised when one of the little maidens stole stealthily towards me and whispered in my ear (I was unaware that any of them spoke English), "I will come and see you to-morrow, eleven o'clock —do not tell Lord D."

This delicate little attention to the stranger within their gates I attributed to the natural grace of good breeding governing all the actions of the Japanese. I was as much surprised that she was as good as her word as by the unmistakable importance attached to her visit by the proprietor and staff of the hotel, not forgetting the natural pride of my guide Nakajima. His employer, in spite of many disappointing traits, was at least of such outstanding distinction that a well-known Geisha paid him the unheard-of honour of a personal visit at his hotel.

Her advent was announced with a breathless excitement by the proprietor himself, supported by his family and the entire hotel entourage, Naka-

jima proudly acting as spokesman and interpreter. The whole company then made obeisance and retired backwards, bowing as though the occasion bore a royal character, and I was left alone with Me-Sugi.

That this was an occurrence of no ordinary character was evidenced, much to my surprise and embarrassment, during the same evening while at the theatre I found myself sitting in a box next to a Japanese gentleman of distinction who proceeded to congratulate me upon a conquest of so interesting a nature ; and so, in spite of myself, I found I was already accounted quite one of the select without any of the elaborate formula which usually precedes this class of adventure.

The Geisha are more or less highly trained entertainers. They are instructed in the arts of music, singing, acting and dancing, and when they are proficient can be hired out to perform at functions as required. They serve an apprenticeship in establishments run for this purpose, where they are housed, clothed and fed—being kept under strict surveillance and are always accompanied by responsible attendants when fulfilling an engagement to perform at a party. It is quite usual to engage Geisha to entertain your guests after dinner, the cost incurred being in proportion to the professional status of the performers.

An erroneous impression exists to the effect that the ladies of the Geisha are easy of access and " no better than they should be." Any attempt to invade the sanctity of their domicile is swiftly resented. The Japanese are by no means parochial in their

methods of dealing with sex questions, but they insist upon proper respect being paid to the regulations guarding their ancient institutions.

Nakajima was never really happy in my service and made no secret of his disappointment at being baulked of his thirst for travel. He regarded me as the stumbling-block in the path of his progress and expressed no sorrow of any kind at the expiration of the term of our contract. He may have possessed many valuable qualities, but adaptability was certainly not one of them.

CHAPTER XIII

JAPAN (*continued*)

TOWARDS the end of my stay in Tokio I was the guest of Professor Burton, and during my visit he gave a party to the foreign professors of the university—men of learning in every department of literature and science drafted from many of the great capitals of Europe. Some of them, like Burton, had held their appointments for a number of years and at last elected to make their home in Japan. A more attractive coterie of men I never hope to meet. Burton had informed me that though it was quite possible that some of the guests might stay on till a late hour they were perfectly cognizant of the fact that it was his unvarying custom to retire to rest at ten-thirty ; he just faded away at that hour without any formality of farewell and he strongly advised me to do the same the moment I felt like doing so. But the hearty good-fellowship of this cosmopolitan crowd completely won my heart. All sense of time was forgotten in the merriment of the moment, and the later it grew the more difficult it seemed for me, as a member of the household, to tear myself away, especially as I had no inclination to do anything of the kind and made up my mind whatever happened to see it through.

The party gradually dwindled down and down. At last I was left alone with the most hardened "late bird" of the brood. The more whisky he assimilated the less he seemed inclined to leave. His stories became more and more attenuated, increasing in duration as they diminished in interest. It must have been quite four o'clock in the morning before he faded away, the only thing fixed in my memory being the fact that I had listened and listened till I could listen no longer. He was a good fellow, but I was tired to death, and the relief when at last he left was intense.

Burton appeared highly amused as we sat at tiffin on the morning following this banquet. His merriment was so pronounced as to arouse my curiosity. "Do you know what you did last night?" he eventually asked me. "The servants tell me that at four o'clock this morning you took Professor Wood by the scruff of the neck and kicked him out of the house."

My host expressed the opinion that a visit to the Yoshiwara was indicated before leaving Tokio. Accordingly Burton's Japanese wife undertook to make the necessary arrangements, which are of a somewhat elaborate character when, as they put it, visitors of distinction have to be provided for. The Yoshiwara, a city of pleasure some five miles out of Tokio, boasted at that time of a "fairy" population about five thousand strong, admirably administered, and guarded by soldiers.

It is necessary to show proper respect for the code of etiquette controlling so peculiarly a national institution, for manners matter enormously in Japan,

and any clumsy violation of their rules and regulations is keenly resented as being a slight upon their national dignity—in this respect their sense of honour being attuned to a very high pitch.

Mrs. Burton had made all the preliminary preparations. First of all we presented our credentials at a "Tea House of High Repute," where we partook of tea, and a considerable amount of chit-chat was exchanged. From there we were personally conducted (by our new friends of the tea house) to another house, where again much formality of introduction was indulged in and more tea and still more talk. What they found to talk about I haven't the ghost of an idea and I should have been far happier out in the lanes of shops. Miles of shops! windows full of tropical birds brilliantly plumaged, for all the world like beautiful captive Birds of Paradise. They are permitted to make excursions beyond the confines of the Yoshiwara only upon State anniversaries. I was present on the occasion of their annual visit to the national theatre, which was gloriously decorated with cherry blossom in their honour. Many of these ladies have been compelled to adopt "the oldest profession in the world" for a livelihood in order to support their poor relations, and it is accounted an honourable thing to do and does not in any way debar them from ultimately making quite an excellent marriage.

I have seen or heard it stated that in Japan there are no old maids and no bachelors, but I was also assured that however varied the experience of the bride-elect may, or may not, have been before marriage—once married, a faithless wife is all but

an unknown quantity. It was curious, too, with what a keen interest Burton's wife undertook to arrange the details of our expedition to the Yoshiwara, seeing that her own husband was to be a member of the party. I remarked upon this to the Professor, who informed me that so long as no secrecy was resorted to or extravagance indulged in, a Japanese wife was quite pleased that her husband should enjoy reasonable relaxation. But any concealment or dissipation which becomes an encroachment or tax upon the resources of the household—then there is "the devil to pay" and her fury knows no bounds. In fact so practical are they that in order to keep their husbands from spending their evenings away from home, a Japanese wife of middle age will see that her husband has no excuse for straying out of bounds, so long as he provides her with ample means and can afford the luxury of extra entertainment. His wife remains the Great Lady and presides over every detail of her household with infinite grace and undiminished dignity.

It is still a far cry from Fujiyama to Peckham Rye. Having in my early youth been an energetic and enthusiastic collector for the funds of Foreign Missions, it was natural I should welcome a chance of seeing for myself the progress our people were making in persuading the Jap to swop his religion for ours. Let me say at once that my interest was entirely devoid of prejudice. I was determined to discover if possible whether the published stories relating to converts could be verified on the spot.

I called upon one missionary who ran a small boys' school in Tokio. I saw the school, but was

informed by a sort of monitor that the missionary was in bed. I hoped he was not ill. The reply was non-committal, so I waited on but nothing happened even after trying more than once. The schoolroom where I waited did not contain any pupils ; perhaps they had tired of waiting for their master to get up. It was furnished with maps, desks and inkpots, for all the world like any small schoolroom you may still stumble across in many a narrow side street in and around London. I fancied that the missionary might perhaps have been glad to see a man all the way from England who had also acted as a schoolmaster for a very lean period. I waited so long that it suddenly dawned upon me that perhaps for some reason or other my missionary had ceased to care for Western folk altogether, and that the moment I was well out of the way, the pupils and their teacher would come scurrying from their cubby holes and resume their games and spelling bees as if nothing had happened. Be that as it may, my attempt to interview that missionary proved a dismal failure.

The following day I embarked upon an expedition of a similar character some miles away in rather a squalid suburb of Tokio, where I found quite a settlement of missionary activity, somewhat resembling an Indian Reservation, such as you may find in remote places in British Columbia. It consisted of a number of small dwellings dumped down on a piece of waste ground surrounding a larger building obviously designed as a chapel and school-house combined. Here again the half-holiday spirit appeared uppermost ; nothing in particular was

happening. A very dour, dyspeptic, unemotional Primitive Methodist received me in his parlour. He did not evince any particular pleasure at my visit nor did he press me to prolong or repeat it. Obviously those missionaries were comfortably off. I have seen similar dwellings crowded with trashy nick-nacks and noisy carpets no further off than Walham Green.

A Japanese temple is a joy to behold. You could not add or take away without hurt anything from it or indeed from any building purely Japanese. It is spotless and peaceful simplicity personified, but my missionaries had not come to Japan to learn, they came to teach. They came to lighten the darkness of a people whose ancient faith had hitherto sufficed for all their simple needs.

The Jap, swift to assimilate anything with a promise of expansion, seized upon this opportunity of acquiring knowledge for nothing. The men we send out to the Far East as preachers of the Gospel suffer from no lack of disciples. In India, China and Japan they shepherd their little flocks ; they are their stock-in-trade and stand as assets in the shape of " good will " when the missionary makes a move or retires from business. The Roman Catholic shares all the hardships of the people among whom he works—of course he has no wife and family to consider—and even in India, where (so Jamsetjee Tata informed me) not one single honest convert had ever been obtained, the Roman Catholic missionary is respected alike by native and European ; this applies also to the members of the Salvation Army.

A missionary with whom I talked in China, where he had ministered for many years, told me that what made his work so difficult there was the fact that in the main the Chinese possessed all the virtues. Temperate, industrious, dutiful to his parents, affectionate and devoted to his children, there was nothing tangible to attack. But if, in attempting to save his soul, you also enlightened his mind and incidentally contributed to the well-being of his existence, this was an appeal that rarely failed. And as a mission is usually a haven of comfort wherever you find it, conducted by a community devoting their lives to improving the condition of their congregation, it is not a matter of surprise that in mission work you find many of the most useful elements contributing to progress as we understand it.

The Burton *ménage* was a masterpiece in the matter of surprises. The Professor in his invitation had begged me to come along, adding, "there are occasional meals, also you will find whisky and bottled ale and stout in the cupboard by the window in the sitting-room." Departing to his duties at the university at an early hour he often did not return before bedtime. In the absence of her lord, Mrs. Burton passed her time in the compound adjoining the house, which was thickly inhabited by various complicated branches of her relatives. It was a strange remote establishment, approached by a long drive and at the entrance was a great swinging gate.

I was due to dine out on the first day of my visit to Burton's house, and on my remarking that it was possible I might be rather late, he replied that it

did not matter in the least because, although they usually retired at an early hour, the outer door was never locked. On my return some time after midnight I was about to open the gate leading up to the drive when two enormous dogs dashed headlong down the patch and leapt madly at the bars of the gate in an attempt to tear me limb from limb. I was in no hurry to come to grips with these furious animals and thought it rather curious of Burton not to have mentioned the fact that his house was guarded by wild beasts of this character. I hoped that the infernal din they were kicking up would awaken him sufficiently to hurry to my assistance and, failing that, that perhaps the animals might tire and enable me to open the gate and make my way home. But each attempt to lift the latch only infuriated the dogs to a fresh outburst of violence. No sign of life came from the silent house. It was a most humiliating position, and if I had not been so far from the hotel I really think I should have chosen to return there, rather than face those fearsome hounds. On the other hand, it would rank as cowardice if I elected to stay out there indefinitely in the middle of the night, frightened by two barking dogs.

Then I remembered being told that if you are able to summon enough courage to assume an attitude of absolute indifference it will disarm the hostility of any strange dog. Eventually this is what I did —with my hands down by my side I passed through the gate and walked slowly up the drive as though nothing mattered. The dogs made a fearful row but did not attempt to hurt me.

Mentioning the incident to the Professor the following day, he only said: "Oh! I forgot those dogs. They are two stray wild dogs we took in out of pity the other day. They are awfully savage; they killed and ate a boy only a few days ago."

Burton attended a State function at the palace one evening and begged me not to wait up, but the desire to hear details of the affair, fresh and at first hand, induced me to sit up. It was hardly worth while, for when Burton at last returned he proceeded first of all to divest himself of all his court finery, which he flung on the floor, until he carried not a stitch save his loin cloth, and then expressed a strong desire to fight me. Upon some bottled beer being forthcoming, he became more genial and broke out into smiles, but his story of the party at the palace was very scrappy and rather blurred.

Burton was a man of many friendships, beloved by all with whom he came in contact. On the eve of my departure, whilst I was busily packing my things, he informed me that an old friend had called, a rather remarkable man, to whom he would like to introduce me, but warned me that his friend being a man who evinced the strongest likes and dislikes to strangers, our interview might not prove to be a highly successful experiment. He further informed me that his friend had recently been rather under a cloud, having emerged from the unpleasant experience of a murder charge, heard before a court of the British Legation. It appeared that the case against him had been dismissed, but the effect of the enquiry had hardly enhanced a reputation which already had suffered somewhat from his previous

record as a Seal Pirate. The seal fishery among the islands had been leased to the Russian Government. Hoshino (that was the pirate's Japanese name) in partnership with a bank clerk named Snow had been in the habit of chartering a sloop, slipping away during the foggy season and poaching the seal skins from under the nose of the Russian fishing fleet. This had occasioned several sanguinary encounters and much friction between the respective governments.

In fact, Hoshino and Snow were in the position of a brace of outlaws, but this amazing pair of scamps, at the finish of the fishing season for seals, calmly came ashore to resume their lawful avocations. Snow was to be found again on his stool at the bank, a model of integrity, while Hoshino retired to his home and his wife up in Fuji where, married to a Japanese lady of high degree, he ran a sort of hostel, but so far as I was able to discover it had not brought him any great prosperity. He was a man of powerful physique but uncertain temper, and when thoroughly aroused became a public danger, so much so, that casualties having become quite common as the result of a conflict of opinion between Hoshino and his adversaries, the magistrates officiating in the district in which he lived at last issued an edict to the effect that Hoshino must not be contradicted.

He really was the son of an English clergyman living in Essex, and although for fifteen years he had never been home, I was credibly informed that he wrote to his Ma by every mail. I rashly laid myself under a promise later to call upon his

parents on my return to England, but when that time came, such a visit seemed to bristle with difficulties. There appeared so many enquiries which would baffle the ingenuity of Ananias to tackle successfully that I shelved the business and after the lapse of a little time abandoned the idea altogether.

My first impression of Hoshino as Burton introduced me that day was one very difficult to define. A desperado with the deprecating pose of a Sunday-school teacher—diffident and apologetic in manner at first, he gradually warmed to his work and enriched his talk with a startling torrent of strange oaths, lurid and tropical, smacking of dirty weather aboard some creaky old ocean tramp. A costume all black down to tie, bowler and boots, enveloped a huge frame of great strength and obvious activity. His sense of fun leaked out and bubbled over every seam of his sombre outfit. He was like an awkward overgrown schoolboy in his best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, but there was a queer little quiver in the upper lid of the left eye which completely gave the game away. His reserve soon vanished and we became good friends from the start—so much so that he proposed accompanying me on my return journey to Yokohama.

Arriving there I drove straight to the ship and deposited my heavy baggage and learned that there was no chance whatever of her sailing for at least a fortnight; she had been badly battered in a typhoon off Kobe on the outward trip. The officers informed me that it was so bad that the cargo shifted, and as they were loaded up with iron rails

there was great danger of the freight crashing through the iron plates of the ship's hull. The Lascar crew could not be induced to go down into the hold and these young officers had been obliged to do the dangerous work with their own hands. A risky business this—chaining up great bundles of slithering iron rails which were being flung from side to side as the ship rolled to an angle of 45°.

There was no help for it, I must find something to occupy me for a further fortnight. In the Club I found some naval men of my acquaintance who invited me to tiffin in H.M.S. "Edgar," a first-class cruiser lying in the bay with the China Fleet. The "Edgar" was full of memories for me. Only a few months before this a Captain of Marines serving in that ship had "put me to sleep" in a drinking bout. It was in this wise.

The ward-room officers in the "Edgar" had every reason to be proud of their Captain of Marines. He was not only a very smart officer but also in spite of a frail and slender physique he possessed a power of assimilating mixed liquors which I have seldom seen equalled. I had had some slight previous experience of him on the P. and O. "Peshawar" from Colombo to Hong Kong, when I certainly had noticed he made excellent practice and probably he had reported well of me to his brother officers. Anyway, an invitation coupled with a courteous challenge reached me at Yokohama saying that the ward-room officers would be glad to see me for tiffin in the "Edgar," where were arranged rows of appetising cocktails for which their Chinese

barman was renowned, and it was suggested that a little trial of strength might wile away the tedium of the afternoon if I would consent to a competition with their debonair little champion of the Marines. The Paymaster would act as referee and undertook to see that all was fair and above board; the Captain of Marines to set the pace and I to follow suit.

After quite an orgy of cocktails (Ichi Bans) we adjourned to the ward-room for tiffin, during which we quaffed the table beer followed by lashings of port as supplied to the navy. After this we went ashore to the Club to play billiards. I don't recollect who won the game, but I remember we swallowed a very indiscreet quantity of whisky and soda. The following stage was removed to a dinner on my P. and O. ship the "Verona," berthed off the Bund where I was staying. We had an excellent meal with champagne. It was during dinner that I fully realized the fact of my complete defeat and, throwing up the sponge, I withdrew quietly to my cabin and sought the safety of my bunk, where I peacefully slept off the effects of the fight, while my doughty opponent went on from strength to strength, returning to his ship in triumph in the small hours.

Having first of all ascertained that my Captain of Marines was away on leave, I gladly consented to go aboard the "Edgar" for tiffin to renew the pleasure of meeting my friends in that hospitable ward-room, especially as there was no talk of a return match between the Savage Club and the Royal Marines. Hoshino had disappeared for the moment

on some private business of his own, but on his return I told him that I was taking tiffin on the "Edgar" and that they would be delighted to see any friend of mine.

"Would they?" said he with marked emphasis, "would they? The last time I was on board a man o' war I was there eight months in irons."

This frank avowal roused me to the fact that my new-found comrade was no "curly-haired child." I was to learn afterwards that he jumped overboard in irons and swam ashore—a feat requiring the most prodigious strength and daring.

Wishing to make a sketch of the "Edgar" I took my paint-box aboard with me and after tiffin they kindly loaned me the ship's pinnace, and for a couple of hours I sat there out in the bay painting a little picture of the cruiser. Coming ashore later in a sampan I was promptly arrested by the Japanese police, carried off to an adjacent station and commanded to disclose all the paraphernalia of my oil painting outfit. They regarded my zinc-lined box filled with tubes with the gravest suspicion as probably containing highly dangerous explosives. They were not reassured until I had demonstrated to their complete satisfaction the innocent character of these implements by showing them the picture of the ship and the use of the pigments employed. After this I was released with many apologies.

Hoshino had not been idle in my absence. "Now," said he, "there are only two ways of spending this fortnight, pending the refitting and repairing of your ship. I can obtain the loan of a small craft to take us for a short cruise along the coast or, if

you prefer it, you can return with me to my home up in Fuji."

The latter suggestion, with profuse thanks, I begged to decline, feeling somehow safer in the hands of my pirate amid surroundings of a more neutral character. It was also in my mind that he had only recently cleared himself with difficulty from a charge connected with the disappearance of a man of means who had found the mountain air of Fuji of so stimulating a nature that he had died of it.

Hoshino handled our little craft with the skill of a master and the boat flew before the breeze like a great bird along the fringe of the coast. After an hour or two of sailing in silence he brought our boat alongside the landing of a most beautiful temple, sitting right on the edge of the sea. Whether we were expected or not, there awaited us the warmest of welcomes from clusters of gaily clad little maidens who thronged the verandah. Several of them were amusing themselves by fishing from the edge of the landing, but on our arrival they dropped their little bamboo rods and flocked around us as we disembarked and conducted us up the great steps leading into the shadow under the wide eaves of the temple.

From the start I could see that Hoshino was no stranger, and this was emphasized by the fact that one of the daintiest among the little maidens took complete charge of him from the outset. She showed us into a simple, spotless apartment where she proceeded very busily to write.

" What is she doing, Hoshino ? " I asked.

Japanese Lady at Fishing Picnic, Shiwo-hi.

"She is writing to my wife up in Fuji to say that we have arrived and that every care will be taken of us during our stay."

"But surely won't that make trouble?"

"Oh, no! my wife knows all about this little girl. In fact, later in the year when she wants a change of air for a few weeks my wife will receive her as a guest in her home in Fuji. We also know her people, who are not too prosperous, and that is why this dear little girl elected to come here and so make substantial contribution to the depleted family exchequer. She will in all probability make quite a good marriage later on."

Hoshino suggested that as it was my first visit it would be a graceful thing to give a supper-party. He invited the guests and we had quite a merry time. Supper consisted of the most delicious prawn cutlets, for which the place was famous, cups of saki, Japanese lager beer, and Hoshino unearthed a case of excellent whisky. For the following day he had arranged a water picnic—in fact, what with fishing excursions, athletic sports, dramatic entertainments, poker parties, etc., he displayed a perfect genius as entrepreneur, leaving never a dull moment by night or day.

On the morn of our departure he said, "Now for the bill; it will be pretty stiff as we have entertained so much. But I will check it and see that you are not overcharged." It was certainly the longest bill I have ever seen—it was the length of the room. "Yes! it's pretty steep," admitted Hoshino, "but never mind, you pay and I will settle up in Yokohama."

We were to spend our last evening in some obscure den in Yokohama—a favourite haunt and meeting place of sailor men, the scum of the seven seas, most of them at some time or other shipmates of my friend Hoshino. He certainly appeared to be very much at home and became very noisy as the night advanced. It was a great crowded room, reeking of rum and heavy with sweltering humanity; the atmosphere dense and clouded with foul tobacco smoke; men with a hook instead of a hand or beating out the time of a tune with the business end of a timber foot. I was watching the clock. At four o'clock my ship was due to sail and I must be aboard willy-nilly without fail. The time was growing near, and preparing to go I looked around to say my farewell to Hoshino. There he was in full swing standing high up on a battered old grand piano conducting the chorus of some old chanty of the sea.

"Where do you think you're going?" he shouted. "Much better stay with us. That rotten ship of yours will never reach England. Aren't you enjoying yourself? Why go?"

Slipping away I turned and caught just one last glimpse of my friend towering above a crowd of ruffians, shrieking the refrain of some blasphemous fo'c'sle ditty with uplifted glass at arm's length.

The grey dawn was just breaking as I stepped into a rickshaw and was borne swiftly and silently alongside the great ship. The din of the derrick and rattle of chains as the ship was released from her moorings—the scurry of Lascars as the sharp word of command rang out—what a different setting

this orderly discipline to the wild orgy I had left behind me!

It made me a trifle sad, knowing as I clambered up the slippery gangway that I was awaking from the dream of my life.

I was leaving Japan.

CHAPTER XIV

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, twenty-five years ago, had already amassed an immense fortune and was a power in the land, although he was still a very young man.

I met him first in 1897, after my return from the East. He had seen portraits by me at the town house of Sir Henry Lucy, and as he wished to possess similar work of mine he asked me to call at Carmelite House to discuss a plan of action, and make an appointment. I was lunching out that day, and was due to meet Alfred Harmsworth at three-thirty. My cabman did not know Carmelite House—neither did I—and he drove me all round the Temple with the result that I was a few minutes late in keeping my appointment.

Mr. Sutton (now Sir George Augustus Sutton, Bart.) was business secretary in those days, sitting in the outer room. He informed me that as I was a few minutes late Mr. Harmsworth, whose appointments were booked to the minute, would be unable to see me until he had completed his other engagements.

I waited, and I hate waiting. Can you picture me staring at the door all that dreary afternoon, while

many other men came and went during those few hours that seemed a thousand years, only to be informed at the end of it, in reply to my query: "Is there any chance of seeing Mr. Harmsworth to-day?" "Sorry, Mr. Harmsworth has left the building."

I left it too, rage tearing at my heart. A following letter quite courteously informed me that Mr. Harmsworth was sorry not to have been able to see me as he was going abroad for six months, but hoped to upon his return to town.

Sure enough I was summoned to Berkeley Square when he came back—the appointment struck me as rather strange—it was for 9.30 a.m.! I arrived on the stroke of time and was shown up without delay, and saw Alfred Harmsworth for the first time. He was "in the buff," fresh from his bath, being rubbed down by his valet.

"Come in, Ward," he said, "you are accustomed to the nude. What do you think of my figure? Now we will talk business."

Thereupon he unfolded a plan whereby he was to found a gallery of celebrated folk. I enquired how many he proposed to include in his collection; he replied, "Every person of importance of the period." I suggested that was rather a large order; he swept this aside at once, saying that we were both young men, and therefore the scheme presented no difficulties.

He suggested that first of all I should paint a portrait of himself, and afterwards portraits of all his brothers, and most important of all, one of his mother, a personality he regarded as the strongest

character of them all. In this he was most certainly quite justified, for of all the wonderful people I have met this great lady possesses in the highest degree all the qualities that make for success under any conditions. Much will be written round the history of this wonderful family, all of them displaying uncommon ability in their various ways.

Walking in his garden at Elmwood with Alfred Harmsworth and listening to the fascinating story of the gigantic enterprise he controlled I ventured to remark, " Really it sounds like a fairy story." " Yes," he ejaculated, " and *I* am the Fairy Prince."

As a sitter he left much to be desired. Moody and mischievous, he would sit just when and where he liked—finally he posed perched up on a window-seat reclining against the window with a background of half-light. My effort to reproduce this effect was more difficult and painful than an attempt to paint out the spots on the sun. In addition he regarded the fitful few hours apportioned to the portrait business as playtime, during which he summoned not only the rest of the house-party but also the footmen, butler, or any member of the household who happened to be within hail, saying, " Now, I want the brutal truth. Is it anything like me ? "

The allusion to the portrait on the easel was very embarrassing to the artist, much as it appeared to amuse the sitter. With a sly, malicious enjoyment of the torture he was inflicting, he said, " You know you hate this business just as much as I do."

It got itself finished somehow, and I felt it was not a great performance. There is nothing funny about painting a portrait, and if sitters will insist on

" rotting " the whole time they must take the consequences.

G. F. Watts, wonderful as he undoubtedly was in treatment of lofty themes—noble in conception with great grandeur of line, solemn as sunrise over strange mountains, was not really the great portrait painter that people thought he was. Now and again he was very good, but when he missed he missed by miles, yet a remark of his is worth remembering; it is this: " A portrait painter should strive to represent the expression the sitter would wear when alone in a room."

A self-conscious portrait as a rule is an abomination. Every really fine portrait is also a fine picture and should make its appeal on that ground alone, quite irrespective of the subject represented. The old French professor (I forget his name) was quite right when he said, " It is not *what* you do; it is *how* you do."

In spite of the fact that Watts painted numerous portraits of his famous contemporaries, he never at any time catered for commissions known as " Presentation Portraits "—full-length performances in " glad " regalia, with conventional " back cloth " consisting of a terrace and one massive pillar, half concealed behind a red curtain. But at last he was induced to embark upon the representation of an individual of this character.

I remember seeing it exhibited in the old Grosvenor Gallery. It was completely unsuccessful, and Watts received a communication from the committee venturing to express their disappointment with the picture—but enclosing his fee of a thousand guineas.

Watts promptly returned the cheque with an intimation to the committee that "they might go to Holl."

And eventually Frank Holl, R.A., did furnish them with what they required.

Perhaps one might say a word regarding the absurdity of a duel in the business of a bargain between a man like Alfred Harmsworth and a man of more ordinary calibre. It was pitting an old-fashioned frigate against a mystery ship armed with every conceivable up-to-date device for attack and defence. His mobile point of view was very baffling to an opponent who had hampered himself with any preconceived idea as to the line of action likely to be adopted by this formidable adversary who was able at will to submerge, to fly if he found it advisable, or without warning to become a fortress.

"In a bargain, Ward, I would not only skin a flint, but I would squeeze the moisture out of it." This he said to me twenty-five years ago while we were discussing the commercial side of life and the varied methods of conducting successful enterprise.

In my own first affray with "the Chief," as he was soon to be christened, I was defeated before ever entering the ring. I was credibly informed by people who really ought to have known better (managers and editors of old-established dailies) that this mushroom culture of halfpenny papers was foredoomed to failure and that their financial downfall was imminent—an impression which I afterwards learned the Harmsworths took small pains to discourage. I was actually warned that whatever terms I was able to arrange, it would be

wise to see that I got the money quickly before it was too late. Small wonder that I only ventured to suggest the most modest remuneration when brought face to face for the first time with the man who was prepared to entrust me with many important commissions on my own terms. Alfred Harmsworth was a prince in promise and also in performance so long as he was sure of his man, but was impatient of anything suggesting doubt, delay, or hesitation in arriving at a plan of action or in its execution. He was intolerant of any scheme which exhibited no sign of commercial success.

His sense of sly humour and genius for relegation manifested itself at a very early age. His mother, who shared his subtle appreciation of the humorous to a very high degree, told me the following story: When Alfred and his brother Harold were little boys together they were in the habit of going to tea with a very kind old lady, a Mrs. Jealous, the wife of a Henry Jealous who ran a little newspaper in Hampstead. On one occasion there was for some reason or other a slight delay in the appearance of tea. Alfred, who even in those days hated being kept waiting, but did not like to appear greedy himself, remarked: "Mrs. Jealous, do you know what Harold is thinking about? . . . Cakes!"

Many years afterwards when Mrs. Jealous became a widow and Alfred had already embarked on his dazzling career he made it possible for the old lady (who was not left in a position of great affluence) to take a trip round the world under conditions of the greatest comfort so that her bereavement might be mitigated by an entire change of life and scene.

That this thoughtful generosity was typical of his attitude towards women and children with whom Alfred Harmsworth came in contact will be readily conceded by all those who knew him for many years. Take the case of my own children. Alfred Harmsworth volunteered to take my three boys into his business at a time when Carmelite House was besieged by parents and guardians moving heaven and earth to place their young people in that hive of humming activity with all its promise of advancement in life for those who displayed any ability.

Cecil Rhodes remarked of him at that time: "Say what you like, but that young man, little more than a youth himself, has provided an outlet for the activities of thousands of young people."

The friendship between Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Harmsworth was spontaneous, sincere and wholehearted. The "Empire Builder" fell at once to the charm and astounding ability displayed by the younger man, who, in his turn, revered the real greatness of Cecil Rhodes, with the result that whenever the latter was in England they saw quite a lot of each other.

Alfred Harmsworth also appreciated to the full the business qualities of Sir Thomas Lipton, who was a frequent visitor at Berkeley Square, and having expressed a strong desire to meet Cecil Rhodes, Sir Thomas was cordially invited to dinner for this purpose.

A largish party assembled, and just as dinner was announced an opportunity presented itself of introducing the two men.

"Mr. Rhodes," said Harmsworth, "allow me to present Sir Thomas Lipton."

It was unfortunate that at this moment Rhodes was deep in thought and suffering, as he sometimes did, from an embarrassing habit of thinking aloud, coupled with an absolute and lofty indifference to his immediate surroundings. But the mention of a familiar name seemed to bring him to earth, and with eyes raised aloft, he appeared to visualize a well-remembered universal reminder with which every hoarding the world over was plastered. Oblivious to the fact that Sir Thomas Lipton was standing before him awaiting the long-cherished ambition of his better acquaintance, Rhodes merely murmured: "Yes! . . . Buy Lipton's Teas."

"Buy Lipton's Teas," he repeated as they proceeded towards the dining-room, as though fearful of forgetting the fact—"Buy Lipton's Teas."

During dinner he repeated it like a lesson to be learned: "Buy Lipton's Teas." He tried it with the accent on the "Buy" and then on the "Lipton's," and again he tried it on the "Teas." He ran it swiftly, he dragged it slowly, and just when everyone was hoping he had finished with it, he would break out again. "Yes! . . . Buy Lipton's Teas."

Whether he succeeded in satisfying himself as to which form pleased him most will never be known, but it certainly spoilt the party—as a party.

Passionately fond of music, Alfred Harmsworth delighted in nothing so much as affording his friends the opportunity of listening to the greatest exponents of their particular medium, instrumental or vocal.

One afternoon at Berkeley Square, Melba was engaged to appear, also Paderewski, Bispham, and Coquelin to recite—a noble array of famous talent.

A crowd of expectant guests filled the house as Paderewski took his seat at the grand piano. As was not unusual with him, he appeared to betray some slight hesitation in making himself thoroughly at home with the atmosphere of the gathering, but when eventually he had satisfied himself with his position at the piano and had experimented with various introductory phrases he proceeded to develop an exposition of his dazzling technique and wandered dreamily from theme to theme, delighting the assembly by the magic of his artistry and losing himself completely in the full expression of his power. So absorbed was he that all sense of the passage of time appeared to have left him.

Melba, an old friend of her host, pointed out that she was due to appear at the opera early in the evening, and that unless Paderewski vacated the platform she would be compelled to take her departure without fulfilling her engagement to sing.

Still Paderewski played on.

The other members of the group of artistes one by one approached Mr. Harmwsorth and explained that they would soon have to go to fulfil their evening engagements, but he could only protest that it was impossible to interrupt the great pianist, who, all unmindful of the contretemps he was creating, still played on, wandering from pole to pole through the endless maze of his repertoire—even the gradual melting away of his home-sick audience failed to cool his ardour.

He is a great player, and I believe is still playing.

The gatherings at Elmwood—Alfred Harmsworth's little country house near Broadstairs—were usually bachelor parties, extending from spring in relays through the summer.

Each year in those days he financed a huge camp in the vicinity of the North Foreland Lighthouse. Father Dolling was the organizer, and it was wonderfully well done. An army of boys from Poplar lived under canvas, superintended by an able staff of voluntary workers, chiefly recruited from the parish of St. Saviour's, Poplar, where Father Dolling was rector, and devoted the latter part of his life to the betterment of conditions, both spiritual and temporal, of that densely populated region.

Alfred Harmsworth took the greatest personal delight in this enterprise and visited the camp daily. As we stood watching the boys at their games he remarked to me: "How better could I disburse my surplus cash? It is at least as reasonable as if I squandered my money on horse racing."

Cricket matches, football, athletic sports of every kind, camp-fire concerts in the evening and the best of simple fare were provided. The house-party dined in batches at the camp and the staff in turn came in relays to dinner at Elmwood. Many of them were old public schoolboys and men from the 'Varsities, pleased to spend their long vacation in the camp. It was organized on military lines and each morning a company of the camp's "army" would parade before the house while their band

discoursed music to their host, whose great delight it was to provide a splendid holiday under the best conditions for many hundreds of these East End dwellers.

Alfred Harmsworth was a great child lover and entered into the spirit of all their pleasures like a boy himself. He found in Father Dolling a man after his own heart—one who loved the poor and devoted all his energies to brightening their lives. And Dolling was enabled to deal effectively with many problems which would have been difficult of solution had he not been fortunate in finding a man of great wealth who placed his purse unstintingly at his disposal.

Alfred Harmsworth had many whimsical methods of amusing himself. One which I remember was the writing of a book in collaboration with a young friend who, like himself, was a great traveller. They corresponded with each other wherever they might find themselves, in the compiling of their book, entitled "The Book of Gluttons." This contained elaborate descriptions of any remarkable specimen of that order with whom they came in contact, and they interchanged, through their letters, their respective "finds." Alfred Harmsworth always provided the best of fare for his guests and possessed a cellar containing the finest vintage champagne and other wines, and had not always to look far for additions to his collection.

Being amused and rather curious, I asked my host to give me as an example some specimen he had recently been fortunate in finding.

He laughingly replied: "Well, as a matter of

fact, Ward, I have just added you to the bottle department of my collection as ' the golden crested variety.' "

There was an old-fashioned fishpond at the end of the lawn at Elmwood, and I was much amused at the deft manner with which Alfred Harmsworth disposed of the activities of a restless guest who had rashly ventured to boast of his prowess as a fisherman. With an adroit assumption of great satisfaction at finding at last a man who really was capable of grappling with the problem of enticing the mammoth pike from his lair in the pond, our host gave elaborate instructions to his servants to provide the fisherman with every possible requisite in the way of tackle and bait. His lunch was to be taken out, and strict injunctions were issued that on no account was he to be disturbed by any fellow-guest, as the slightest movement or noise might ruin his chances of securing the prize. I can see him now, sitting in solitary state, rod in hand, surrounded by bait-cans, clad in long rubber boots and a great mackintosh. It was raining steadily.

" A wet day is just the right one for successfully luring the great fish from his fastness at the bottom of the pool," said our host. At any rate, it secured him his freedom for that day at least, from the necessity of listening to some great scheme for the transmutation or the elimination of sand from sugar, in which the disciple of Isaak Walton was profoundly concerned.

The sand still remains in the sugar and that silent pool still shelters that apocryphal pike.

Those of us given to early rising and long walks

before breakfast were classified as "Rum and Milkers." Alfred Harmsworth, though rarely out of his bed after 10.30 p.m. was seldom on view much before mid-day; his theory being that the restless spirits who could not enjoy their beds in the morning usually figure sooner or later in the bankruptcy court. As a matter of fact, he got through more work while lying in bed between five and ten in the morning than any other man I have ever known, during the whole day.

Much of the rest of the day, during which he darted gaily here, there and everywhere, appeared to be spent in evading either his valet or one or more of his secretaries, or failing them, somebody of importance summoned specially from town, who was probably obliged to return before the business in hand was even referred to. I was there on one occasion for several days in order to paint his portrait; there were two men from New York who were no more fortunate than myself in getting their business forward; also people of obvious consequence constantly coming and going.

He must have been violently in earnest when he really tackled anything. Possibly that was one of the secrets of his amazing success—that he could not be induced to make any decision of importance save at a moment of his own choosing, and was resolutely adamant in declining to "face the music," unless he himself felt completely in tune. But in his fluid moments he could and did make the most lightning decisions, and though frequently at variance with all accepted theories he was nearly always right.

He would suddenly absent himself from his business, leaving matters of paramount importance awaiting his decision and settle them finally far out of the reach of all his advisers while away on a fishing holiday in Spain. Wherever he went there was always the possibility that he would find good fishing. Yet I never heard of his catching anything —though certainly I never saw him at work.

" I am the man that you *must* have in every great business—the man who can say, Yes and No," was a remark of his to me. Nothing appeared to escape him, and though I never actually saw him reading either a book or a paper, he appeared to be completely informed upon everything of importance that had ever been written.

But no one knows Lord Northcliffe who never saw him romping with a lot of children—a child among children—and none so swift as they to recognize one of themselves. He was really in his element at any old rough and tumble, playful as a kitten, rolled over and over on the carpet by a crowd of delighted youngsters, half strangled and breathless with laughter—and what a joyous laugh his was, infectious and unrestrained. He liked nothing so much as a day out bird's-nesting with boys, taking their lunch with them in their pockets, roaming through the woods and climbing the trees, until tired out they all lay down exhausted and fell asleep in a bunch on the grass—like so many babes in the wood.

He was constantly showing his appreciation of the fact that Dame Fortune had lavished her smiles upon his career to such an extent that while still

almost a boy he found himself free to make things easier and pleasanter for many of those older men who had lived laborious days without having achieved a similar enviable security from the cares of existence; and so far as was possible, he took a boyish delight in a thousand ways of adding to the pleasures of those men in the career of letters who had not reaped the due reward of their labours.

George Augustus Sala, one of the giants of journalism in his day, was also a *bon viveur* of such discrimination and delicate palate (in fact he wrote a book devoted entirely to the subject), that the best of everything was only just good enough for him. He and Alfred Harmsworth were frequently together in Paris in the days when dining was a fine art. Sala was familiar with those famous, exclusive restaurants (now alas! a thing of the past) where a ceremonial regard for all details appertaining to food and wine was little short of a religion.

Sala, the best of good fellows in any company, was not in a position to avail himself of all the opportunities which Paris in its golden days offered to so old and honoured an habitué of its sacred haunts. Nothing gave Alfred Harmsworth more delight than to devise occasions upon which Sala could really exercise his culinary knowledge, designing an exquisite entertainment, deploying all the resources of the chosen establishment. No detail of expense was to be considered. Each "plat" as it was presented was discussed and partaken of with its priceless accompaniment of a choice vintage—and this at a period when Harmsworth

himself would have been just as pleased with simple food—and wine of which he partook quite sparingly.

I am not sure that he ever knew Phil May, but for his work he had the most whole-hearted admiration. It came to his knowledge that at Phil's death Mrs. May might find herself in somewhat straitened circumstances. A subscription was opened at once at Carmelite House, he starting it with a contribution of £500, insisting that each of his brothers in the firm should add a similar sum. This tribute to a great artist was only one of innumerable benefactions he was ever ready to bestow, in which he revealed his keen appreciation of real genius. No man was ever quicker to respond to the call of genuine ability in whatever walk of life it might be exhibited.

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

CHAPTER XV

CECIL RHODES AND EARL OF ABERDEEN

PAINTING the portraits of famous men is not all unalloyed joy as many people imagine it to be. When Alfred Harmsworth commissioned me to paint the picture of Cecil Rhodes he made the stipulation that, however rude Mr. Rhodes might be, I would not be deterred from the completion of my task. It was arranged that Mr. Harmsworth should take me to breakfast with Rhodes at his rooms in the Burlington.

I called for Alfred Harmsworth at Berkeley Square, and as we stood in the hall while his carriage waited at the door filled with my easel and other implements of my trade he emphasized this point by saying, " Now it is no good our starting unless you are prepared to go on with it whatever happens." All this preamble was by no means reassuring, but as a matter of fact, accustomed as I was to all the varied vexations inseparable from one's vocation, I felt that Alfred Harmsworth was taking rather a boyish delight in the torture he was trying to inflict by anticipation, and was making a mountain out of a mole-hill.

We arrived to find the hall and staircase to Mr. Rhodes' rooms at the Burlington crowded with

Pressmen and a strange variety of persons full of plans and suggestions, inseparable from the entourage of a man who had created himself a sort of king in his own right. It was quite obvious that we were expected, a passage was made for us, and we were immediately made free of the establishment.

Mr. Rhodes presently emerged from his dressing-room, fully armed with a strange, far-away look, visualizing nothing nearer than the Matoppo Hills. He took his place at the head of his table, around which were grouped many distinguished men.

I was naturally much interested to meet again the late George Wyndham, whom I had not seen for many years. He was private unpaid secretary to Arthur Balfour at the Irish Office during the time I was painting Balfour's portrait for Henry Lucy, and he certainly was the handsomest and most distinguished-looking man I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. In the interim he, himself, had been Irish Secretary—always a thankless job. I have known a round dozen of them, beginning with " Buckshot " Forster, and ending with Shortt, and I never heard that any one of them really at bottom felt his heart in the business.

But I must not forget the breakfast party at the Burlington. Before the guests took their places at table I consulted Arthur, the head-waiter, told him that my business there was the painting of his master's portrait, and sought his advice as to the arrangement of my impedimenta—no joke when you find yourself the only busy man in an assembly of chatty people, bent upon making the best of an opportunity for listening to any stray crumb of

comfort that might fall from the rich man's table.

As soon as the breakfast babble was in full flow, I left my seat and took up my position at the easel. Rhodes never noticed my absence from the board until the end of the meal, when he somewhat fiercely demanded what I was doing.

"As a matter of fact I am painting a three-quarter view of your face, Mr. Rhodes," I replied.

He suddenly assumed an attitude of much agitation: "Have you ever painted anyone before?"

Alfred Harmsworth stepped into the breach, saying: "Mr. Ward has painted most of the Cabinet during the last twenty years."

"Then why does he embark on a three-quarter view of me? Look here," he shouted, full-facing me as he rose from his chair, "I will either be painted full-face like *this*—or—like *this*," and he turned his back upon me. I very gently remarked that I preferred the front view. "That's all right; now we understand each other."

This necessitated a lightning alteration, during which Mr. Rhodes stepped across to inspect the progress of the work. To this I demurred, saying, "It is not fair that you should see it in its transition stage."

This did not stop him for a moment. He strode hastily across, and with one swift glance, he exclaimed, "Look! He's *crying!* He's lost his wife! I never had a wife! It's the damndest thing I ever saw in my life!" And with this parting shot he swept from the room.

"The damndest thing I ever saw" was repeated

through the next room and down the grand staircase. Out into the hall I could hear the echo. Bang went the front door and even out into the street I fancied I could trace sounds of " damndest thing I ever saw."

This was too much even for me. I called his servant. " Where is Mr. Rhodes ? " " He has left the house, Sir." " I will leave it too, and never enter it again." My things were packed into a cab and away I drove. Cooling down later in the peace of my own domain I remembered my compact with Alfred Harmsworth that nothing should deter me from completing my task ; so the following morning found me again at my easel at the Burlington.

Mr. Rhodes entered as usual but with no greeting of any sort on either side. Later he came across to see the picture, and said, " Now, that's all right. I didn't like it yesterday."

" No," I replied, " you *said* so."

" Ah, well, you are making good. You must dine to-night ; there are all sorts of important people coming and we will have the picture on view."

Cecil Rhodes was a great host and entertained in princely style. His breakfast parties were mainly of a political and business character, but at dinner he received his familiars, and I noticed that there was always present some great lady of distinguished station in society. The Duchess of Abercorn was the principal guest on this occasion.

We were asked for eight o'clock, and on the stroke of that hour I duly presented myself to find Rhodes and his great friend Sir Charles Metcalf, the eminent engineer with whom he lived, sitting in the *salon* minus coat, collar and waistcoat—resting after a

strenuous day in the City. I was welcomed cordially, but was a trifle surprised to find my host *en deshabillé* at the moment when his guests might be expected to arrive. At that moment Rhodes' faithful and efficient black servant swooped into the room and literally carried off his master, saying that the Duchess was on the stairs and that he must hurry up and dress. They disappeared—and reappeared suitably garbed, as if by magic, in the swiftest time on record.

The rest of the guests having arrived, we proceeded to the dining-room, where our host (divested of the cares of State and business) was as jolly as the proverbial "sand boy." After dinner he provided for our entertainment a private cinema show—at that time quite an innovation and novelty. One of the moving pictures shown was a representation taken that morning of Mr. Rhodes and Sir Charles Metcalf taking their early morning ride in the "Row." It amused me hugely to notice how artfully Rhodes had managed to dodge the cinema operator so that it was mostly Sir Charles who was seen jogging along the "ladies' mile."

Mr. Rhodes constantly called our attention to the picture, ejaculating: "There you are again—Sir Charles!—Sir Charles!" But I was a little shocked to observe that the great Sir Charles—a man of huge frame and massive preportions—full of excellent fare, and fatigued by a long day in the City, had fallen into a deep slumber and was snoring like a grampus. I hoped that in deference to the presence of the Duchess Mr. Rhodes would arouse his friend. Not a bit of it! All the notice

taken by him of the stentorian din was to draw the attention of the great lady to the sound by remarking to her, jocularly : " Orchestra, Duchess ! Orchestra ! "

Charles Furse received a commission from a college at Oxford to paint a portrait of Cecil Rhodes. Now, if Rhodes had any tenderness of any kind it was his unfailing affection for his Alma Mater, and he promptly invited Furse out to his place at Groote Schuur, in South Africa. On his arrival he insisted that his guest wanted toning up, saying, " What you want is some big game shooting."

He organized an expedition for his guest, and when Furse returned from a most successful fortnight's sport, full of energy and keenness to commence his work, the real object of his visit, he found that Rhodes had returned to England. As far as I know the picture was never done.

Even those in high places were not free from the rough edge of Rhodes' tongue. During the time I was painting his portrait (and my experience was lurid enough), Rhodes told me that he was also sitting to " Fildees," as he persisted in calling Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.

On one of these mornings he appeared to be exceedingly wroth, and he told me the details of the rupture he had just had with " Mr. Fildees." It seemed that a little friction had occurred during the third or fourth sitting, and Rhodes had expressed himself as being entirely dissatisfied with the progress of the work, which nettled Sir Luke Fildes exceedingly.

Thereupon Rhodes remarked, " Look here, Mr.

"Fildees," what sort of an impression do I make upon you when I enter this room? Is there any feeling of irritation?"

"Well, since you ask me," replied Sir Luke, "I am bound to say there is."

"Now," said Rhodes, "that's precisely the effect you have upon me, and I am never coming here again"—"and what is more," said he to me, as he related the story, "I have just sent my secretary with a cheque to pay for the portrait and bring it here, and as soon as it arrives I will burn it in front of you. And if he refuses to surrender it, I will have the law on him for breach of contract."

As I expected, Sir Luke Fildes very rightly declined to accept the cheque and refused to relinquish the unfinished picture. Rhodes was furious, especially upon finding that he could not enforce, with all his wealth, the delivery of an unfinished picture by an artist who had any respect for his work.

Cecil Rhodes certainly possessed qualities of mind and manner which singled him out in any company where he might be found. Luscombe Searelle told me that he was present at the final great meeting convened for the consolidation of the De Beers Mines. Rhodes, of course, was there, but took little part in the preliminary discussion. Then one of the Directors rose and suggested that the Combine would find themselves involved in an overwhelming loss should the demand for diamonds drop in consequence of their ceasing to be fashionable.

Rhodes thereupon broke his silence: "So long as men are foolish and women are vain the demand for diamonds will continue."

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.
From the picture in the Reform Club painted by Edwin A. Ward.

It will be remembered how Rhodes returned to this country to appear before the Commission created to enquire into the Jameson Raid. Taken all in all, the enquiry was not a very convincing performance from any point of view and Rhodes returned to South Africa. When the question of re-opening the enquiry was under consideration, and whether it would be possible to persuade Rhodes to appear again, the late Mr. George Pauling, the famous contractor, and an old friend of Rhodes, was sent for by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

"I hear you are returning to South Africa and will be seeing Rhodes. Please ask him if he would be willing to appear again before the Commission if the enquiry were re-opened."

On his return from South Africa, Mr. Pauling was again sent for by Mr. Chamberlain. "Well, what did Mr. Rhodes say?"

"He said, 'Yes. I will come again, but this time I will tell the truth.'"

After a long pause Mr. Chamberlain said, "I wonder what he meant?"

Rhodes was a great friend of the late W. T. Stead, although they took such prominent and violently opposed sides about the Boer War. I painted Rhodes' portrait after the Jameson Raid, and before the Boer War. Even he could be mistaken, for he said: "Mind you, in spite of the raid there will be no war." He told me that he and Parnell had much in common. In fact, it will be remembered that he subscribed £10,000 to the Parnell Fund—and I never discovered that he was usually lavish in his benefactions.

Stead was an interesting personality, fiercely in earnest and violent in his views about men and things. The portrait I did of him was painted for Alfred Harmsworth. Stead said of him: "I love Alfred Harmsworth, but he lacks continuity; the fact is he wants salvation."

A great friendship had existed between Stead and Sir Charles Dilke, and I was curious to know his reasons for hounding the latter out of public life by an incessant, pitiless crusade in the "Pall Mall Gazette," of which Stead was editor at that time. He told me that Dilke swore to him that he was innocent of the charges brought against him and that, therefore, when Dilke failed to go into the witness-box at the first hearing of the divorce proceedings, he never ceased calling public attention to the fact until the Queen's Proctor was asked to intervene, with the result that Dilke's chance of becoming Prime Minister was dished for ever.

Stead indulged in many incongruous friendships, the late Czar for instance, and while at work upon his portrait, in the background of which there was a picture on the wall, I called his attention to this, and suggested that possibly he might like me to introduce by this means a picture of some great friend, such as Cardinal Manning, for instance. He fell in with the idea at once, but without the slightest hesitation plumped for the Countess of Warwick.

The Boer War was then at its height, and he was subjected to much petty persecution for his violent pro-Boer attitude. He shocked even me by declaring that we should be beaten, and saying he devoutly hoped we should.

Referring to my picture of Cecil Rhodes he comforted me by the information that Hawksley, the solicitor to the Chartered Company, told him that Rhodes remarked in his hearing that "Edwin Ward was the only artist who had never bored him."

Whatever people may say for or against Rhodes, Oxford meant more to him than all his great achievements—and they were considerable enough—and there you find what a great Britisher he was. Tradition all the time. Of course he may have required the consolation of tradition, as report records that many of his methods towards his millions were, to say the least of it, short-circuited.

This is quite true of all the men who have "collared the counters"—given some lucky moment they went in off the deep end, regardless of consequences. Some, like Jabez Balfour, got "time," others, like Whitaker Wright, took eternity. As for the rest—who came away with the "stuff"—I never noticed that they were happier than the folk who never knew where and when to locate the next pound. But while one is on this topic it is just as well to insist that, given good conditions, it *should* be a tremendous asset to be free entirely from the humiliation of financial embarrassment to which many gifted people are subject.

I have known many of the millionaires of my time, merry fellows but a thrifty race. Why they trouble to leave so much money unspent always puzzles me. But among the poor of the earth, I have found the greatest nobility of character. Free from all greed and absolved from suspicion by the penury

of their position, they are able to be human, which the rich man rarely is.

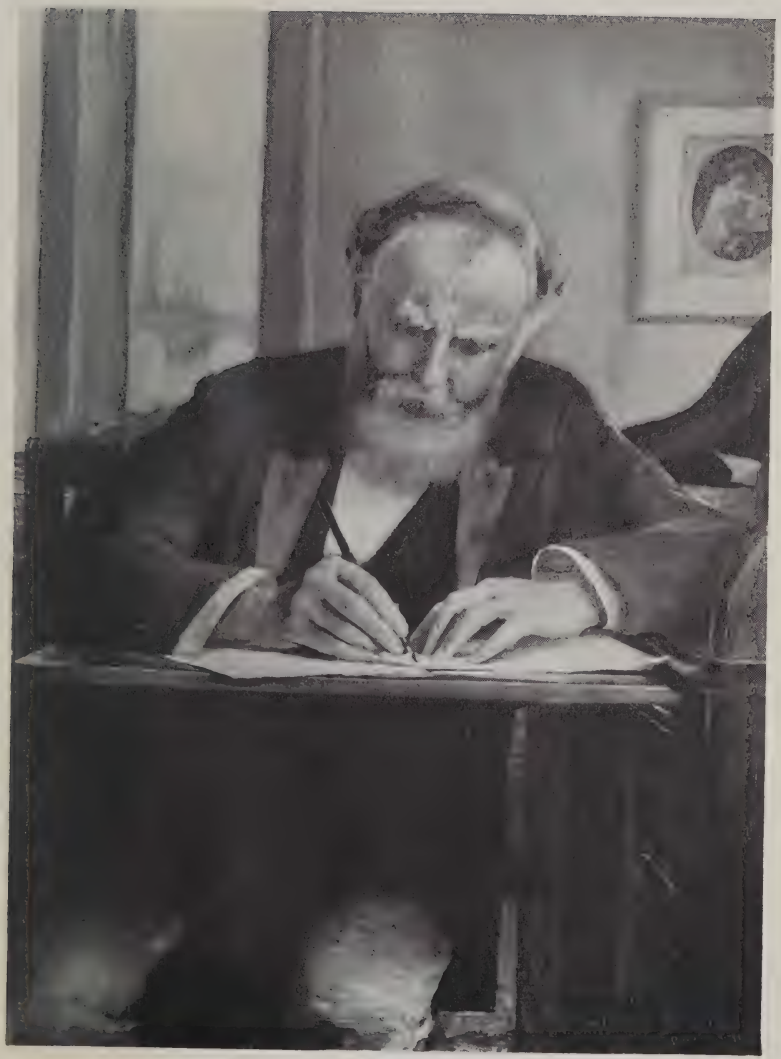
During the time I was painting John Burns, just after the great dock strike, a millionaire came to inspect the portrait of a relative of his upon which I was also engaged. He was a German Jew, fabulously rich, and I gathered that he had commenced to suspect that perhaps this militant young Socialist would shortly be a menace to his millions. Burns had recently been in gaol for some little affair in Trafalgar Square in conjunction with Cuninghame Graham.

Upon being introduced to Burns, old Shylock cheerily remarked : " Glad to meet you, Mr. Burns. I had the pleasure of contributing towards the support of your wife while you were in gaol."

Dublin Castle during 1908 was in a state of ferment. The jewels of the Order of St. Patrick had been stolen. The affair was steeped in deepest mystery. The wildest stories were circulated, and the fact that those responsible for the safe custody of the jewels of rare historic interest and considerable intrinsic value were not brought to a public trial gave rise to absurd rumours for which there existed no shadow of foundation.

My business in Dublin was the painting of a portrait of His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant the Earl of Aberdeen.

Even under the most favourable conditions the painting of a portrait is an operation presenting difficulties of no ordinary character, but when one's subject is a man of eminence, whose every moment



W. T. Stead.
("Pall Mall Gazette" and "Review of Reviews.")
From the picture by Edwin A. Ward.

of every day is absorbed by matters of urgent public importance, it calls for unlimited patience quite outside the ordinary demands upon one's artistic accomplishment.

Arriving in Queenstown about seven o'clock one evening, I was met by His Excellency's carriage and handed a note, saying that owing to the crowded condition of the Castle (it being unusually full of guests for the coming investiture of Lord Castleton with the order of St. Patrick) it had been necessary to take rooms for me at the Shelbourne Hotel where dinner had also been ordered.

The following morning there was a telephone message from the A.D.C., bidding me to luncheon at the Castle, where I found a large and distinguished company. Afterwards I was duly presented to their Excellencies and invited to dinner and the dance which was to follow, and also informed that a room at the Castle had been assigned to me for the following evening. No allusion was made to the business which had brought me to Dublin.

In addition to the ordinary routine of their engrossing public duties, the entourage of the Castle was fully occupied with rehearsals for the investiture with the Order of St. Patrick of the Earl of Castleton, and it was obvious that any idea of commencing the portrait was quite out of the question for the immediate present.

As the ceremony was to take place the following evening His Excellency gave me a note which procured for me admission to a gallery whence I had an excellent view of the stately function. And a wonderful spectacle it was in spite of the fact that

substitutions had to be improvised for the stolen jewels.

I was afterwards installed in the State room vacated by the departure of Lord Castleton, and as a member of the Castle "House Party" attended State concerts, accompanied their Excellencies to church, football matches, flower shows, but still no reference of any kind whatever was made to the sole reason for my being there at all to paint a portrait of His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant.

The A.D.C.'s were charming fellows, but all their leisure was devoted to hunting, golf, etc., and beyond putting me wise to the little rules in vogue governing the observance of etiquette in Vice-Regal circles, they knew nothing about the portrait, but were quite sure that His Excellency would never have the time to spare for the sittings.

I had the luck, however, one day walking down Sackville Street, to meet Barton McGuckin, a famous old operatic tenor singer in his day—he was also a member of the Savage Club—who immediately insisted on introducing me to a place where the finest Irish whisky could be obtained, and inquired what had brought me to Dublin. I told him my troubles, and after a follow of Irish whisky, he said: "Now I will tell you how to set about it. There is a really good fellow at the Castle; go straight to him and tell him that you are a friend of mine—his name is Max Green, he is private secretary to the Viceroy, and he will do all in his power to help you."

So collecting my materials, off I went to the room apportioned to Max Green and his staff. He laughingly told me the thing was impossible (they

laugh at everything in Ireland), that His Excellency was in his private room receiving important deputations, many of them being of a highly confidential character.

I begged him to assure His Excellency that I was thoroughly acclimatized to State secrets, and that during the time I was busy with my brush they had no terrors for me. Eventually I prevailed upon him to usher me into the presence where I would make my own amends, and being left alone with His Excellency I unfolded my plan, suggesting that should any conference arise of such a private nature that my presence was undesirable, I could retire into Max Green's room until the danger was over.

To this arrangement Lord Aberdeen readily assented, and I worked steadily for an hour and a half and did quite a satisfactory sketch of His Excellency, in fact it was just as good as anything I ever did afterwards.

This room at the Castle made an excellent background, and I was not a little mortified to find that the Court was leaving for the Viceregal Lodge, and that any further sitting must be transferred to Phœnix Park. This meant making an entirely fresh start under new conditions, and having to work my way through a fresh batch of State officials. However, I succeeded in making the same arrangements as had held good at the Castle, and set to work.

The Lord Chief Justice had just left the room one day after an earnest talk with His Excellency. The matter did not concern me, in fact I was far too busy with my own work to take much notice, but

His Excellency turned and said: "A rather curious case has arisen upon which I should like your opinion.

"There were two brothers bearing a remarkable personal resemblance to each other, though in character they differed in every respect, for while one was sober, industrious and prosperous, the other brother was idle, dissolute and a sore anxiety to his friends and relations. Now it appears that the virtuous brother has become involved in some legal dispute, with the unfortunate result that through the neglect or stupidity of his advisers he found himself sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

"By the exercise of some ingenuity the scapegrace brother contrived to substitute himself, actually serving the term of imprisonment incurred by this otherwise worthy brother, who was thus free to discharge and continue the direction of his business. The ne'er-do-weel was thus for once enabled to contribute indirectly to the general welfare of the family circle.

"This evasion of the strict letter of the law has come to the knowledge of the officers of the Crown. The Lord Chief Justice has been seeking my assent to the issue of a fresh warrant for the incarceration of the actual offender."

"If you are asking me, Sir," I replied, "I should certainly refuse to move in the matter. The offence has been more than expiated, and the incident appears to me to reflect the highest credit upon all concerned."

What followed I know not, but the Lord-Lieutenant certainly inclined to my view of the case.

THE MOST HON. THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR, K.T.

From the picture painted at Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin, by Edwin A. Ward.

In the background of the portrait I was painting of His Excellency there was a glimpse of Phœnix Park seen through the window. Lord MacDonnell (then Sir Antony MacDonnell) came into the room where I was painting and, looking at the portrait, said : " It is rather remarkable that you should have selected that particular piece of Phœnix Park for the background of His Excellency's picture. Standing here forty years ago Lord Spencer (then Lord-Lieutenant) looking out of this very window, saw through an opening on the terrace a group of men fighting and struggling at the precise spot in the Park painted by you in the background of your picture.

" He was watching his colleagues, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, being stabbed to death and thought it was merely one of the many Irish quarrels common enough in Phœnix Park on any Saturday afternoon."

The portrait was all but completed when I was informed that the Court was due to remove itself to Portrush, and that if I required any more sittings I must accompany the Vice-Regal party on its journey to the north. We had barely been in residence there more than forty-eight hours when a sudden family bereavement called for the immediate presence of their Excellencies in London.

The Chief A.D.C. called me in consultation. It appeared that he (Lord Anson) and the other A.D.C.'s had duties of importance detaining them in Ireland. At the same time it was obvious that their Excellencies could not travel to London unattended. So it had been suggested that as I

was making the journey in any case, it would solve the difficulty if I would undertake the onerous duties of A.D.C. from Portrush to London. I accepted, and after a few rehearsals, disguised in a tall hat and frock coat, I was pronounced perfect in the part and " to the manner born."

On arrival at certain points in our progress, it was a part of our programme to descend from the Vice-Regal saloon to the railway platform where a deputation of Directors, etc., awaited to receive us, and after a short address of welcome from the local dignitaries His Excellency replied in a few telling phrases, after which we were escorted to our saloon and the journey was resumed as far as the following junction, where the ceremony was repeated.

My duty it was to act as escort, standing by in close attendance ; also, as occasion served and when so directed, I distributed certain sums as largesse to deserving engine-drivers and similar worthies to whose energy and skill we were indebted for the safe and punctual conduct of our progress towards the port of embarkation.

At one of these stopping places I really became of practical service. His Excellency, it appeared, had some difficulty in disengaging himself from the attentions of a very florid and voluble official. Turning to me he remarked : " Give this gentleman your attention. Our time is limited, and I wish to listen to the gentlemen who are presenting the address."

The individual in question had fortified himself in no half-hearted fashion for his share in the day's doings, and his eloquence was heavily charged with

the atmospheric pressure of a railway refreshment room.

On resuming our journey His Excellency thanked me for my assistance and asked: "Was I right in my diagnosis regarding the chief engineer?"

"Yes, sir, I fear he had overdone his final preparations for the day's proceedings."

At another stopping place an untoward incident somewhat marred the official discharge of my manifold duties. It happened in this wise. I had observed on the way to Portrush that it was usual for the A.D.C. to appropriate the special compartment adjoining the saloon reserved for their Excellencies, but as I was alone they both insisted, with the courteous considerations which characterized them at all times, upon my occupying a place in their saloon, which was already overcrowded with tables, chairs, dispatch cases, etc. In making toward the exit from the saloon at our final stopping place, the satchel, brimful of coin of the realm, from which we drew the various sums for the distribution of largesse, was the cause of serious trouble. The strap of this satchel had become entangled around some article of furniture, and in attempting to release it, out rolled the money in a silver stream all over the floor, under every table and chair in the compartment.

The train had already come to a standstill, and through the open door of our saloon the waiting deputation had a most excellent view of His Excellency and his A.D.C. snatching hastily at the squandered silver which littered the floor of the carriage and concealed itself under every conceivable article of furniture.

The voice of Her Excellency in tones rather stern, awakened me to a sense of my proper duties: "Is no one ready to assist me in my descent from this carriage?"

There was no help for it—the loose silver had to be abandoned. With my foot I cleared away the spilt shillings to make a passage for the progress of her Excellency, and jumping out on to the platform assisted her to alight. It was my fault. Had I thrown the silver to the lions by leaving it where it fell His Excellency would not have felt obliged to assist me in its collection, and we should not have delayed and impeded the progress of Her Excellency As it was we salvaged hardly any of it, and I richly merited my little rebuke.

The picture was eventually finished in my own studio and exhibited at the New Gallery in the spring of 1908.

CHAPTER XVI

SOME OF MY SITTERS—AND OTHERS

RHODES thought very highly of Winston Churchill: "Mark my words," he said, "that young fellow will go far." It amused Rhodes hugely to hear Winston holding forth before a tableful of men all old enough to be his grandfather. This lad, full of assurance, was, even in those days, in no way perturbed by the presence of several Cabinet Ministers.

I remember him as a red-haired boy of thirteen at the time I was painting his father's portrait. The picture had rather an elaborate background, and Winston watching me working away at the accessories remarked:

"If I were you, Mr. Ward, I would paint in the head myself, and then pay some other fellow to finish off the chair and other details. I learned drawing at Harrow. My master draws 'em and I colour them." He followed this by saying: "And after all, I don't see why my father wants a portrait of himself while I haven't got a pony."

The picture of Lord Randolph Churchill was one of the series of portraits I painted for Sir Henry Lucy. The collection comprises pictures of Henry Lucy himself, Henry Labouchere, Sir Francis

Burnand, Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, Arthur Balfour, Joseph Cowen of Newcastle, Sir Henry Irving, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Russell of Killowen, and Sir John Tenniel.

Sir Henry Lucy, upon giving up his town house and retiring to his country place at Hythe, presented this collection of small portraits to the Reform Club, where they now hang in the room known as the "Guest Room."

Labouchere was a most amusing sitter. The first morning I called at his house in Queen Anne's Gate, with an introduction from Mr. Henry Lucy (as he then was), Labouchere met me at the top of the staircase leading to the drawing-room, and as he welcomed me he remarked: "Did you notice a man in the hall as you came through?"

I replied that I had seen a man there as I entered.

"Well," he continued, "consulting a letter he held in his hand, "he wants me to lend him £5. Would you advise me to do this?"

This was a little disconcerting at a first interview. I have no doubt he lent the fiver, as in spite of all his assumption of cynical indifference he was capable of much real kindness, though the last person in the world to admit it.

During the sittings for his portrait, Lord Rosebery was reading a letter one morning as I arrived, and the contents appeared to cause him considerable amusement.

"Do you know," he said, "if I were a rich man I would pay Labouchere a thousand a year to write me a letter every morning."

I remember Sir John Robinson telling me that in

THE RT. HON. LORD RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL.
From the picture in the Reform Club painted by Edwin A. Ward

the early days of his association with the "Daily News," of which Labouchere was at that time a large shareholder, the financial position of the paper was in a very anæmic condition. Robinson began to wonder where the money was coming from to meet the daily bill of costs, including the item of his own salary. Labouchere advised him not to worry about trifles of that kind, but to accept shares in lieu of ready money.

Robinson acted up to this advice, and as the "Daily News" became a highly prosperous property it proved a very lucrative investment. Years afterwards Robinson tried to thank Labouchere for putting him into such an exceedingly good thing, but Labouchere said: "My dear fellow, you are quite mistaken. I never did anything of the kind."

Robinson happening to meet Archibald Forbes in Fleet Street at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war, seized him by the arm and dragged him along to his room at the "Daily News" office. "Now! Will you sign on as war correspondent for the 'Daily News'? Any terms you like." Forbes assented, the necessary documents were duly signed, and Forbes rose to take his leave and make his preparations for the campaign; but Robinson sternly refused to allow him to leave the office until the moment arrived for catching his train at Charing Cross to convey him to the war zone.

"But I must go home to get my kit and to say good-bye to my people!" protested Forbes.

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Robinson. "Sit down and make a list of your requirements

and I will send out and purchase everything you want, and then see you off by the first train for the front. You were in my pay and service from the moment this document was signed, and I am taking no chances of any wealthy newspaper proprietors tempting you to break your contract."

A make-shift bed was rigged up there in Robinson's room at the office, and Forbes spent the night under war conditions as Robinson's prisoner in Bouverie Street. That these extreme measures were amply justified is known to every student versed in the history of daily newspapers of the time.

Archibald Forbes, the father and greatest of all war correspondents, forced the "Daily News" into premier position by the brilliance of his contributions from the seat of war, and for many years the paper reaped the reward of the sagacity, energy and enterprise exercised by its astute manager in the engagement as war correspondent of Archibald Forbes.

The sense of music was so entirely absent from the composition of James Payn (a famous novelist and a man of great culture and refinement) that not only was he utterly unable to recognize any difference between the airs of "God Save the Queen" and "Pop goes the Weasel," but resolutely refused to believe there was any difference.

He was also a man of nimble wit. At a dinner given to General Sir William Butler, the distinguished soldier and author of a famous book, "The Great Lone Land," we were assembled in the Great Hall of the Reform Club (of which Sydney Smith, an old Tory, once remarked: "I like your room better

THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H.
From the picture painted in 1901 by Edwin A. Ward.

than your company") awaiting the arrival of the Guest of Honour, when our host, Sir John Robinson, turned to James Payn, saying: "By the way, what is the correct way to address our guest, 'Sir William' or 'General'?"

"Oh," replied Payn, "'Sir William' with the sherry; 'Butler' with the port."

Dining with Sir John at the Reform Club one night, I found him very much perturbed. It was the evening of the day on which the divorce proceedings against Parnell had resulted in Captain O'Shea winning his case. Parnell did not defend the action in which damaging details about his clandestine visits to O'Shea's house and abrupt departure by a fire-escape were revealed.

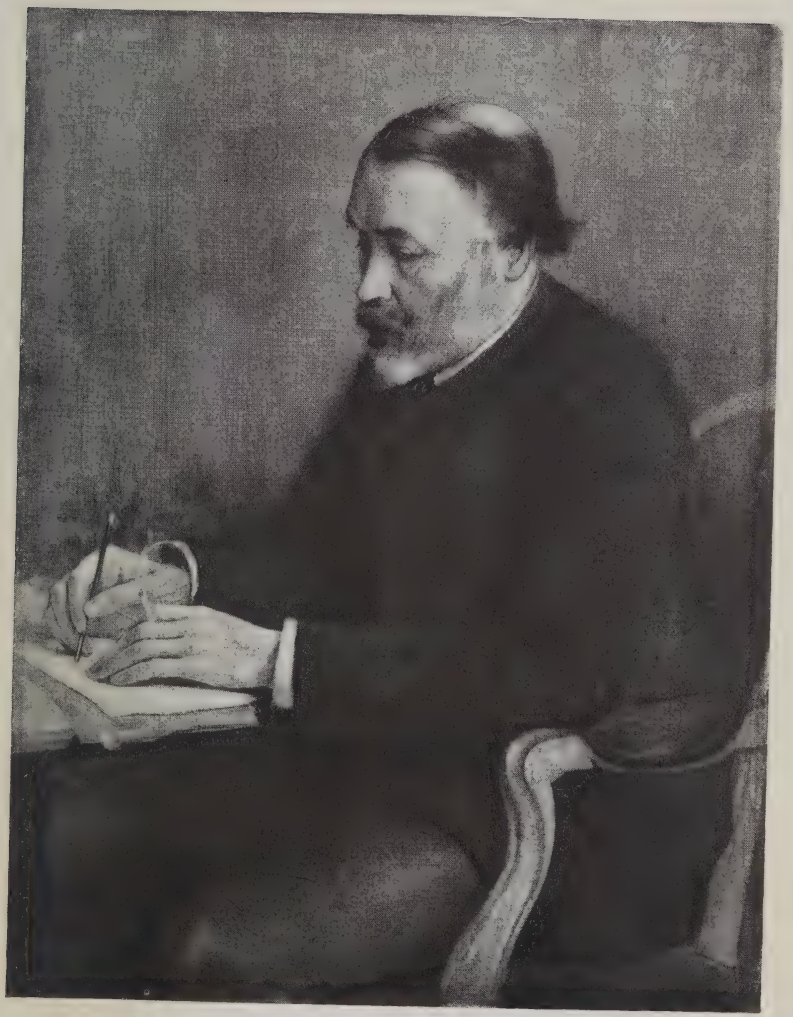
It appeared that Mr. Gladstone, who was busy with his Home Rule Bill at the time, had received an intimation from Parnell that he had a perfect answer to the allegations brought against him, and now my friend, Sir John Robinson, found himself in a most delicate and difficult position. As editor of the "Daily News" (at that time the Government organ), he had to write a "leader" that night explaining that the Home Rule Bill must not be allowed to lapse through any prejudice aroused by the leader of the Irish Party having made no attempt to clear his name in the Divorce Court.

During dinner Labouchere passed down the room, stopped at our table, and in his sardonic way professed to be highly amused by the Parnell episode. "Fancy," he said, "we were told by members of his party that these mysterious disappearances of

their great chief were only evidence of his tireless and secret devotion to the Irish cause, while all the time he was hiding in the kitchen with Mrs. O'Shea."

I call to mind another occasion when the editor of a great daily paper found himself in a difficult position. It was the day on which the action for libel brought by Lever against the "Daily Mail" resulted in a verdict for Lever with the colossal damages of £50,000. Mr. Thomas Marlowe, the editor, himself wrote the "leader" dealing with this. (I remember being struck with the great ability he displayed in this difficult article.) He told me afterwards that the editorial office of the "Mail" in Carmelite House was in such a condition of excitement engendered by this sensational climax to the campaign which the "Mail" had waged against Lever Bros., that he left the premises, engaged a private room at a hotel not far away, and wrote his "leader" there.

Irving was complex in character as he was accomplished in his art. Allied to this he possessed a perfectly unique personality; this feature of his composition never failed to impress itself upon any company however distinguished. Commencing his career in the old "barn-storming" days, he raised the status of the actor to one of repute and respect. A consummate artist in his calling and a prince in his dealings with his fellow-men, it was fitting that a laborious life should be rewarded by a resting-place within the hallowed precincts of Westminster Abbey.



HENRY LABOUCHERE.
("Truth.")
From the picture in the Reform Club painted by Edwin A. Ward.

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY
ONTARIO

All great men are wide men. Irving was a wide man—he could take tea with a Cardinal in the boudoir of a Duchess, and later, in the small hours of the morning, he would sit with Dodson or some similar boon companion, sipping their toddy, yarning over the old "Stock Company" days. No man was ever more faithful to old friendships.

Discussing Irving's inscrutable personality with Sir John Martin Harvey, who had been a member of his company for many years, he told me that it was difficult to determine whether Irving's simplicity was assumed, or merely made use of to cloak a somewhat sardonic attitude towards men and things. As an illustration of this he told me the following little story. Being present at a supper party at the old Beefsteak Club, they were extolling the marvellous exploits of Nansen, the celebrated explorer, who had recently returned from his famous expedition to the North Pole; each member of the supper party vied with his fellow in unstinted, unmeasured terms, praising his matchless courage and lofty enterprise. "Yes," said Irving, "wonderful man, Nansen. They tell me he stands the cold so well."

At the time I painted his portrait he was appearing in the production of "Ravenswood." Happening to remark upon the fact I had observed that during an emotional passage in the performance of her part in that play Miss Ellen Terry's face was bathed in real tears, Irving merely ejaculated: "Ah, yes, she does it every night."

Mr. Gladstone had paid him a visit at the Lyceum one evening, and being invited to Irving's dressing-room, expressed a strong desire to obtain a glimpse

of the "house" from the stage. The curtain was down; he was conducted to one of the "wings" from whence by slightly pulling the curtain aside a view of the "house" could be obtained. But Mr. Gladstone in his impulsive eagerness to see all that was to be seen, gripped the curtain with such energy that not only did he get a clear look of the "house," but also presented the audience with a most excellent view of the familiar features of the Prime Minister, upon which they rose as one man, bursting into loud, prolonged, delighted calls of "Bravo Gladstone."

Of all the famous folk I have been called upon to paint surely Sir Francis Burnand, the famous editor of "Punch," was the breeziest. His humour was fresh, clean and vigorous. During the sittings for his portrait he "faced the music" like a man; the only thing that disturbed his equanimity was the sound made by itinerant musicians. The instant they started he became a madman. Rushing to the window he flung it open wide and shook his fist in a fury of passion at the unfortunate organ grinder, and if that did not frighten him, he tore from the room downstairs and out into the street and did not return until the unfortunate performer had been moved on by the police; then he would return breathless, vowing vengeance upon the miserable man and his monkey. I have known this episode to repeat itself two or three times during the morning, and very disturbing it was in every sense.

We had many talks. In matters of art Burnand was intolerant of anything but that to which he had

grown accustomed. Thirty-five years ago Sargent was regarded by the vast majority of people who consider themselves judges of art as a freakish innovator, using his great skill in shameless attempts to surprise and startle the artistic public, and striving to attract notoriety by merciless methods in the portrayal of his sitters.

I knew Sargent very slightly, but quite enough to see that all this was absolutely at variance with the facts. Sincerity, tireless industry and a modest indifference to praise or blame were the characteristics apparent to any impartial observer.

Burnand's intolerance was very marked as we discussed the work of this brilliant young American. He would not allow that his work had any merit whatsoever. At last in despair of convincing him or affecting his judgment one iota I ventured to suggest that, as a very humble worker in the art of painting, I happened to know how exceedingly difficult it was to paint as well as that.

"Difficult, my dear Sir," replied Burnand. "I only wish to God it were impossible."

As it happened, Burnand was sitting to Herkomer during the time that I was painting him, and oddly enough the two portraits were on show at the same exhibition held at the New Gallery.

When I painted the late Sir Thomas Sutherland he was also giving sittings to Sargent. I was naturally much interested to hear of the progress of this picture, and one morning Sir Thomas informed me that on the previous day he had been to Sargent for the last time and that the picture was completed. He

proceeded to describe the final sitting. The portrait had been commissioned by the P. and O. Company, and the Directors were due to inspect the picture at 1.30. Sargent had asked Sir Thomas to come about 12 o'clock. To the surprise and consternation of Sir Thomas, who concluded that the work with which he was more than satisfied was finished, Sargent, without a word, commenced by entirely obliterating the face. He then started afresh and completely repainted the head before the arrival of the Directors of the P. and O. Company an hour and a half later. It was never touched again—surely a *tour de force* demanding nerve, skill and complete confidence in the consummate mastery of his material.

I met Mark Twain (S. L. Clemens) at a luncheon party given by Sir Henry Lucy at his famous flat in Ashley Gardens. Surely no table in a private house was ever laid that had gathered round it from time to time such an array of remarkable people from every part of the habitable globe. It was during the period when I was at work on the collection of celebrities for Alfred Harmsworth (as he was then). This seemed to me an excellent opportunity for fixing up a portrait of Mark Twain and arranging for the sittings right away. The great humorist offered no insuperable objection to the proposition and promised to communicate with me as soon as possible. In due time a letter arrived saying that all that was necessary before proceeding with the business was a signed request from Mr. Alfred Harmsworth to the effect that he desired to add the

portrait of Mr. Clemens to the collection which he was forming.

Hitherto all my arrangements with Alfred Harmsworth had been verbal ones, and I possessed no letter of any kind to produce. However, I went along to Carmelite House to obtain his authority to proceed with the portrait only to find that he was abroad and that no correspondence of any kind was to be forwarded. This was rather a facer, so I put the case before his brothers, who were quite alive to its importance from the fact that Mark Twain was not making a prolonged stay in England, but declined one and all to undertake the responsibility of acting sponsor for their brother Alfred in his absence. Under the circumstances I made a personal appeal to Mark Twain, who said: "Why, you just come along and see Mrs. Clemens, and what she says goes."

The dear lady—and she was a dear lady—after listening to my story, said, "Why, certainly, Mr. Ward; I'll bring him to sit myself next Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock, otherwise he would spend the entire day trying to get to you. He never knows his own way anywhere."

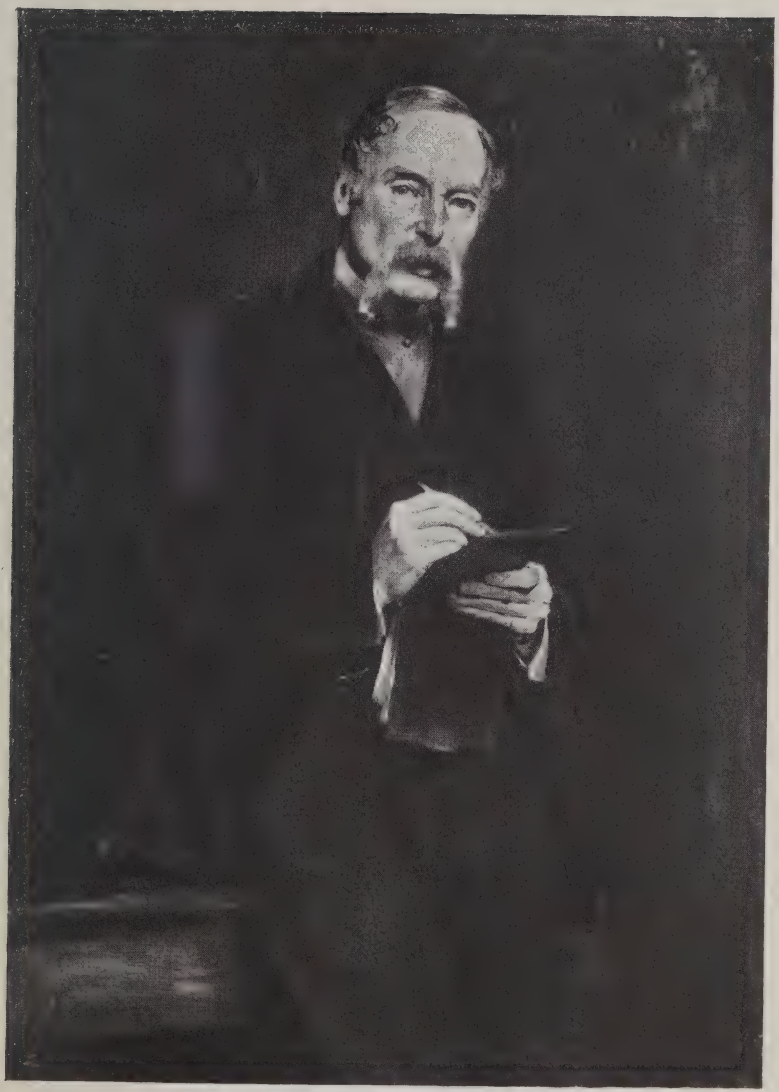
What a wonderful little man Mark Twain was! Fairly punctual in arriving, he made himself quite at home and talked, talked, talked. I never knew any mortal could be so incessantly amusing, and though he said so much and kept it up all day long there was never an idle word or one too much. His vocabulary was studded with the strangest oaths I ever listened to, but they flowed from his lips like polished pearls and their veiled violence fell

on your ears without offence, just sufficing to impart a little lurid colour to his conversation, which certainly did not lack sparkle. A little element of surprise was there, and he took a mischievous delight in enlisting your sympathy at great length with the most subtle dexterity; then at last, without warning, would come the word like a flash revealing every rung of the ladder he had been luring you to climb in order to let you down with a bang to the bottom.

Some of these stories are more easily spoken than written. He was describing the absorbing grip of the "call of scholarship."

"I had a young friend," he said, "whose sole delight in life was a passionate devotion to the study of Homer. He devoured every atom that had ever been penned upon Homer in all the languages known to civilization, and copies of Homer, in innumerable forms, shapes and sizes, littered the tiny cabin in which he elected to live, far removed from the madding crowd. Of frail physique and slender means which barely sufficed to keep the wolf from the door of their lonely dwelling, he was tended with loving care by a sister whose devotion to the study of Homer was only second to his own. She shared to the full his passionate absorption in the worship day in and week out at the shrine of Homer: Homer for breakfast, Homer for dinner, Homer for tea and supper with barely sufficient bread to keep body and soul together.

"This scanty fare year after year at length told its tale upon a frame weakened by suffering and just kept alive by the 'flame of his enthusiasm.' He died.



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.
("Punch.")
From picture in the Reform Club painted by Edwin A. Ward.

"His sorrowing sister laid him out in a plain little makeshift of a coffin painted green. There he lay with a copy of Homer in his right hand, a copy of Homer in his left hand, a copy of Homer under his head, a copy of Homer at his feet, and a copy of Homer—under his asse."

Mr. Clemens was a little late on one occasion; he had been detained and was obviously labouring under considerable annoyance. He told me all about it as follows: "I called at your District Postal Telegraphic Department. I had an important message to send and found quite a large number of people who were there for a similar purpose.

"Seated at the counter on the other side of the wire enclosure was a young man quietly reading a book. He appeared to be so deeply absorbed in the matter it contained as to be perfectly oblivious of the fact that he was keeping twenty or thirty people waiting; and there was I, having taken quite a lot of pains in writing out my telegram, filling it all in according to regulations, one of a group of people, respectable in appearance and exhibiting great patience while waiting until such time as the young nobleman behind the wire fence should deign to deal with the written message on a telegraphic form which each person held meekly in his hand.

"From where I stood it was not possible to discover the nature or style of the book which gripped him—but, the thing could not go on. I said, 'Young man! You are no mere member of the Royal Family—you are the Third Person in the Trinity, by God.'

"I received immediate attention."

A portrait of Cecil Rhodes was on view in the studio when Mark Twain commenced his sittings, but his vocabulary became so violent and varied, leaving no room for doubt as to his views regarding the policy of the British in South Africa and the part played in it by Cecil Rhodes, that I was compelled to move the picture out of the range of his vision. I was a little surprised to find that he had no good word to say for the works of Charles Dickens. He seemed to be quite blind to his qualities, and for the life of him he failed to see where the humour came in.

The only person who really seemed to interest him was the queer little slipshod Irish maid-of-all-work who served our simple meals. God had certainly neglected to supply her with good looks. Undersized, unshapely, she was just an oddity and might have posed for the Marchioness in Dickens, "Old Curiosity Shop"; but her face shone like the sun and a radiant smile made you forget the unkindness of the Creator in the assembling of her features. Mark Twain took to her from the first, and when he departed he presented Kean with a complete signed edition of his works. Just before this I had been engaged upon portraits of the Harmsworth brothers, and two or three of the younger ones had chaffed Kean unmercifully and despatched her upon all sorts of whimsical errands, for which I am bound to say they tipped her lavishly. When Mark Twain's picture was completed I asked Kean what she thought of Mr. Clemens. She signified her complete approval, adding, "Wot a relief after them 'Armsworths."

The picture was framed and delivered to Alfred

Harmsworth at Carmelite House. In the course of time I received a communication from Mr. Sutton, his secretary. It ran : " Mr. Harmsworth says that he does not know Mark Twain, he has never read any of his writings and he does not want his portrait. Will you kindly have it removed as soon as possible."

About a year afterwards I was asked to call at Berkeley Square to see Mr. Harmsworth.

" What have you done with the picture you painted of Mark Twain ? " he asked.

" It is still in my possession."

" Well, I want to buy it. I have just returned from America where I met Mark Twain many times. He is the only really funny man I have ever known. Colonel Harvey of Harper Bros., has been exceedingly kind to me, and I want to present him with your portrait of Mark Twain, for whom he entertains the greatest possible regard."

" Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall return to you after many days."

Whatever else you may say about the group of craftsmen in the art of painting who flourished around the years 1880 to 1890, it must be conceded that there was a completeness about their productions which is often absent from the work of many of the men whose pictures are all the rage in the year 1923.

However different in style, and they differed in idea, conception, technique and appeal, they delivered the goods. Frith, Alma Tadema, Burne-Jones, Leighton, Napier Hemy, Holman Hunt, Millais, Hook, Sant—all in their separate and

different ways left no misgivings in your mind that they had left off because they could not trust themselves to the fatigue of finishing anything upon which they had embarked. From foundation to skylight, like it or like it not, their work was finished, fit for habitation. It "gets my goat" when the critics compare the muddled smears of the moderns with the mastery of men like Turner and Constable, Muller and Crome. Their jargon gets more and more attenuated as each fresh impertinence is acclaimed as another corner-stone in the Temple of Art.

Millais might have been likened to a splendid salmon—handsome, impulsive, the very embodiment of fearless energy and directness. Other fish who moved in the artistic waters of those days included the lordly Leighton, cultured and accomplished; Prinsep, Calderon, Watts, of course, lofty in his work and in his life; Sant, whom I never knew; Frith, a great fellow full of the milk of human kindness, with a quiet dignity all his own, and as a raconteur at table second to none; Albert Moore (why he was never elected to the R.A. passes my comprehension), accomplished and gifted, rather a recluse but very likeable, living only for his art and very individual at that.

I heard it stated that at each election for the associateship Leighton always gave his vote for Albert Moore, but the latter had neglected to make himself *persona grata* with the rest of the "Forty," and so passed away minus the magic R.A. to his name, although his brother, Henry Moore, the great painter of sea-scapes, was elected years before.

THE RT. HON. LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
From the picture in the Reform Club painted by Edwin A. Ward.

Burgess, a great and finished gentleman, was the only member of that august body (many of whom are and have been my personal friends) rash enough to suggest that he would be glad, whenever I thought fit, to put down his name as proposer for my election to the R.A.

Burne-Jones, elected an Associate of the R.A. on the condition that the full R.A. should follow swiftly, exhibited, so far as I remember, only one picture at the R.A. and a very fine one too, "The Depths of the Sea." Rossetti and his crowd made a great splash, but his reputation as a poet will remain when his pictures are forgotten.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the father of the present Sir Philip Burne-Jones, was associated in fairly close friendship with an artistic group of socialistic tendencies, some of whom, including William Morris and Walter Crane, were extremely pronounced in their views. When Burne-Jones was offered and accepted a baronetcy, these friends expressed indignant surprise at this treachery. Burne-Jones replied that he "was very sorry, but Philip cried so."

Alfred Gilbert I knew, a great artist, quite unappreciated by the crowd, but universally admitted by his fellow-craftsmen to be the greatest sculptor since Alfred Stevens, who designed the Wellington Memorial now in St. Paul's Cathedral. Stevens evinced consummate accomplishment in any material—even as a painter he was as good as the best. A visit to the Tate Gallery will demonstrate this fact beyond all question.

Alfred Gilbert now lives at Bruges. The devotion he bestowed upon his art was out of all proportion

to his capacity for managing the commercial side of his affairs, with the disastrous result that in the height of his fame he was declared a bankrupt, resigned his membership of the Royal Academy and sought sanctuary and peace in that quaint old backwater of Belgium.

In company with my old friend, St. John Harmsworth, I paid a visit to Gilbert at Bruges some ten years ago. There we found him, brilliant as ever and quite uncomplaining, working away as well as his broken health would permit. He told me a dramatic story, typical of his contempt for the Philistine treatment he had experienced at the hands of his British (so-called) patrons.

On the night previous to the day that heralded the seizure of his goods, chattels and works of art, representing the strenuous endeavour of a lifetime, he gave a great party on this, the eve of his downfall, and invited all the famous folk of his time. When, in the small hours of the morning, the last guest had departed, he hired in a gang of men armed with pickaxe, crowbar and hammer to smash all the plaster casts of the great works to which the best years of his life had been devoted. The idea of these children of his brain being carted away and exposed for sale in the Caledonian Market could not be endured.

When the sheriff and his men arrived at nine o'clock it was to take possession of premises knee deep in splintered plaster of Paris, and all the "empties" and remains of a notable feast.

One of Gilbert's many stories, and he is a great teller of stories, illustrates the unwisdom of the man with millions airing his money-manner in order to

impress people with manners but no money. Cecil Rhodes called at Gilbert's studio to commission him to execute some designs for South Africa. Gilbert had prepared some small wax sketch-figures to indicate the sort of thing required: it will be remembered by all who know Gilbert's work how suggestive and beautiful these small wax figures always were.

Rhodes came in in his great clumsy manner, which was very upsetting to people unprepared for his peculiarities, and being shown the little wax models, blurted out that he " not was out to furnish a toyshop." " I want something big! Big! Can't you show me anything I want? "

This was too much for Alfred Gilbert, who quietly conducted Rhodes and his party to the door, with the remark, " I know exactly the kind of thing you want, and you'll find it in the Euston Road. . . . Good day! "

It appears that Rhodes knew that he had gone too far and made several attempts to arrange another meeting with Gilbert, but with no result.

CHAPTER XVII

WHISTLER

WHISTLER, in common with many remarkable men I have met, possessed to a peculiar degree the power of compelling devotion. He was always surrounded and waited upon hand and foot by a group of young men, all clever in their different ways, who called him "Master."

During his brief reign as President of the Society of British Artists he made a bold attempt to eliminate all that was "British" from that old-fashioned and highly respectable institution. He and his devoted band of followers made a point of appearing in evening dress at a period when the Master and his men must have lacked the price of a meal at all in keeping with their highly superior appearance. When Whistler wanted a thing he went after it with an utter contempt for consequences or the feelings of others.

When at length the sturdy old Bohemian-British members of the Institution rebelled and eventually dethroned him, he addressed his successor, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, as follows: "Well, Mr. Bayley," upon which Mr. Bayliss, not to be beaten, retorted, "There is one duty Mr. Whistle which you have

forgotten to perform before vacating the chair, and that is to congratulate the new President" —which of course Whistler proceeded to do. Then with a wave of his hand, collecting his little band of stalwarts—"And now the Artists take their departure, and only the British remain."

During the tenure of his house in Tite Street, Whistler did a certain amount of entertaining, and procured his supply of wine from the local wine-merchant in the King's Road, Chelsea, who allowed him long credit in consideration of the fact that Whistler recommended him to many of the great folk who frequented the studio. Whistler, apparently at this time, was in financial straits and also owed a considerable sum to Chapman, the picture frame maker, who called one day to ask for settlement of his long outstanding account.

Whistler received him most cordially and pressed him to partake of a glass of wine. Chapman, while appreciating the courtesy of his client, felt it his duty to decline the proffered refreshment, and ventured to remark, "You will pardon me, Mr. Whistler, but while you find yourself unable to settle my bill, I am surprised that you are able to indulge in the extravagance of champagne."

"Oh, don't let that worry you, my dear Chapman," said Whistler, "I don't pay for that either."

Whistler told me he was dining out shortly after his libel action against Ruskin, and was holding forth on the miserable methods of his adversary when a lady who was sitting on his right expostulated with him upon the violence of his tirade, saying,

"You perhaps are not aware that Mr. Ruskin is an uncle of mine?"

"Never mind, my dear madam," ejaculated Whistler, "we have all relations of whom we are more or less ashamed."

On another occasion he was ventilating his views upon Art in general before a mixed assembly. Mr. Wedmore, the Art critic of the "Standard" ventured to interrupt him with the remark, "What are *we* to do who find ourselves in disagreement with Mr. Whistler's principles?"

"Do, my dear sir? Why *die!*" came the strident reply.

Whistler could not brook the slightest appearance or suggestion of independence or insubordination from any of his faithful band of followers, and when Mortimer Menpes announced his intention of going to Japan (Japanese art Whistler regarded as his own private property and discovery) he was furious and never forgave what he considered an infringement of his patent.

Another story illustrates the merciless nature of his methods when anything or anybody stood in his way. One of the few members of his flock of adherents blessed with an assured pecuniary position was William Stott of Oldham, who possessed a little place in the country, and went even further than the others in copying Whistler's style of dress—the long frock-coat buttoned up close to the neck, the flowing black "quartier Latin" tie, and strange long stove-pipe topper with tiny narrow brim. He and Mrs. Stott were very kind to Whistler and went so far as to be very kind also to a lady

of the studio who devoted herself entirely to Whistler and was known to the little coterie as "Madame."

The Stotts received a letter from Whistler saying that "Madame" was far from well and might she come down and spend a few days with them in the country, as he was sure the rest and change would do her good. The Stotts assented gladly, and "Madame" was installed and sat out all day in the garden. She was making rapid progress, when one morning they saw in the "Times" an announcement of the marriage of James McNeill Whistler to the widow of the late Mr. Godwin.

This was a crushing and unexpected blow to poor "Madame," who collapsed completely, and it required the constant care and watchfulness of the Stotts to bring her round. It was a very embarrassing situation, but the fact remained that they were landed with the weeping woman while Whistler and Mrs. Godwin were gaily gadding on their honeymoon.

Some time after this Stott was in town, and strolled into the Hogarth Club, of which we were all members in those days. Going upstairs into the drawing-room he came face to face with Whistler, and immediately exclaimed, "Mr. Whistler, you are a liar and a blackguard." Whistler made no more ado, but catching Stott by the scruff of the neck, kicked him out of the room.

A Special General Meeting of the Club was called to consider this incident, Whistler having reported Stott to the committee for using insulting and ungentlemanly language. I was present, standing

next to Whistler immediately below the chairman, who sat at a table on a raised dais.

Whistler asserted that they were called to adjudicate upon a point of Club etiquette and that the case before the meeting was that a member, without previous provocation in the Club, had grossly insulted another member and so begun the quarrel, he was clearly guilty, and failing a full and ample apology he must be asked to resign, and if he refused, be expelled the Club. But, and Whistler made a great point of this, the Club had no jurisdiction to deal under any circumstances with a personal difference which might have arisen outside the Club.

During the meeting there was a strong feeling adverse to Whistler among the few members conversant with the facts, and I recall one member very briefly but forcibly telling Whistler what he thought of him, as we stood there while the meeting was just beginning. Whistler, not in the least perturbed, waved him contemptuously aside, and turned to listen to the remarks from the chairman in case that gentleman should be tempted to encroach on forbidden ground.

I could not help admiring the superb audacity of the strange creature in face of a crowded hostile room. During the silence in which the chairman's words were listened to, Whistler required a light for his cigarette. There was a lighted candle upon the table in front of the chairman, and in full view of us all, Whistler stepped forward, and at arm's length —he could barely reach it—succeeded in lighting his cigarette with a nonchalant insouciance

which by suggestion made light of the whole proceeding.

It is more than thirty years ago, and the dear old Hogarth Club ceased to exist ages ago, and I cannot call to mind precisely whether Stott resigned or was expelled, but strange as it may seem, Stott ceased to be a member and Whistler remained.

In those days in Chelsea there existed a movement calling for the reform of the Royal Academy. We met from time to time in various studios, and a council was elected—Walter Crane, Holman Hunt, Harvard Thomas, W. E. F. Britten, Fred Brown, J. E. Christie, George Clausen, Wilson Steer, Stirling Lee and others. Most of them were eventually absorbed into the ranks of the Royal Academy, and those who escaped we hope to meet again on the Golden Shore.

When J. J. Shannon was elected A.R.A. Whistler wrote and impressed upon him that this gave him the chance of his life, and that by refusing to accept the associateship he would gain far greater distinction than he could possibly achieve by becoming a mere member of the Royal Academy. " Resign and show your contempt for the Forty !" Shannon replied that he was very sensible of Whistler's kindness in making the suggestion but " he was not that kind of pigeon."

One of the meetings for the Reform of the R.A. was attended by Oscar Wilde, whose name was placed on the Reform Committee. It appeared that shortly before this Whistler and Wilde had quarrelled, and when Whistler was specially invited to attend a

subsequent meeting, his reply conveyed the impression that in his opinion destruction was more effective than reformation, and that he was too busy to bother about any R.A. at the moment. Referring to the list of the committee he proceeded: "But why Oscar?—who picks the plums from our platters, and peddles them about the provinces for profit."

Wilde and he had previously seen much of each other, and Wilde had doubtless assimilated a considerable smattering of Whistler's persiflage and exploited this during the lectures which he was delivering up and down the country and by which he realized quite a large sum of money.

Whistler was ruthless in the pursuit of friend or foe who fell under the ban of his displeasure, and the rasping sting of his biting tongue made him a formidable adversary. Labouchere, himself a past-master in all the arts of wordy warfare, took a friendly delight in fanning any flicker of discord which might be smouldering in the camp of the master of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

The columns of "Truth" were always open to Whistler for the ventilation of his little tiffs, but he did not confine himself entirely to wordy warfare. He "caned" Augustus Moore in the foyer at the Opera, and in Paris challenged George Moore (the author of many famous novels and brother of Augustus) to a real duel, and referred to him as a "runaway" because Moore declined to feed his vanity by anything so absurd. But although he certainly raised his foot against William Stott of Oldham, I never heard that Whistler ever really

hurt anybody; it was always a case of "I'll strike you with a feather, I'll stab you with a rose." It created a lot of fun—the little Bantam of Battersea Reach, a wonder at his weight, puffing out his chest, proud and "pleased as Punch."

That "Labby" really liked him was undoubted. He told me that having purchased Whistler's picture of Connie Gilchrist, "The Gold Girl," at an auction, he was induced to lend the picture to the artist, who desired to effect some slight alteration. Labouchere laughingly added: "That is ten years ago. He is still not sufficiently satisfied with it to return my picture, and I don't expect ever to see it again."

On this point Whistler entertained rather select views, holding that mere payment for one of his masterpieces did not necessarily mean that the purchaser was worthy to remain in undisputed possession of the picture.

The late Sir Thomas Sutherland, while chairman of the P. and O., told me that in his bachelor days he saw a good deal of Jimmy Whistler during the period when he was having his famous dispute with Leyland over the Peacock Room. On a certain Sunday about that time Sir Thomas was going to Southampton to board one of his new P. and O. ships on its trial trip. He invited Whistler to bring a few friends and join him. They were to meet at Waterloo Station on the Sunday afternoon.

As they waited for the train Sir Thomas remarked: "I suppose you fellows have partaken of the usual Sunday midday dinner, so there will be no necessity to dine before embarking to-night." But it appeared his guests had lunched lightly as they

supposed late dinner would be provided, and Whistler suggested that as they were not dining on board and seeing it was Sunday night it would be as well to wire to the Terminus Hotel at Southampton and order dinner to be ready for them on their arrival.

Sir Thomas thereupon telegraphed: "Please prepare dinner for self and party on arrival by boat-train to-night. Sutherland."

Upon their arrival at Southampton Sir Thomas was considerably surprised to find the station decorated and a crimson carpet leading from the platform to the hotel entrance. They were met by the Superintendent of the Line, attended by as many Directors as could be summoned at short notice on the Sabbath.

Upon enquiring the reason for all this pomp and ceremony it transpired that from the telegram they had concluded that the *Duke* of Sutherland with a ducal party was arriving, and a magnificent banquet had been prepared with all the floral decoration available.

Sir Thomas, Whistler and his friends felt that the only thing to do was to face the feast as it stood. When it was all over Sir Thomas put it to them that once on the ship they would be his guests, but as the banquet had been rather thrust upon them it would be only fair if they each bore their own share of the bill, which was quite in keeping with the fare provided. Whistler and his friends laughed and scoffed at the mere idea of mincing the matter in this manner, and there was nothing for Sir Thomas but to grin, pay and bear it.

It appears that some days after their return to town a message reached Sir Thomas that Whistler would like to see him. Upon calling at Whistler's studio he was shown a charming sketch reminiscent of the scene that night upon which they had embarked upon the trial trip in the new P. and O.

Sir Thomas, much struck by the beauty of the study, asked Whistler what sort of sum he would receive for it, if it were for sale. Whistler, never timorous about such matters, replied that he was prepared to sacrifice it for 700 guineas. "Seven hundred fiddlesticks," said Sir Thomas, and laughingly left the studio.

This was the "study" called by Whistler, "Valparaiso—evening," which was later sold for 12,000 guineas. Little did Sir Thomas think he would live to see the day when this little sketch would realize over ten times the sum he refused to pay.

"Captain" Hill, the Bond Street tailor, who had a large house in Brighton, was a collector of modern pictures and took a great interest in the artists themselves. He had commissioned Whistler to paint a picture for him, and it was arranged that he should take the picture down to Brighton and choose the place where it should hang. When Whistler arrived his host and party were out for the day. When they returned in the evening they found Whistler fast asleep on the sofa, the collection of pictures entirely re-hung, and his own contribution hanging in the place of honour.

Watts and Whistler were as the poles asunder. What Watts thought of Whistler is not recorded.

Whistler, in his reckless disregard of all convention, declared that Watts was a " damned old muddler." The restraint and repose of Whistler's contribution to the art of his period was strangely at variance with the rattle of his raillery. He poured forth a mocking torrent of irresponsible derision from which no mortal, however eminent, was immune.

Sir Thomas Sutherland told me that Whistler's famous breakfast parties were amazing for the complete success with which he conveyed by his gaiety of manner a subtle suggestion of dainty fare and that he had provided a sumptuous feast. You had no time to realize until afterwards that you had eaten practically nothing at all, but had enjoyed yourself very much. Whistler is usually associated with stories if not actually malicious, at any rate relying upon a certain amount of sting, and possessing what might mildly be classified as pungent humour ; but that he could be kind on occasions is indisputable.

According to G. B. Burgin, one evening at Joseph Pennell's attractive abode in Adelphi Terrace, he found as a fellow-guest Aubrey Beardsley, for whose work hitherto he had avowed a wholesome dislike. Beardsley, an abnormally delicate, sensitive creature, felt this gratuitous slight upon his productions very acutely. As it happened Pennell and Beardsley were busily engaged examining some proofs of the latter's work at the moment Whistler arrived, and Beardsley, with nervous, trembling hands hastily attempted, by turning them face downwards, to conceal the work for which Whistler had previously expressed his unmitigated contempt. Whistler,

however, insisted on seeing the drawings, and turning them over on the table, he placed his hand upon Beardsley's shoulder, who was waiting in deadly fear for the fall of some biting, critical badinage.

"My dear Beardsley, I beg your pardon for any-

WHISTLER. *By Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.*

thing disparaging I may have said about your work. I fully realize now that you are a great artist."

Aubrey Beardsley burst into tears and sobbed like a child.

So far as I knew he was no church-goer, yet the incumbent at that time of the Old Chelsea Church told me that each Sunday Whistler never missed conducting his mother as far as the church door, and after the service he was there again to take her home.

I have often seen him at picture exhibitions, where he was always stationed in front of his own work, holding forth on its merits to a small crowd of faithful adherents who clustered round, muttering their jargon of wonder and admiration. Only once did I besee him stow any attention on other work than his own. This was when some drawings by his wife were included in the exhibition. For these he had nothing but unstinted praise, and I was informed by one of his disciples that all the tenderness and consideration of which he was capable were reserved for her, and that when she died he was utterly broken up by her loss.

Whistler was a very remarkable personality, nimble-witted to an extraordinary degree, with a keen knowledge of his own limitations (a very rare quality), no veneration, and a profound belief that effrontery would foozle all the silly people he might meet in the shallow waters of artistic London.

As a boy I was for a time an enthusiastic angler. In Yorkshire rivers there was a strange, voracious small fish called a "Daddy Rough," on account of its being protected by Nature with strong spikes all along its back. It was quite uneatable, and when freed from our hooks we often impaled a cork on its spikes and sent him afloat again. Away he went, rushing about on the surface of the stream, unable to submerge owing to the buoyancy supplied by the cork on its back.

Whistler often reminded me of a "Daddy Rough" —though he was buoyant enough without any cork —being dangerous to handle, and very disturbing to the tranquillity of any stream.

CHAPTER XVIII

BRITISH COLUMBIA

THERE were three farmers within a few hours' ride of our camp in British Columbia when I was on a trip to the Hot Springs with St. John Harmsworth in 1914. First of all there was an American named Jim Johnson. His was a small farm, but he had eighty horses and a beautiful and well-ordered garden with an abundance of the finest strawberries, as I can testify. We (a party of six) went over to lunch one Sunday, when he entertained us right royally. The house was a model of perfect orderliness, full of cunning contrivances, not a thing neglected or forgotten. Jim Johnson was a man of education and refinement; he had built his own house with his own hands without any assistance whatever. He attended to every detail belonging to his farm, looked after his eighty horses with no help from any living soul, kept his garden in the most exquisite order and saw to every detail of housework with no aid from man or maid.

Farmery, bakery, butchery, cookery and washing (some of our party insisted on doing the washing-up after lunch) were his manifold duties; this left no leisure for smoke or drink. He did neither, nor had

he an overflow of talk—he rarely spoke, spare and lean and very silent he appeared to be perfectly happy and contented. Not a soul within many miles, but no fraction of a moment in which to feel miserable or solitary. It seemed incredible that any individual unaided could accomplish so much. There was no evidence of any hurry or trace of tidying up in any haste. He was the only real tranquil thing in human beings I had ever beheld.

Judge Scovil, an old friend of Johnson's who arranged our visit, told me that if you came unexpectedly the house and everything in it were spick-and-span just the same. Scovil said to me: "Come and see his bedroom." It was perfectly simple, an unpretentious apartment, but certainly left the impression on my mind that a chambermaid had "done" the room and that a valet had arranged his master's things.

The temptation of a place in the Legislature of his country had been offered to Johnson, to which by his culture and attainments he was undoubtedly entitled, but no lure of office could tempt him away from the tranquillity of his home in the hills.

Another farmer just as efficient and attractive in his queer Irish way was John McCullagh. Unhampered by education of any kind, he had learned to read and write a little in a childish fashion after reaching the age of sixty, and had bought a fiddle which he learned to play without any instruction save what he gathered from a shilling handbook.

John had been a hard drinker all his days, but when I found him at the age of sixty-three, he had quit the bottle for keeps! The change had been

brought about by the advent of a middle-aged, Lancashire mill hand. Jenny had journeyed out to Golden to housekeep for her brother, but when he elected to get married she found herself at liberty to look out for a fresh field for her activities.

Now John McCullagh after fifty years of fending for himself bethought him that Jenny might come along to his ranch and help him to run it with a little more care and regard for orderliness. But Jenny refused to join forces as she was informed that John was a man of violent temper and addicted to drink. That is why he made up his mind to become a teetotaller.

One morning, harnessing his horses to the buggy, John drove out to where Jenny was staying and informed her that he had come to fetch her to be married, for which purpose he carried the licence in his pocket. Looking out of the window Jenny told him plainly that she refused to comply with his strange proposal, and added: "What is that coil of stuff you carry in the back of the buggy?" "Oh!" said John, "that's a rope to hog tie you with in case you don't come good." "So," as she told it to me, "it didn't seem any use standing out. I just packed my trunk and, putting on my bonnet, got into the buggy and John drove me off to this ranch, calling at parson's house to be married on the way home."

Jenny was a dear soul and must have been a very pretty girl. She was still quite good looking even after fifty years of unremitting toil as a mill hand (she had commenced work while a mere child as a "half-timer," an abominable custom in vogue

in those sordid wicked old days) and as a maid-of-all-work on a ranch.

John had been bred and reared in the mining camps around Colorado, and his choice in expletives was a sore trial to the primitive Jenny. His vocabulary, though limited, was lurid and fiery, and I fear he took a savage delight in displaying his talent, which had lain dormant during the long years of his former lonely bachelorhood, at Spillamachine Ranch.

In his early days John had been a prizefighter. Short in stature he was very stockily built, and at the age of sixty-three still possessed surprising alertness of foot and retained sufficient elasticity to turn a somersault at any moment during his round of inspecting his stock, and, when the fit took him, would step out an Irish jig with infinite spirit, scraping out the tune the while on his own little fiddle. For his prize fights he told me his mother had always acted as trainer, and very efficiently she performed her duties right up to the moment of his entering the ring. But she could not trust herself to watch the combat itself though keeping herself in readiness to tend her boy the moment the ordeal was over.

Very early in life John had found it convenient to enlist in the army, but the restraint and discipline of a soldier's life galled his free, proud spirit, so he deserted and made for the mines, where in those days everything might be found but monotony. He met with varying fortune. At one period he was making £7000 a year, but cards and roulette relieved him of all surplus cash. Endowed with a natural aptitude for handling anything of a sporting

character, he became an adroit and successful coiner during the dull periods of life in the mining world, when things did not pan out well and dollars were scarce. The risk was great, convicted coiners were given short shrift. John and his partner divided the risk. They found it comparatively easy to pass a few counterfeit dollars to meet their requirements from time to time when hard pressed, but deemed it wise to abstain from the temptation of flooding their immediate market with any considerable quantity of spurious coins which might not unreasonably arouse suspicion.

After a long period of comparative prosperity in their mining operations a lean time followed, during which the partnership was face to face with something resembling famine. It became so acute that the old desperate remedy was at last resorted to and John turned out a few hundred very excellent imitations of the Mexican dollar. It was his partner who undertook the dangerous duty of passing the coins, for which great coolness and circumspection were required. But on this occasion for some reason or other, perhaps he had lost the trick through lack of practice, he returned to McCullagh with a frank avowal that he had funked the business and could not face it. John was furious at this slight upon his artistry, "Here, give me the stuff; I made 'em and I'll pass 'em."

John made for the camp and paid for a few drinks with a dollar or two. The success of this experiment emboldened him to carry on the good work, with the result that he forgot the nature of the stuff that he was handling, went on a blazing spree, squandered

his entire output, and returned drunk and dollarless to his timorous partner.

This experiment cured him of the coining business. He was thoroughly aroused to the danger he had run and there and then destroyed the dies and quit the business for keeps. Although he stoutly maintained that his dollars contained quite as much sterling silver as the government currency, this would not have absolved him from the swift retribution awaiting the manipulation of a private mint.

Gambling had ever been the relaxation of the old-time toilers in new-found mining areas. John was badly bitten by this baneful pastime. He had squandered all his earnings on one occasion at roulette and found himself stranded, minus the means of recouping his losses, quite early in the evening. Vacating his chair at the gambling table he found himself following a fat old Chinaman who had discontinued play for the reason that he had won a sufficiently large sum to satisfy his requirements. John felt the foolish unfairness of their relative positions, and filled with fury at the injustice of Fate stealthily tracked the Chinaman until they were well away from observation—then stepping swiftly behind him he gave him just enough stranglehold to afford himself ample opportunity in which to relieve the Chinaman of his ill-gotten gains.

John told me that the fat old fellow at first squealed like a frightened rabbit, but he quickly quietened him and was thus enabled to resume his seat at the roulette table, replenished with the sinews of war. The man at the wheel smiled as though he suspected the source from which John's

change of fortune had come, but went on with the game all the same.

John's ranch at Spillamachine was several miles away from the Radium Hot Springs where our camp was pitched, and it fell to my lot to trudge over the mountains in the early mornings in quest of fresh milk and vegetables. I made it my business also to paint portraits of John and his good wife, Jenny. A most amusing experience it was. The ranch was used as the dumping ground for the "mail" and occasionally callers would drop in for possible letters. The McCullaghs also had a wooden shack where belated pedestrians could spend the night—strange fellows tramping the mountains in quest of jobs as roadmakers, railway men, ranchers, mining and oil experts, with a couple of blankets strapped on their backs, and a pannikin slung to their belts.

Bed and breakfast would cost them two to three dollars. An excellent meal it was, great dishes of fried eggs and bacon and the most delicious porridge I ever tasted. John presented no bill. If the wayfarer on taking the trail again made no enquiry as to what he owed, it was taken for granted that he was without the means to pay, and the matter was never mentioned. He just shouldered his bundle and went on his way.

The mail was left once in a while and a kind of cupboard had been arranged to receive it, but the letters more often littered the floor and callers would shuffle them about in the dust with a stick in the hope of finding the one they wanted. The arrangements for posting and clearing letters were more primitive still. An old battered tin biscuit box

with a hole big enough to put your fist in was nailed fast to the trunk of a tree. At irregular intervals the rickety mail-cart passing Spillamachine would call at Hairpin Corner and clear the biscuit box. On the next tree was nailed a notice to the effect that "It takes a thousand years to grow a forest. A careless man throwing a burning match may destroy it in five minutes."

Macauley, the teamster, was perhaps the most picturesque of all the curious callers at Spillamachine. He made a brave figure as he defiled with his string of horses along the canyon. A Winchester slung across his shoulder and a revolver thrust into his belt, he rode with all the swagger of a knight of old. Every horse with its pack moved with conscious pride as feeling his share of responsibility in the outfit. Whatever came their way they were ready for it—hauling timber, carrying freight along the track, or indeed any job calling for man or horse.

Macauley was a splendid looking Irishman, and a good looking Irishman is the handsomest man thing you will find the world over. I wanted to paint a portrait of him, but his mode of life—here to-day and gone to-morrow—made it impossible, unless indeed I cared to take a horse and join his circus. He had no ties of family or homestead and was the most carefree fearless human I have ever encountered.

I loved every moment of it—starting from our camp between five and six o'clock, having already made a fire after collecting the wood and prepared early tea. This was my job, in return for which

other members of the party undertook to see to the washing of my clothes. This was beyond me. I was an awful duffer at washing clothes. There was a track over the mountains to Spillamachine with a view of the Selkirks under the morning sun.

That was the way to go before loading up with milk and vegetables. I usually got to McCullagh's ranch in time for breakfast, did some painting, and after a jaw with John and Jenny loaded up my stuff and started along the return journey by a different route, alongside the creek and through the canyon. A blazing hot journey it was, drenching me through and through from head to foot, but a dip in the Radium Hot Springs put that right and I was ready again for any job that might come to hand.

But by far the most efficient thing in farms in our vicinity was run by a family of German nationality. It was not a farm, it was a factory. Every tap was turned on full, the crops had hardly time to ripen. The homestead was a shambling, largish, frame-built house bubbling over with children of every shape, age and size. (I was told, and believe, that there were twelve of them.) There were not only children, for every child had his horse, pigeons, poultry, pigs, cows, puppies, cats and kittens, or some other form of four-footed beast. It was a huge hive, humming with furious activity—windy, noisy, machinery of every agricultural stunt whirling the stuff aloft, drying, crushing, clanging, snorting, tearing its harvest out of the tired earth.

Scovil took me there. He was terribly fond of sweetcakes, and the old Frau was famous for her baking of every variety. Scovil, who was painfully

lean, despite his love for all things sweet or savoury, told me with bated breath that he believed that she could bake her cakes in fifteen different ways. The place, however, made no appeal to me as did the ranches run by Jim Johnson or John McCullagh. No room for romance in this emporium of Teutonic enterprise. The mystery of the great mountains crowned with everlasting snow made no impression, held no message for the denizens of this human anthill.

I was to discover later, however, that they had their uses. Not long after my visit to their ranch in July, 1914, came the cable thrilling us through every fibre. War had been declared—with the possible isolation of our party out there in the Columbia Valley as consequence. The German farmer with commendable enterprise had connected himself by telephone with Golden, the nearest town of any importance, and thenceforth all news of the war came by cable to Golden and was telephoned to the German farmer, who relayed it on to us by his daughter who came riding over the mountains, clad cowboy fashion, and making a very romantic, comely figure as she slithered down the slippery trail leading into our camp at the Radium Hot Springs.

We were entirely unprepared for a sojourn of long duration in the Rockies, in fact we were already planning a move towards Victoria preparatory for making for New York to embark on a White Star liner for Liverpool ; but the war business cancelled everything. There was nothing else for it but to sit tight and make the best of the inevitable. The

prospect was not pleasing as we were unprovided with suitable clothing for the approaching winter. It was already getting very chilly after sundown, and our flimsy tents would obviously be useless with a thermometer 30° below zero. Lord Northcliffe cabled to his brother St. John that he saw no possible chance of our getting a ship, as two German cruisers, the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" were patrolling the Atlantic for liners.

The financial outlook was also embarrassing. We possessed no ready money. A local magnate had placed £500 in the bank at Calgary for current expenses the week before war was declared. The utmost he could induce his bankers to release was £50! To make matters worse a storm of great violence swept down the mountain side and destroyed the newly-built road at points both above and below our camp. For some days we were cut off from supplies and had to subsist on our slender store of canned food.

The shed which sheltered St. John Harmsworth was completely wrecked by the hurricane, so a log hut was built lower down, at the edge of the Radium Springs. It was wonderful to see the way in which the men handled the great logs, lopping, fashioning and fixing them in position. Three or four men of various nationalities—how nimble and skilful they were with the axe! That log cabin was a triumph —beautiful, weatherproof, cool in summer, warm in winter. What had been stately trees in the forest a fortnight before were now transformed into a shapely home, which nothing short of fire could destroy. These powerful, tireless young giants,

proud of their strength and skill, toiled unceasingly from dawn till dark. Then, armed with a cheque in payment for their labour, off they went gaily to the nearest township to enjoy a little relaxation.

I did not recognize them as they crept back a fortnight later in order to shift the details of their camp outfit. They looked twice the age and a quarter the size. John Barleycorn had diddled them out of every dollar of their earnings. It would take them days and days to recover from the effects of their trip to "Barleytown," but the wonderful waters of the Radium Hot Springs were famous far and wide as a solace to the sufferers from the deleterious effects of a plethora of refreshment. Tanned Indians also brought their maimed and ailing brethren, pitched a tent close to the Spring, and left them there, coming to and fro daily with foodstuff from the Reservation. There was also a rumour that the brown bear at night brought his sore head and bathed it in the healing waters. I hope that this is true, though I am glad that the grizzly bear rarely leaves his fastnesses in the heights, and does not venture in the valley below. He is by no means a friendly fellow, and as a Companion of the Bath is undesirable.

Disquietening war news came trickling through—Belgium overrun by the German Army, the submarine menace, Paris itself in imminent danger. All this while we were boxed up in our remote valley, relying for our tidings of the Great War upon telephoned cable messages brought by a German maiden, riding over the mountains. My boys had joined the first week. Cut off from any uncensored

news of them the anxiety was almost insupportable, but it had to be faced. It seemed more than possible that I would have to make for Winnipeg, and spend the winter there in the hope of getting remunerative employment.

Eventually, however, reliable information reached us that the "Olympic" would make this trip across the Atlantic from New York. In order to join the C.P.R. at Golden it would be necessary for us to make the journey there by river, and the last boat of the year was shortly leaving the Sinclair Landing. We proceeded at once to pack up preparatory to striking camp, and made all ready for starting by motor-car soon after dawn. The condition of my friend, St. John, demanded the conveyance of much impedimenta. To relieve the party of my extra weight I therefore volunteered to make an earlier start afoot, and to meet the party at the Landing in time to get aboard the river boat.

It was a glorious morning, and just as I was on the point of setting out the lad who had been a sort of helper in the kitchen came and asked me to allow him to accompany me on the walk down to the river. He was a queer, half-witted youth, William Nelson, by name. He had often amused me by his gaucheries, and though I would much rather have been spared his company, it appeared an ill-natured thing to refuse his request, besides which he assured me that he was perfectly familiar with the shortest and best track to take, and he wanted to be included in the party assembling to bid us good-bye.

Given ordinary conditions there would have been no difficulty in finding our way and we had started

out in plenty of time. But although the sun was shining brilliantly out of a cloudless sky the entire landscape below was absolutely blotted out by a thick blanket of white mist like an unbroken layer of cotton wool. Had I been alone there were certain landmarks and indications, which with any care would have made it almost impossible to go very far wrong. But William kept up a ceaseless chatter which I would occasionally interrupt by the query, "Are we all right, William?"

"Sure," he would reply.

"Don't forget, William, that I am relying upon you entirely. You assure me that you are perfectly familiar with the place?"

"Why that's the reason I am here to see that you don't miss the boat."

He scoffed at any idea of losing the track; had he not lived hereabouts for years, and did he not know every yard of the way?

It was getting very hot, and as we mended our pace I was perspiring from every pore, plodding along under the blazing sun. Still that blanket of cotton wool obliterated every trace of the valley below. Surely we must be within measurable distance of the landing. Beginning to realize that the hour fixed for the steamer to start was rapidly approaching, the confidence reposed in my guide perceptibly weakened; but still he endeavoured to reassure me that we only had to press on in order to reach the Landing, which was close at hand. A further long stretch at a quickened speed brought us no nearer our goal. Quite uncanny! Clear as crystal above, but enveloped in maddening mystery

all the way which should bring our objective in view.

"What was that, William? Surely it was a whistle: the steamer whistle? Which is the way? Is it this way or that way?"

He stared at me vacantly, saying, "I don't know."

Nothing to be seen but endless miles of thick white mist, and yet underneath it somewhere was the last steamer of the year, just about to start. The captain had warned us days before that on no account could he delay his departure as there was a risk of the "fairway" being frozen over at any moment, and of his steamer with its freight being held up and stuck there until the following spring.

Here was I in a light travelling suit, and a pair of thin shoes, no money, no anything! Our baggage, including all the tickets and papers relating to our journey had been forwarded on to the steamer the previous day to avoid any possibility of delay.

Following that whistle I could just hear the chug-chug-chug of the paddle steamer. There was no mistake about it, I had missed the boat that was to convey me to the train which was to take me to the ship returning to England, the last chance of getting home. I was left for the duration of the war. I was lost in the mountains all alone with a lunatic! No good going back to the Springs—the camp had been broken up, every stitch of clothing and all my possessions were aboard that boat, and it had gone.

I turned to kill William, but he exhibited no more emotion than a man betrays who watches the departure of the Brixton 'bus, knowing that another will follow inside two minutes. It was an obvious

waste of useful breath to curse the stupidity of a loony like this, so directing him sternly to make the ascent of one of the adjacent heights, and on no account to lose sight of me for a moment, I proceeded to climb a similar point of vantage in another direction, having instructed him to signal to me if any sign of life appeared. This project did not promise to provide much comfort, but I was so sick of the mere sight of the creature, it relieved my feelings to be rid of him.

Feeling furious with myself for having been such a fool as to trust this half-witted yokel, and scanning the various hill-tops for any sign of life in that vast wilderness, I espied the sudden apparition of a speck, resembling a tiny ant on a giant ant-hill. It was a man standing up in a motor-car on the highest peak within our range, and he was signalling to me to meet him in the valley at the foot of his hill. That William had seen him also was quite clear as we met by the waiting car.

The chauffeur was a Frenchman, named Louis, the owner of the car an American, Mr. Maclean, engaged in running an orchard developing company some twenty miles away from our camp. They had once visited the Radium Hot Springs and spent the day there. Observing then that the Frenchman was quite superior to the usual run of chauffeurs, I had taken the pains to show him some slight civility. It appeared that on the morning of our departure he had driven Maclean to the Landing to bid us farewell, and when our party had settled themselves on board the steamer it was discovered that I was missing. The captain had delayed starting until the last

possible moment, and then had informed St. John that he was very sorry, but really he could wait no longer, and whatever might have happened to me there was nothing else for it but to get under way.

The chauffeur who had brought the party from the Springs was despatched in his car to make a thorough search of the surrounding country in the hope of finding me, but had obviously failed to do so. Louis, starting on his own, had experienced better luck. But what were we to do? The boat had already been gone an hour.

"There is only one thing to do," said Louis. "I know a short cut to the Orchard Landing. It is a terribly rough road, but if you don't mind being bumped about a bit there is just a remote possibility of our getting there in time."

I promptly took my place in the car. William also jumped in from the other side, hastily enquiring where we were going. "Orchard Landing," said Louis. William only ejaculated: "Oh, hell!" and leapt out of the car. I was to learn later that he wandered about in the mountains and was missing for a fortnight. That motor ride—it was really an obstacle race—to the Orchard Landing was the jumpiest bit of car travel I have ever undertaken.

On our arrival we discovered that the steamer had struck a snag higher up and had been delayed an hour. When she arrived I stepped joyfully aboard. From there to Golden as we progressed down the river there was arrayed a gorgeous vision of the immensity, beauty and grandeur of the Rockies, majestic in the silence of their glittering, crystal crown of everlasting snow.

CHAPTER XIX

THE "PUNCH BOWL"

ONE of these days a bonnie book will be written about Clubland all the world over. For all I know such a book may already be in existence, but I think it still remains to be written—a really great book dealing with the famous clubs in all quarters of the globe. Lest all contemporary record of the annals of one of the queerest clubs ever founded should be lost, it seems fitting that as one of the original members I should attempt in a modest way to describe some features of its fitful, brief and lurid life.

The "Punch Bowl" owed its inception to the personal and peculiar enterprise of Percy Wood. Previous to founding this club, he had displayed considerable promise as a sculptor; in fact he had by industrious application to his profession amassed quite a useful sum of money. With his savings, amounting in all to about £8000, he took himself to Monte Carlo with the intention of exploiting a system by which he felt confident of breaking the bank. As usually happens, the bank broke him, and he was compelled to appeal to the "Administration" for the "viatique" to cover the expenses of his return journey to London.

Creeping crestfallen down the steps of the Casino,

he encountered an old friend who was curious to know the reason for his hurried departure, and who, on learning the story of his defeat, volunteered not only to discharge his indebtedness to the "Administration," but also to advance a sum of money sufficient to make it worth his while to woo Dame Fortune afresh. But she was coy. Wood's borrowed capital quickly passed into the coffers of the Casino, and within a very few hours he found himself under the humiliating necessity of appearing before the council of the Casino to claim the "dole" for the second time in the same afternoon.

Returning a sadder, if not a wiser man, to his studio in London, he found that sculpture was a wretched, laborious substitute for a frenzied, absorbing passion such as gambling undoubtedly is. King Alcohol is a clumsy lout, and even the love of a lad for his lass counts for little when this crazy lust for gold gains complete possession of a man's soul. And so it was that Percy Wood evolved the notion of repairing the shreds of his tattered finances by a scheme to run a mimic Monte Carlo in the peaceful purlieus of Marylebone.

Qualified croupiers were engaged, with all the paraphernalia of a fully furnished roulette room. Nothing was forgotten. You could dine and wine regardless of cost. A modest entrance fee made you free of all the resources of an excellently appointed club. But alas! Alack! Percy Wood, all unmindful of his doom, had neglected to learn the rigid, guiding rule of the parent institution, and relaxed the one indispensable regulation which must govern all gaming tables. No credit!

The players who won were paid in full, but many who lost ran into debt to the bank, and these losses were found so difficult to recover that Wood's toy Palais de Jeu had perforce to make way for a project founded on a more practical basis.

He next took over some photographic premises in Regent Street, and opened out there with all the costly apparatus of a first-class society photographer. The excellent waiting-rooms became frequented by all and sundry, and gradually a small coterie of his friends made quite a habit of dropping in of an afternoon—to such an extent, as to become an obvious encroachment on his lavish hospitality. And so it came about that a small club was projected, the favourite tipple being drawn from the residue of the cellar of a famous old restaurant in adjacent premises, known as Blanchard's of Beak Street, which was going out of business, and occupied the site of the present Murray's Club. The magnificent old wooden bowl which gave the club its name, and the oak settee upon the back of which are inscribed the names of the founders and original members of the "Bowl," are now in the possession of the Savage Club, presented to my friend Malcolm Roberts.

The business end of the "Punch Bowl" was propped up in a very sketchy fashion; some members paid their subscriptions, but the majority did not, although they were all very clever, amusing, good fellows, and if you liked staying up all night, it was not thought extraordinary as other members did the same. Financial difficulties arose as a matter of course. If any little sum of ready money was

urgently required by the founder of the club, " three line whips " had to be circulated as when the landlord, the distiller, brewer, or wine-merchant pressed for payment. When the trouble became acute and the sheriff's merry men took possession, Percy Wood promptly disguised them as servants, and so the club was rarely without an efficient staff.

Percy had a passion for pilgrimages to the Caledonian Market, and considerable taste in the arrangement of all the quaint and curious olla podrida he collected every Friday from that Frenchified fair ; which is like a country market with all the merchandize dumped on the cobbles. Duchess and dago, countess and costermonger jostle and chatter like a flock of seagulls over the flotsam and jetsam flung on the ground—a queer sight, quite unlike anything else to be seen around London. But not only was Wood a buyer, he was also a seller. At the season when other clubs close for the annual cleaning operations, the " Punch Bowl " followed the fashion so far as to the closing of its doors. This permitted the dust to settle and gave the proprietor opportunity for a few weeks' holiday, during which, arrayed as a pedlar with a tray filled with cheap trinkets strapped in front of him, he tramped about the country, from village to village, supping and sleeping wherever he found himself ; living on the meagre profits from the sale of his wares. He would walk back into London the picture of health, looking years younger, unfasten the padlock from the door of the club-house, and resume his happy-go-lucky life as patron of the " Bowl."

He rarely ventured forth from his fastness in Clubland, and then only to a cabman's shelter, known as the " Junior Turf," situated outside the Green Park, nearly opposite Bath House in Piccadilly. There, at any hour could be obtained an excellent, succulent chop, steak, or bacon and eggs. Percy was held in high esteem by cabmen of every rank. He wore a coat fitted with the most voluminous side pockets, in which he could conceal a considerable quantity of the club's whisky, made up in stout little round bottles containing quite a comfortable cabby's nightcap. This tended to maintain the popularity he enjoyed among the cabdrivers of that period. He employed them with great regularity as collectors of revenue, the upkeep of the " Punch Bowl " being constantly in need of replenishment.

At one period the exchequer became so depleted that the banisters of the staircase were wrenched out for firewood and eventually occasional stairs were chopped up for kindling and great care had to be exercised by the less athletic " Bowlers " in threading their way from one floor to another. A temporary slump in supplies of whisky on one occasion was made good by Percy Wood obtaining a loan from the gold plate supporting his false teeth, and when a hurried moonlight removal from the premises in Regent Street became necessary, a fleet of four-wheelers was chartered to convey the chattels of the club to its new home in Wells Street, where the " Bowl " blossomed out afresh with a billiard-table.

An ingenious notion, saving the expense of a hall-

porter, was the supply of a latchkey to each member, who was thereby enabled to make use of his club without restriction at any hour of the day or night. This was a convenience much appreciated by the less affluent " Bowlers "—shelter and refreshment being always available, a veritable home from home.

There were many attempts to establish the club's finances on a sounder basis, but Percy Wood resolutely set his face against any interference in his administration of the club's affairs. In fact, such was the power of his personality that after his death it was found impossible to carry on without him, and what might have formed the nucleus of a famous club was allowed to fade and fritter out of existence.

A many-sided man of much ability was Van der Weyde who, for some years, had been perhaps the foremost photographer of famous people. The pictures he took of Irving, Nansen and other men of that period have never been surpassed. He enjoyed a period of considerable prosperity, but was devoured by a passion for invention of every sort and kind, and poured the profits he derived from his excellent business into mad schemes for exploiting ingenious but utterly impracticable ideas, quite foreign to his legitimate calling.

I remember one scheme into which he thrust all his energies. It was in the early days of the motor-car, and he became obsessed with the belief that the only real obstacle to the adoption of the motor by every householder was the difficulty of finding a suitable garage in the immediate vicinity of his dwelling. To meet this objection

Van der Weyde designed a collapsible car which, upon the release of a powerful spring, could be reduced in width by a sort of telescopic axle or swivel action, similar in principle to that which governs the ordinary ebony parallel rulers. It increased the length of the car but reduced its width. By this ingenious arrangement Van der Weyde hoped to sell a car to every householder whose garden gate was wide enough to afford passage for a good-sized perambulator, garden roller, or wheelbarrow. The car could readily be restored to its normal condition by the use of a powerful lever which brought it back into position with a click.

It was pointed out to the inventor that rigidity was the important factor in the safety of all cars, but nothing could move him from his conviction that his invention solved the only great problem barring the universal sale of the motor-car. A company was formed, and a specimen car built. His power of persuasion had induced a brother "Savage," Charles Bertram, the famous conjuror, to invest the bulk of his little savings in the concern. But the business, like the car, collapsed, and litigation between the inventor and his chief capitalist swallowed up what remained of their flotation funds. The excellent photographic connection went to pieces through the neglect of its proprietor, and poor Charles Bertram's health gave way, and he died in reduced circumstances. Thus two men, quite remarkable in their respective callings, frittered away the fruits of their labours upon a fantastic venture, which a little cold reason would have demonstrated to be futile and impracticable.

Charles Bertram was a lovable fellow, and during the time I was painting his portrait told me many stories of his strange career. In his early married days he was a partner in a public-house business, and a most prosperous concern it was until, through some process or other, he became involved in costly litigation which reduced him to a condition of absolute ruin. This was a serious state of things for a man saddled with a wife and family of young children, accustomed to all the comforts of a well-ordered house. Something had to be done, and that quickly.

He had been in the habit for some years—just for the fun of the thing—of performing card tricks and other exhibitions of sleight of hand, at which he was accounted quite a "star turn," at small social functions confined to the immediate circle of his own friends, never thinking that it would ever be necessary to utilize this accomplishment as a means of making his livelihood. But the pressing nature of his situation called for some practical solution. Any idea of getting into debt was repugnant to his proud spirit.

Pondering over this knotty problem, he found himself one day turning the corner of St. James's Street, into Pall Mall. Across the way stood Marlborough House. Charles Bertram, seized by a sudden impulse, crossed the road, rang the bell, and informed the flunkey who opened the door that he desired to see the Prince of Wales. Now Bertram was a man of excellent manner and presence, always scrupulously and faultlessly dressed, and the servant was so impressed by his personality that he put him

into communication with some person of importance in the household. This official, after listening to his application, was compelled to impress upon Bertram that the whole matter was a violation of the rules which directed the entourage of a royal personage.

While the business was being discussed, it so happened that the Prince of Wales crossed the hall on his way to his carriage, and seeing one of his staff engaged in animated talk with a stranger, enquired what the difficulty was. The official informed His Royal Highness that the gentleman, Mr. Charles Bertram, was sure that the Prince of Wales would be interested in some wonderful tricks with cards at which he was an expert. To the surprise of all who were present the Prince, ever a sportsman and a keen judge of character, waived for the moment all precedent and formality, and commanded Mr. Charles Bertram to appear after dinner that evening. It happened to be the night upon which the Prince entertained the members of the Jockey Club.

Bertram's "show" before his distinguished audience was a huge success, and was the prelude to numerous subsequent engagements by Royal Command. It brought him endless work of similar character, and he became from henceforth Prince of Entertainers. In fact, until a painful illness terminated his life in 1912, he was without a rival in his own line.

During one of his numerous engagements at the old "Tivoli," in the Strand, I encountered Charles Bertram in the Savage Club just after his "show," and noticed his genial affability had been considerably ruffled. He told me that during his "turn"

he had as usual invited a member of the audience to step on to the stage to act as confederate in the performance of one of his tricks. As was his custom, he had ventured to indulge in a little good-natured badinage at the expense of his victim, but had been completely nonplussed by the man's absurd behaviour, to which the audience, with quick appreciation of the ridiculous, had responded with shouts of laughter. Bertram had been fairly outwitted and was glad to get quit of him. When the curtain rang down Charlie enquired of the stage hands who the " Tomfool " was who had given him so much trouble. " Why, Sir, don't you know him? . . . That was Whimsical Walker." This was the Drury Lane clown, who is as celebrated in his own line as Bertram was in his.

Bertram lived in a charming house at Streatham, with a beautiful garden, and being an excellent host, ever hospitably inclined, he gave a great party to the bulk of his brother " Savages." The garden was illuminated and the fun, which was fast and furious, lasted until the sun began to shine. Clearing up the remains of the feast later on in the day, the servants found not only empty platters and bottles, but also very full " Savages," still slumbering peacefully under every shrub.

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

LAST WORD

IF it be true that it is difficult to speak the truth without being unkind, I can only pray to be forgiven; for no man alive has ever received so much kindness—or required it.

Times without number, crushed in spirit and "broke to the wide," I have dragged my weary feet towards Adelphi Terrace. There I have ever found the sweetest sympathy. They cannot give you money . . . they haven't got any . . . but they give you half of it.

"Ah! the Club is not what it was!"

How often has this been dinned into my ears! Of course it isn't; everything changes; even the Savage is different—but it remains very good. The members of it still retain the old spirit of good fellowship and fraternity, imbued with the feeling that they have the honour of belonging to the only Club in the world; and though brothers in the best sense of the word—and all it means—they each preserve those striking personal characteristics which serve to form a collection of interesting humanity not easy to match in any other community.

Many of them of such quality!—it seems hard to believe our little world could keep on turning round without them. But when, alas! the time comes for them to go, as come it must, they leave behind them an imperishable memory.

INDEX

A

Abbey, Edwin A., 107
Abercorn, Duchess of, entertained by Cecil Rhodes, 222, 223
Aberdeen, Countess of, 236
Aberdeen, Earl of, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, sits for his portrait to Mr. Ward, 228–36
Alexander, Sir George—
  description of, 50, 51
  entreats Oscar Wilde not to return to England to stand his trial, 52
  launches Oscar Wilde on his career as dramatist, 51
Anderson, Mary, 156
Anderson, engineer, 164
Andrews, Capt., 129
Anson, Lord, chief A.D.C. to Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 333
Armour, G. D., viii
Arnold, Charles, actor and singer, 8

B

Balfour, Earl of, portrait painted by Mr. Ward for Sir Henry Lucy, 219, 238
Barrett, Billy, 10
Bartlett, W. H., viii
Bayliss, Wyke, succeeds Whistler as President of the Society of British Artists, 256, 257
Beardsley, Aubrey, receives an unexpected apology from Whistler, 266, 267
Becoby, Mayor of Retford, 89
Beira Railway, the, 39, 40
Belcher, George, viii
Bertram, Charles—
  and Phil May, 26, 27, 33
  begins his career as entertainer, 293 , 294
  calls on Prince of Wales (Edward VII), 293, 294
  death of, 292
  his parties, 33, 295
  loses savings in invention of Van der Weyde, 292
  nonplussed by "Whimsical Walker," 295
Bispham, 210
Black, William, novelist, 155, 156
Blathwayt, Raymond—
  his tour in India, 126–41
  visits Mr. Ward, 122–5
Blind, Rudolph, 98
Blucher, Prince, owner of island of Herm, 45
Booth, Edwin, actor, 37
Boyes, Fred, journalist, his portrait painted by Mr. Ward, 80, 81
Boyes, Mrs., 80, 81
Brinkley, Captain, member of Legation at Tokio, 169
Britten, W. E. F., artist—
  a disappointed and unappreciated man, 48, 96

Britten, W. E. F., artist—*con.*—
and Volunteer Colonel, 54
calls on Oscar Wilde, 100
description of, 53, 54
heads raid upon Wyfold Court, 58–69
his behaviour to C. Marshall, 56, 57
impecuniosity of , 54
invites Sir D. Salamons to dinner, 53
on council for Reform of Royal Academy, 261
Brough, Lionel, actor, one of Founders of Savage Club, 5
Brown, Fred, artist, 261
Burgess, artist, 253
Burgin, G. B., author, 266
Burnand, Sir Francis, Editor of "Punch"—
description of, 244
his fury at street music, 244
his portrait painted by Mr. Ward for Sir Henry Lucy, 237, 238, 244, 245
his views on art, 244, 245
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, 251, 253
Burne-Jones, Sir Philip, 253
Burns, John, his portrait painted by Mr. Ward, 228
Burton, Professor W. K., host of Mr. Ward in Tokio, 169–71, 184–7, 190–4
Burton, Mrs., 184–7, 190
Butler, General Sir William, 240, 241

C

Cable, Mr. Boyd, vii
Caine, W. S., M.P., 86
Calderon, artist, 252
"Caledonia," s.s., 129
Carr, J. Comyns, dramatist, 48, 49
Castleton, Lord, 229, 230
Cavendish, Lord Frederick, death of, 233
Chamberlain, Joseph—
and Rhodes, 225
his portrait painted by Mr. Ward for Sir Henry Lucy, 238
Chambers, Sir Thomas, Recorder of the City of London, 82
Chaplin, Charlie, note, 32
Chapman, picture frame maker, 257
Chelsea Arts Club, 103
Christie, Jimmie, artist, 31, 104, 261
Churchill, Lord Randolph, his portrait painted by Mr. Ward, 237
Churchill, Rt. Hon. Winston—
anecdote of, 237
Rhodes' high opinion of, 237
Clausen, George, artist, 261
Cleary, Edwin—
at Olympia, 38, 39
death of, 47
engages in Portuguese plot, 45
his failure with aeronautical display at Los Angeles, 39, 40
his plan for development of Herm, 45, 46
his scheme for stadium on roof of Victoria Station, 44, 45
invents wonderful lamp, 47
organizes "Savage South Africa," 38
reports on radium mine, 40–2
versatility of, 37, 38
vivacity of, 36, 37
Clemens, S. L (Mark Twain)—
as conversationalist, 247–9
his dislike of Rhodes, 250
sits to Mr. Ward for his portrait, 246–51

Clemens, Mrs., 247
Cochran, C. B., 37
Colley, Sir George, 130
Coquelin 210
Corbould, artist on staff of "Punch," 26
Cornwallis-West, Mrs., 108
Cowen, Joseph, 238
Crane, Walter, 253, 261

D

Delmar, Alaricus, 22, 23
Dewar, Lord, 33
Dilke, Sir Charles, 100, 226
Dolling, Father, his friendship with Lord Northcliffe 211, 212
Dufferin, Marquis of, 90
Dunn, secretary to W. G. Wills, 105–7

E

East Ayton, 70
Eccles, Dr. Symons, 18–20
"Edgar," H.M.S., 195, 196
Edward VII—
  and Bertram, 294
  and Oscar Wilde, 50
  at Grosvenor Gallery, 48–50
  first Royal "Savage," 6
  nominates Odell as one of Brethren of Charterhouse, 25
  visits Frank Miles, 108
  visits Savage Club when Prince of Wales, 6
Evans, Bernard, artist, 61, 65

F

Fildes, Sir Luke, has rupture with Rhodes over painting his portrait, 223, 224
Fletcher, Mr. H., 69
Foli, Signor, 78
Forbes, Archibald, War Correspondent, 239, 240
Frith, W. B., 251, 252
Furse, Charles, artist, 1, 223

G

Gatacre, General, 129, 130
George V—
  marriage of, 29
  visits Savage Club when Prince of Wales, 6, 7
George, writer on staff of "Graphic," 29
Gilbert, Alfred, sculptor, 253–5
Gilbert, W. S., one of Founders of Savage Club, 5
Gilchrist, Connie, 263
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E.—
  and Parnell, 241
  visits Irving at Lyceum, 243, 244
Godwin, architect, 107, 108
Godwin, Mrs., 96, 259
Graham, Cuninghame, 228
Green, Max, private secretary to Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 230, 231
Grossmith, George (eldest), one of Founders of Savage Club, 5, 7
Grosvenor Gallery, the, 48–52, 81, 205
Grundy, Fred, viii, 6

H

Hallé, Charles, 49
Hamilton, Sir Ian, 129–31
Hardy, Dudley, viii, 31
Harmsworth, Harold, 207
Harmsworth, Mrs., mother of Lord Northcliffe, 204, 207
Harmsworth, St. John—
  description of, 165

Harmsworth, St. John—*con.*—
dines at Romano's with Odell, 23, 24
establishes Perrier Water works, 166, 167
in British Columbia, 269–85
injured in motor accident, 166
painted by Mr. Ward, 165
visits Gilbert at Bruges, 254
Harvey, Sir John Martin, 243
Hassall, John, viii
Haweis, Rev. H. R., 98, 99
Hawksley, solicitor to Chartered Company, 227
Hemy, Napier, 251
Herkomer, Sir Hubert, 20, 245
Herm, island of, 45, 46
Hermon, Mr., 58
Higgs, Sally, artist's model, 109–21
Hill, "Captain," Bond Street tailor, 265
Hodge, Mr. Hermon, 58, 59, 62–8
Holl, Frank, R.A., 206
Hoshino, 193, 194, 196–200
Huk, Abdul, Sirdar, in administration of Nizam of Hyderabad, 141–9
Hume, Capt. L., Madras Lancers, 144
Hunt, Holman, 103, 251, 261

I

Irving, Sir Henry—
painted by Mr. Ward, 238, 243
personality of, 242, 243
visited behind scenes by Gladstone, 243, 244

J

James, Francis, 128
Jamsetjee Tata, 127, 139, 189
Jealous, Mrs. old friend of Lord Northcliffe, 207
Jenkins, Mr. Herbert, vii
John, Augustus, 96
Johnson, Jim, farmer in British Columbia, 269, 270, 278

K

Kean, maidservant to Mr. Ward, 250
Kennedy, Bart, 9, 10
Kinnaird, the late Lord, 38

L

Labouchere, Henry—
and Whistler, 262, 263
his advice to Sir J. Robinson, 239
his views of Parnell, 242
Lord Rosebery's appreciation of, 238
sits to Mr. Ward, 238
Langtry, Mrs., 108
Lee, Stirling, 103, 261
Leigh, Henry S., one of Founders of Savage Club, 5
Leighton, Lord, 54, 251, 252
Lever, Charles, anecdotes of, 151–3
Lewis, Sir George, 49
Lindsay, Sir Coutts, proprietor of Grosvenor Gallery, 48, 49, 52, 81
Linnell, Mr., artist, 20
Lipton, Sir Thomas, 208, 209
Lowther, Sir Gerard, 169
Lucy, Lady, 81
Lucy, Sir Henry—
as host, 81, 246
commissions Mr. Ward to paint small portraits of celebrities, 81, 202, 219, 237, 238

M

Macauley, teamster, 276
MacDonnell, Lord, 233
Manning, Cardinal, 226
Mansfield, Richard, 37
Marborough, Duchess of, 129
Marborough, Duke of, 129
Marlowe, Thomas, editor of "Daily Mail," 242
Marrow, Edwin, viii
Marsden, Fredk., 127
Marshall, Charles—
  entertains Mr. Ward and Britten, 55–7
  his portrait painted by Mr. Ward, 76
Marshall, George, 89–95
Mary, Queen, marriage of, 29
May, Mrs., 25, 217
May, Phil—
  anecdotes of, 25–35
  and Odell, 21, 22
  at work, 34
  his friendship with John L. Sullivan, 12
  his likeness to Pope Pius IX, 34
  last illness of, 35
  popularity of, 30
McCullagh, Jenny, 271–7
McCullagh, John, 270–8
McGuckin, Barton, 230
McLaughlin, 162
Meakin, Mr. James, 83
Mei Sugi, Japanese geisha, 182
Melba, 210
Menpes, Mortimer, his friendship with Oscar Wilde, 258
Metcalf, Sir Charles, 222
Méthol, Professor, tutor to St. John Harmsworth, 166
Miles, Canon, father of Frank Miles, 110
Miles, Frank, artist—
  discovers Sally Higgs, artist's model, 109
  his breach with Oscar Wilde, 111
  his friendship with Oscar Wilde, 108–10
  his sketches of Mrs. Langtry, 108
  sad end of, 112
  success of, 108
  wane of popularity of, 111
  visited by Edward VII, 108
Millais, Sir J. E., 53, 251, 252
Milner, Sir Frederick, 89
Morgan, William de, 97
Moore, Albert, 252
Moore, Augustus, 262
Moore, George, novelist, 262
Moore, Henry, 252
Morley, Lord, portrait painted by Mr. Ward, 238
Morris, William, 253
Muddock, J. E. P., 5

N

Nakajima, Japanese guide, 172–83
Nansen, Dr., 243
Nelson, William, 281–4
Nevill, Colonel—
  commander of troops to Nizam of Hyderabad, 149
  disperses dacoits, 151, 152
  entertains Mr. Ward, 149–52
  his experiences with Austrian Army, 151, 154
Nevill, Mrs., daughter of Charles Lever—
  as conversationalist, 152–5
  her anecdotes of Daniel O'Connell, 153
  holds mob of dacoits, 151, 152
Newcastle, Duke of, 89, 92

Nilsson, Christine, 37
Northcliffe, Lord—
as author, 212
as sitter to Mr. Ward, 204
at Elmwood, his country house, 211–14
boyish memories of, 207
characteristics of, 206, 207, 214, 215
eulogizes his brother St. John, 167
generosity of, 207, 208, 216, 217
helps Father Dolling, 211, 212
his friendship with Rhodes, 208, 218, 220

O

O'Connell, Daniel, 152, 153
O'Connor, T. P., 97
Odell, E. J.—
as humorist, 2, 3, 17
as sitter to Mr. Ward, 19, 20
at Wyfold Court, 61–9
dines with St. John Harmsworth, 24
escorts Phil May home, 21
financial position of, 18
nominated by Edward VII as one of Brethren of Charterhouse, 25
popularity of, 23
Orrock, James, 10
O'Shea, Captain, 241
O'Shea, Mrs., 241

P

Paderewski, 210
Palmer, Minnie, actress, 8
Paque, Oliver. *See* Pike, William
Parlett, Ernest, 169
Parnell, Charles Stewart, 241
Patey, Madame, 78
Patti, Adelina, 37
Paulhan, French aviator, 39, 40
Pauling, George, friend of Rhodes, 39, 225
Payn, James, novelist, 240, 241
Pennell, Joseph, 266
" Peshawar," s.s., 195
Pike, William, 35, 36
Pius IX, Pope, 34
Pless, Princess Henry of, 133
Pollard, Mr., 102, 103
Prinsep, Valentine, 252
Prussia, Prince Henry of, 133
" Punch Bowl," the, 286–95

Q

Queensberry, Marquis of, 52

R

Rhodes, Cecil—
absent-mindedness of, 209
and Furse, 223
and Jameson Raid Commission, 225
and Sir Luke Fildes, 224
as host, 221–3
as sitter to Mr. Ward, 218–21 227
at De Beers Mines meeting, 224
his appreciation of Lord Northcliffe, 208
his friendship with Lord Northcliffe, 208
his mistake about Boer War, 225
his opinion of Winston Churchill, 237
Mark Twain's hostility to, 250
quarrels with Alfred Gilbert, 255
Richardson, E. W., 5

Roberts, Earl, 131
Roberts, Malcolm, 288
Robertson, Tom, one of Founders of Savage Club, 5
Robinson, Sir John—
  and Archibald Forbes, 239, 240
  as editor of "Daily News," 241
  takes shares in "Daily News," 239
Rosebery, Lord, sits to Mr. Ward, 238
Rossetti, Dante, 96, 105, 252
Ruskin, John, 257, 258
Russell of Killowen, Lord, his portrait painted by Mr. Ward, 238

S

Sala, George Augustus, one of Founders of Savage Club, 5, 216
Salamons, Sir David, 55
Salvini, 37
Sandys, Frederick, 106
Sant, artist, 251, 252
Sargent, John S., 107, 245, 246
Satow, Sir Ernest, 169
Scott, Mr., 82
Scovil, Judge, 270, 277
Searelle, Luscombe, 13, 23, 224
Shackleton, Sir Ernest, 44
Shannon, Lady, vii
Shannon, the late Sir James, viii, 33, 35, 103, 261
Sherrington, Lemmens, 78
Sickert, Mrs., 128
Sickert, Walter, 128
Simpson, Joseph, viii
Sketchley, Arthur, one of Founders of Savage Club, 5
Spencer, Lord, 233
Stampa, George L., viii
Stanningly, 70, 71
Stead, W. T., 225–7
Steer, Wilson, 261
Stevens, Alfred, 253
Stott, Mrs., 258, 259
Stott, William, 258–62
Styles, Mrs., 77
Sullivan, John L., 12
Sullivan, Mrs., 12
Sutherland, Sir Thomas—
  entertains Whistler, 263–5
  gives Mr. Ward roving commission for Eastern Tour, 127
  his reminiscences of Whistler's breakfast parties, 266
  mistaken for Duke of Sutherland, 264
  portrait painted by Sargent, 246
  refuses to buy Whistler's sketch, 265
  sits to Mr. Ward, 245
Sutton, Sir George Augustus, 231

T

Tadema, Alma, 81, 251
Teck, Prince Francis of, 133
Tegetmeyer, W. B., one of Founders of Savage Club, 5
Tenniel, Sir John, 238
Terry, Miss Ellen, 243
Thomas, Bert, viii
Thomas, Brandon, 17, 18
Thomas, Harvard, 261
Twain, Mark. *See* S. L. Clemens

V

Varley, Nelson, 77, 78
Victoria, Queen, her leniency to W. G. Wills, 104
Victoria Station, scheme for stadium over, 44, 45

W

Wales, Edward, Prince of, visits Savage Club and joins in Derby Sweep, 7
Walker, " Whimsical," 295
Ward, Artemus, one of Founders of Savage Club, 5
Ward, Edwin A.—
acts as A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen, 234–6
and Sally Higgs, 113–21
and St. John Harmsworth, 23, 24, 165
as member of " Calling Club" in Chelsea, 97–100
at Radium Hot Springs, 159–64, 269–85
at Yokohama, 194–201
championed by Bart Kennedy, 10
entertains Blathwayt, 122–6
escorts Quaker round Savage Club, 12–14
first portraits painted by, 81–9
his early days in London, 80, 81, 88
his efforts to catch river boat in British Columbia, 281–5
his election to Savage Club, 4
his encounters with Phil May, 25, 28, 31–5
his experiences with Odell, 17–20
his impressions of various sitters—
Aberdeen, Earl of, 231–3
Burnand, Sir F., 244
Burns, John, 228
Churchill, Lord Randolph, 237
Clemens, S. L. (Mark Twain), 247–50
Irving, Sir Henry, 243
Labouchere, Henry, 238
Ward, Edwin A.—*con.*—
Northcliffe, Lord, 204, 206, 207
Rhodes, Cecil, 218–21, 227
Rosebery, Lord, 238
Stead, W. T., 226
Sutherland, Sir Thomas, 245
his journey to Bombay, 127–32
his stay at Hyderabad, 141–9, 155–8
his views on Missions, 187–90
in British Columbia, 269–85
in Dublin, 229–33
in India, 132–58
in Japan, 168–201
in Madeira, 22, 23
Marshall's 55–7
partakes of tulip bulbs, 101
raids Wyfold Court with brother Savages, 58–69
tour in East of Hyderabad, 127–201
visits Alfred Gilbert at Bruges, 254
with Britten at Charles Marshall's, 55–7
with Cleary in Paris, 41–4
youthful days of, 70–6
Ward, Sir Leslie, 88
Ward, Peter, 131
Warner, Mr., founder of Big Ben, 84–7
Warwick, Countess of, 226
Watson, Aaron, 5
Watts, G. F., 205, 206, 252, 265
Wedmore, Mr., art critic, 258
Weir, Harrison, one of Founders of Savage Club, 5
Weyde, Van der, 291, 292
Whistler J. McNeill—
anecdotes of 256–68
as President of Society of British Artists, 256, 257

Whistler, J. McNeill—*con.*—
filial attentions of, 267
inscription on house of, 108
marriage of, 259
quarrelsomeness of, 258–63, 266
Wilde, Oscar—
as dramatist, 51
cordiality of Edward VII to, 50
his friendship with F. Miles, 108–11
quarrels with Miles, 111; and Whistler, 261
Willis, Dick, 141
Wills, W. G., dramatist, 104–7
Wood, Sir Evelyn, 131
Wood, Percy, founder of "Punch Bowl" Club, 286–91
Woodroffe, friend of W. G. Wills, 105, 106
Wright, the Brothers, 40
Wright, Whitaker, 90, 227
Wyndham, the late George, 219

Y

Yates, Edmund, 80

A
BOOK ON ANGLING

A new edition of Francis Francis' classic. Edited, with an Introduction, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt., and numerous illustrations in colour and black and white. Demy 8vo. 15/- net.

Fifty-three years ago the publication of this work practically marked a new era in the literature of angling. There had been no previous shortage of treatises on special branches of the craft, but Francis was an adept in all of them; his knowledge of fish and fishing was encyclopædic.

Moreover, he had the gift of imparting literary quality to his precepts; and his book, besides being excellent reading, still holds the field as the best practical guide to the water-side.

Such modifications and improvements as have been made in the angler's equipment since Francis' day, have been duly noted in the present edition by Sir Herbert Maxwell, than whom no one is better qualified for the post of editor of this angling classic.

Great care has been bestowed upon the illustrations, and they are technically correct in every detail. The colour-plates are particularly useful to the angler, being reproduced from actual salmon-flies.

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD., 3 YORK STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W. 1

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

IN ALL THAT RELATES TO GUNS & SHOOTING

By Lieutenant-Colonel P. Hawker. Edited, with notes and an introduction, by Eric Parker, Shooting Editor of *The Times*, together with reproductions in four colours of the original plates, and a number of added illustrations.

This book proves that a century ago Hawker knew all there was to be known about shooting. He was the best shot of his day, and the best writer on shooting of his or any other day. The editor's observations and illustrations of modern guns, bring the work absolutely up to date. Demy 8vo. 21/- net.

This work ran through many editions. The present edition is reprinted from the ninth edition, which is accepted as the best. The coloured plates are reproduced in four colours from the third edition.

"Instructions to Young Sportsmen" is a work without which no library of sporting books can be regarded as complete. All the previous editions are very rare and extremely expensive. Demy 8vo. 15/- net.

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD., 3 YORK STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

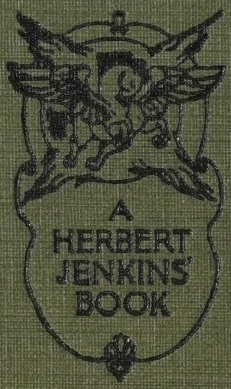
LIBRARY
OCT
15
UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

ND
497
W23A3

Ward, Edwin A.
Recollections of a
Savage



UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 24 13 24 11 005 0